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MEMOIRS
OF
LIEUTENANT
JOSEPH RENÉ BEL

CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR,
MEMBER OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETIES
LONDON AND PARIS, ETC.

WITH
HIS JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE IN THE POL
IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKL

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

THE publication of this book is a homage paid to the memory of the gallant officer who, at the age of seven and twenty, fell victim to his courage and devotedness. The perusal of these simple notes, jotted down day by day amidst the fatigues and anxieties of a perilous expedition, will suffice to prove that Joseph René Bellot was not only intrepid, noble-hearted, and enthusiastic seaman, but also one of those superior men who are raised above the common level

their kind by talent, thought, judgment, and science, as well as by grandeur of character and generosity of soul.

This journal was not intended for the press, at least in the form given to it in the first instance by the young voyager. It was doubtless to have served him only as a memento for the composition of a narrative of his first campaign in the Polar Seas, the beginning of which was actually written by him, and forms the introduction to the present volume. Nevertheless we have thought it right to publish the manuscript found among his papers exactly as we have received it from his family. Even in this crude form we think the book possesses a strong interest, and is of a nature to cast a vivid light on the toils and perils of the Arctic expeditions.







MEMOIR
OF
JOSEPH RENÉ BELLOT.

"In promise I have rarely seen his equal, and never his superior."—COLONEL SABINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE more I have studied the life of Bellot, and the more thorough the insight I have obtained into the nature of his mind, his character, and his heart, by the perusal of his journals and his familiar letters, and by the personal recollections of those who were more or less intimately associated with him in life, the better have I come to understand

the enthusiasm which his noble conduct excited in England, the keenness of regrets which his loss had caused, the warm testimonies of sympathy which his family has received and is still receiving.

Bellot, indeed, as will plainly appear to every reader of this memoir, was not only a brave, generous and accomplished officer, but a heroism by his passion for science, his love of glory; he was a choice specimen of a workman's workmanship; a being in whom it seems that Providence had been pleased to unite the highest qualities of intellect, the noblest sentiments of the heart, and the most admirable virtues—virtues becoming rare in this age, which abound in great talents than in great consciences; endowed with a tender heart, which loved before all things, what is good; with an ardent imagination, which prompted him to admire, with enthusiasm, what was noble; with a right reason, which could discern what is just; and with that strength

which has its source in feeling, and derives light from science and reason; Bellot, in his lifetime of seven and twenty years, so brief, and yet so full, accomplished his task as a man in such a manner as to deserve that he should be held up as an example to all the youth of his own day, and likewise to posterity. Truly, as he himself has said in many of his letters, he has left his brother (and many others besides) a good example to follow. "Put aside," he says, in a letter to his family, written 29th May, 1851, on his departure for his first expedition to the Polar seas, "put aside all the English journals in which I shall be mentioned; they will be my patents of nobility; they will defray the education of our Alphonse. In lieu of money I will try to give him a good example."

Joseph René Bellot was born in Paris, on the 18th of March, 1826, a circumstance which did not hinder him from always calling himself a Rochefort man, though he did not begin to reside in that city until the age of five years, in 1831, when his family estab-

lished themselves there. Rochefort was for him, indeed, an adoptive mother, kind and beneficent; and if Paris had claimed him, the spirit of his reply would have been, "It is not the city in which I first saw the light, but that which has seen me grow up, which has reared and instructed me, that is indeed my true native place." It is thus he would certainly have spoken, inspired by that gratitude he always manifested towards Rochefort, and proofs of which I have found twenty times in his journal and his letters, in his scattered notes, and in the very nature of the reception he gave me when we first met, solely upon the ground of my being a Rochefort man. Gratitude is only the sense of what is just, and with that sense was Bellot animated from his tenderest years. Even on the form of the school where he learned to write, he gave signal proofs of that goodness which begins in the child with filial and fraternal affection, to become in the man charity towards his fellow-creatures, and devoted zeal for humanity. With what

delightful emotion have I heard his mother and sisters recount to me, with tearful eyes, their recollections of his early years—those charming episodes of a past, so dear to the memory of the family; but the evocation of which is now so painful to their hearts! How plain was the promise he then gave of what he was one day to be—the most devoted of sons, the most affectionate of brothers, the best of men! And how religiously his youth kept the promises of his childhood!

Thus did the mother and sisters express themselves, who cannot, and will not, be comforted, because he is no more, as Scripture says; thus did they speak with the eloquence which belongs to keen and profound sorrows, as they culled before me the most fragrant flowers of their recollections. I am afraid that the recital of those thousand little trivial things, by which the heart of a child reveals itself, would lose, in passing under my pen, all the grace with which they came from the lips of the bereaved mother and

sisters. Of all such traits of goodness, I will cite only that one which struck me most forcibly.

After Bellot had gone through his elementary course of instruction, at a school for children, his teacher, M. Richer, made such a favourable report of his capacity and progress, that the municipality thought proper to interest itself in the child, and afford his father, a plain artizan (smith and farrier), and burthened with a numerous family, some assistance towards procuring for him an education capable of developing faculties of such fair promise. At the instance of the mayor, there was granted to him a demiburse at the College of Rochefort. The city has never had reason but to congratulate itself on this first favour, since thereby it has been enabled to count for something in the education of a superior man, and has won the right of self-distinction by securing it for one of its children; but it was a favour which entailed pecuniary sacrifices on the Bellot family, since it obliged them to pinch

in order to defray the complement of the college charges. Inconsiderable as was the sum to be furnished every year, it was still a heavy tax on the resources of M. Bellot, who was already the father of four children. His son was aware of this, and was incessantly seeking opportunities and pretexts for testifying his lively gratitude to his parents. Ardent and assiduous in study, he soon distinguished himself among his fellows, and at the close of every year he repaid the sacrifices of the municipality and of his family by an ample harvest of honorary prizes. During his third collegiate year, there occurred a special circumstance, a little characteristic fact, to prove that the boy's heart was at least on a par with his intellect.

The father of one of his fellow-students, distressed at the incurable idleness of his son, bethought himself one day of trying upon him a new system of emulation. He thought that if he placed by his son's side an industrious and intelligent lad to be his companion in study, it might be the means of

stimulating the vanity of the apathetic and indolent collegian. Accordingly, he inquired of the provost of the college if he knew in his establishment a youth who was fit to serve as a model and a spur for his indocile son, and who would consent to undertake that office. The provost immediately thought of Bellot, and promised to propose to his family an arrangement which could not fail to be accepted. The consequence was, that every day for two or three months Joseph Bellot spent at the house of the student in question the hours intervening between the morning and the evening classes. This system produced to a certain extent the result that had been expected from it. Stimulated by the example of the studious boy, the lazy one made up his mind to work, to learn his lessons, and perform his themes and his versions, and the father had reason to congratulate himself on the result of his ingenious plan. When the holidays came, he wished, before he left Rochefort for the country, to testify his gratitude to the indus-

trious condisciple who had rendered himself and his son so great a service. He thanked him, kissed him on both cheeks, and put a packet of bon-bons into his hand. Little Joseph, enchanted with the present, warmly thanked his benefactor, and then, without waiting to open the packet, ran home as fast as his legs could carry him, to give it just as it was to his mamma. "Won't I make the hussies laugh!" he cried gaily, as he skipped into the house; "look here, mamma, see what good M. X—— has given me!" The children immediately gathered round the table, and began to disembowel the packet, in order to proceed afterwards to a division of its contents, when behold, to their great surprise, the first bon-bon that fell out was a five-franc piece. "How jolly!" cried Joseph; "here's something to buy pretty ribands for my good little sisters!" The bon-bons then fell out one by one, and were taken up as each one's turn came, with merry noise and laughter. The last one, which lay at the bottom, was

wrapped up in paper. "What is this?" they all cried. Bellot unfolded it and found a piece of gold—twenty francs: a little fortune for a boy twelve years old. Bellot gazed on the coin for a moment with grave emotion, then, suddenly starting up, he ran to the workshop, threw himself into his father's arms, and putting the money into his hand, "Here, papa," said he, "take this for your journey to Paris." For some months past he had often heard his father say, "I want very much to go to Paris on business; we must put money by for the journey."

I know not whether I have succeeded in presenting this incident as it strikes myself; but I can aver that when I heard it from the lips of Madame Bellot, I experienced the liveliest emotion: to me it was a complete revelation of a noble and disinterested soul. I am passionately fond of those children of whom their parents say, that *they have nothing they call their own*. It is good that the fair qualities of the heart should take precedence of those of the intellect, and

am dubious—often, alas! with reason—of those infantile prodigies who know at ten years of age what is generally learned not until four-and-twenty; on the other hand, I greatly admire those whose souls alone are precocious. In truth, precocity of heart exposes one to much fewer mistakes than precocity of head. Are not the feelings the flowers of the soul, whilst knowledge and talent are only the fruits of the brain? And whereas we generally find little savour in premature fruits, we cannot help loving the flowers that bloom in the prime of the season; they delight the soul no less than the sight. Masters and parents beware of repressing in the young such impulses of choice natures, and have no fear for their future! Experience, the contact of the world, and its examples, will teach them selfishness soon enough.

Bellot thus pursued his studies at the college of Rochefort, until, at the age of fifteen years and a-half, he was fit to undergo his examination for admission into the

naval school. He obtained the twentieth place and entered the school with the assistance of the city of Rochefort, which was too much satisfied with the first results of its work to leave it unfinished, and again granted him a demi-burse. His parents, with great reluctance, completed the cost of their son's maintenance for two years, during which time he merited the encouragements and praises of the heads of the school and the professors. He left it with his name standing fifth on the list. Meanwhile his moral sentiments had kept pace with his intellect; for I have seen letters of his, written at that period, in the youth of seventeen, relating to his parents that one of his old comrades, having been expelled for bad conduct, had been obliged to become a common labourer. He adds some very sensible and appropriate reflections, to the effect how necessary for a man to unite moral with mental culture, and elevated sentiments with the acquisition of knowledge. Letters, too, of personal considerations forbid me to speak

JOSEPH RENÉ BELLOT.

more precisely, furnished me with another proof that Bellot, good-natured and indulgent as he appeared with regard to my faults of weakness or erroneous judgment, could express himself with strong and eloquent indignation against what appeared to him dishonourable, vicious, and wicked; and that, as Alceste says, for all that was bad he entertained

Ces haines vigoureuses

Que doit donner le vice aux âmes vertueuses.

Bellot stood fifth on the list for promotion of the pupils of the second class, dated 1 September, 1843, his age then being seventeen years and a-half. Immediately after his removal from the *Borda*, the flag-ship of Brest, he embarked successively in the same port on board the *Suffren* and the *Friedland*. During the six months he thus passed in the port of Brest, the young man, just emancipated by his aspirant's aiguillette, did not lose sight of the situation of his family: and of his first pay, out of that first-earned money which people generally feel so mu

pleasure in spending, he found means to save small sums which he sent to his sisters. If I insist on these traits of generosity and good nature, it is because they appear to me more striking and more characteristic than ever in a lad of that age, and in a time in which it has been said, not without some reason, that "selfishness was the spirit of the age." It has been my purpose to follow the developments and the several manifestations of the soul, the reason, and the intellect of Bellot, and to indicate them simultaneously with the events of his life in this essay, which, if I should accomplish the end I proposed to myself, would be as much a moral study of character as a biographical memoir.

CHAPTER II.

THE first care of the young aspirant, when he obtained the favour of making his first cruise on board the corvette *Berceau*, was to assign to his family, before his departure for the isle of Bourbon, a sum of twenty francs a-month out of his very slender pay as an *élève de marine*. His conscience at rest, he embarked, and quitted France on the 23rd of June, 1844. Let us follow him in this voyage, and in the stay he made on the coast of Africa.

Amongst his projects, his dreams of the future, and his plans of conduct, it had been Bellot's intention to keep a journal of each of his voyages, and to note down in it, day by day, not only all outward facts, and all his nautical and scientific observations, but also his private thoughts and reflections—his confessions, so to speak. We shall pre-

sently see how he fulfilled this resolution. In this journal, which he had transcribed and was able to revise at leisure, I find, under the dates of 29th and 31st of October, 1844, the following entries, which he did not think proper to conceal, intending no doubt to leave them, like the rest of his life, by way of example and lesson to his young brother:—

“29th October. We sail this morning from Mayotte; at four o'clock the decks are cleared, and we are not under sail until eight. The *Crocodile* starts at the same time as we do.

“My negligence and apathy are extreme; I have not had the courage to write home; so here is an opportunity lost to me through my own fault. It is the first, but I must keep watch over myself, otherwise I shall fall into the greatest sloth. In spite of all my fine resolutions to work, and my recriminations against the jokes of my companions, I have done nothing yet since our departure from France; and I am likewise afraid of

letting myself give way to a fault from which I cannot guard myself too carefully. I am not so blind as not to see all these things, and yet I have not the strength to repress these defects. I ought, however, to assume more firmness in the position in which I stand, and bethink me that I must absolutely arrive at something. The desire of showing gratitude for all that has been done for me, ought of itself to constitute a very sufficient motive for me. Ought I not also to reflect that I am destined to support a numerous and beloved family, of whom I am the sole hope? I am considered ambitious, I am sure—and it is true; but is there a nobler aim than that for the ambition of a young man? This laudable feeling, I well know, is not the only one that makes me thus contemplate all my projects of glory and advancement; perhaps even there is too much self-love in all my schemes; but these two motives together must make me desirous of prompt advancement. I must work to win a good reputation, instead of lapping myself

to sleep in ease and supineness, barely tolerable in a young man whose parents are wealthy. I too often forget what I have been: I do not reflect that my father is a poor workman, with a large family; that he has made very great sacrifices for me; that all the money I spend uselessly would be of great help at home. I ought to consider, that in those moments of forgetfulness, in which I lavish my money as if I was habituated to abundance, my poor mother is perhaps at her wit's end to provide for the necessities of the family."

* * * *

"I am glad to have scrutinised the state of my heart, to have had the courage to explore its recesses, and put my hand on all the unsound places; perhaps I shall also have the courage to cure them. I will try, at any rate, and by the end of a certain time I shall perhaps come to enjoy that self-esteem which satisfies and renders one happy in all circumstances in which a man may be placed."

"31st October. I do nothing but think of

France, my good mother, and my sisters ; and when I am an officer, if it be possible to realise my desires, the portraits of these dear friends shall cover the walls of my cabin ; this will, perhaps, make the distance that divides us seem less to me. I have not yet found the strength to execute my projects of yesterday. There is one I have already formed, which is to copy the rôles of the *Jena* ; I know not if I shall fulfil it ; at all events I will try to do so. I would fain work, but all I could undertake disgusts and wearies me beforehand : I have so much to do that I know not at which end to begin. Drawing and music, which I was so desirous of learning, remain still strangers to me. The most useful things to which I should apply myself are still unknown to me. I see that my good resolutions always melt away. I must, however, look well to myself."

* * * *

"It is plain I do not stand very well with the commander ; I hardly know why, for I have always been conscious of the sympathy

I might inspire in any one; and though he has alway been very polite towards me, I am sure he ranks me in his affections greatly below X——. I am, perhaps, too childish, and attach too much importance to trifles, or those little commonplace reproaches which are addressed to everybody; but, after all, I have more confidence in my instinct than in my reason: the end will prove whether or not I have been mistaken. Be the solution of the question what it may, I must apply myself steadfastly to doing my duty well, and especially to the assumption of more gravity; for I am conscious that I show myself greatly inferior in reason to all my comrades."

* * * *

What say you to the frankness and good faith of this examination of conscience, made by a young man of eighteen years and a-half?

Those austere judges who esteem above all the good behaviour that is cold, regular, and persevering, will think, perhaps, that

these avowals are of a nature to depreciate Bellot's character ; for my part, I could not resist the desire of quoting these curious pages, because they bear witness to the struggles which the reason and the will of the young and inexperienced man had to sustain against the tendencies of an easily-excited imagination, and the indolent propensities of a mind disposed to reverie and contemplation. With poetic instincts so much developed, Bellot must have been liable to weaknesses ; he must have needed a will, which drew strength from the living sources of his excellent heart, to enable him to overcome himself, and modify the tendencies of his intellectual faculties, so as to move them towards grave studies, and apply them almost exclusively to the positive sciences. As for such lapses as those here confessed, I have but one word to say :—More glorious and more estimable, to my thinking, is the repentant sinner, who is capable of thus correcting himself at the age of eighteen, than the cold and mathematical being who has

never had either waywardnesses of the heart to reproach himself with, or dangerous temptations to combat. In regard to moral as well as material things, we may say with Voltaire, that to conquer without peril, and above all without combat, is to triumph without glory.

These extracts appear to me to contain very fine lessons, and they may be meditated with advantage by many a mature man, as well as by young people of Bellot's age.

The neglect of his family, with which the young aspirant so bitterly reproached himself, was, after all, soon repaired; for I find, under the date of the 23rd of November, a long letter from him; full of details curiously observed at Bourbon, Madagascar, and Nossi-Bé. In this familiarly-written and charmingly good-humoured relation, I remark a quality which subsequently developed itself in a singular manner in the studious and pensive young votary of science, namely, a truly French gaiety of spirit. "Whatever,"

he writes, "be your love for your son, good mother, and however highly you may think of me, I must tell you that the said son has served as a bugbear in several villages, in which I have filled the important part of Old Bogy. The mere sight of my face has been enough sometimes to put a stop to the cries and dry up the tears of a naughty or squalling brat; so, my dear mother, you have reason to rejoice at my success in Madagascar society." A member of his family, Madame G——, a woman of exquisite tact and shrewd and enlightened judgment, who had opportunity to know him well, said of him to me, "His character was sad and thoughtful, his spirit gay." In fact, if Bellot thought and acted like an Englishman, if he studied, dreamed, and felt like a German, it must also be said that he talked, laughed, and passionately courted danger like a Frenchman.

Ardently loving his family, Bellot could also love and value his friends. See in what terms he speaks of the death of one of his

comrades, M. Maureau, in a letter of the 4th of May, 1845, which might deservedly be quoted at full length, but of which I shall only give the concluding lines—

“If there is any possible consolation under so great an affliction,” he says, “his family may at least be proud of the noble and courageous conduct he has always displayed in the midst of such great danger: sacrificing all hope of saving himself, all instinct of self-preservation, he remains in the midst of those unfortunate men, not one of whom, perhaps, would have escaped but for his presence of mind and firmness. And this was to be the recompense of so many virtues, so much self-denial! O, my God! we bless the immutable decrees of thy providence; and without murmuring, we kneel before the hand that smites us, supported by the hope that thou wilt not turn away thine eyes from a life all whose acts emanated from sentiments the most generous, and the most worthy of the Son whom thou hast given us for our imitation. May eulogiums so well

deserved, dear friend, find some echo near the friends thou hast left behind thee, and somewhat assuage the bitterness of their sorrows !”

The religious sentiment with which this letter is imbued, will be found manifesting itself in Bellot's "Journal of the Voyage to the Polar Seas." Animated by a holy faith which inspired and sustained his courage, the young naval officer, without being a devotee, possessed that true and enlightened piety which gives confidence in God and love of goodness, and is capable of elevating the soul towards the Creator, independently of the creeds preached and the practices commanded by this or that sect.

After friendship and the religious sentiment, let us see the development of another virtue, intrepidity. It is in these terms that Bellot announces to his family, in a letter of the 1st of July, 1845, that he had been wounded in the expedition against Tamatave:—

“I have just passed through a fresh trial,

my dear friends, and come off with great good fortune. I have at last received the baptism of fire. I am afraid that the letters addressed by our commander to the ministry may have arrived in Europe before ours, and caused alarm in our families. Make haste, then, to reassure yourselves, and recollect that I have a good star which does not forsake me. I have only paid a slight portion of my debt to the country by sprinkling the hostile soil of Madagascar with a few drops of blood. Yes, my dear friends, I have been wounded, but too slightly to give you any possible cause for uneasiness. I received a ball in the thigh, but the wound is hardly worth mentioning, for the ball was extracted the same day; and in a fortnight, at most, I shall probably be looking for the scar." He then goes on to detail the affair of Tamatave, and dwells particularly on the bravery of his comrades. When he comes to speak of what concerns himself personally, it is thus he expresses himself:—

"Having been appointed, under the orders of an officer, to direct the fire of our two field pieces, I had succeeded in having them mounted on the outer platform. Almost all the men who worked them were wounded, and therefore I was myself pointing one of them when I was shot in the thigh by a man who charged us at the head of several others. I was able to rise and fire two pistol-shots at my assailant; others fired at the same time as I; which of us made the luckiest shot, I cannot tell; at any rate, the rogue fell, and was immediately sabred. In consequence of the inclined position in which I was placed, the ball, instead of penetrating perpendicularly, ran parallel with the bone, and only pierced the flesh. The only pain I suffered was during the extraction of the ball, in consequence of its irregularities and projections."

After enumerating the killed and wounded, he adds—

"It was an ordeal from which I think I have come off not amiss. I knew well that

in case I felt fear, my pride and sense of duty would never have forsaken me ; but I am delighted that I have had the trial."

In the part of his journal relative to this affair, Bellot is still more laconic on the subject of his wound, and he hardly says a word of it in a charming letter he wrote to M. de Lescure, on the occasion of this attack. Nor do I anywhere find, either in his journal or in his original letters, or in those of which I have copies, any mention of the heroic act he performed in April, 1845, in contributing, during an embarkation, to save, at the risk of his life, a man who had fallen into the sea. Here, however, is what Captain Romaine Desfosses, commander of the naval station at Bourbon, wrote to the Minister of Marine, when reporting to him Bellot's gallant conduct on this occasion :—

"His post is wherever there is a good example to follow or a danger to brave ; in this case, then, he has only done his duty. But, nevertheless, I seize this opportunity to point him out to your Excellency as

an *élève* entirely worthy of esteem and interest."

I am by no means surprised at Bellot's silence on this subject; it is not only through modesty that he does not speak of it, but it seemed to him so simple and natural a thing to expose his own life to save another's, that he did not think it called for a word of mention—it was a trait of character, and nothing more.

As to his conduct in action, it was not less highly appreciated by his superiors, for, at their instance, he was promoted to be an *élève* of the first class on the 1st of November, 1845, and named chevalier of the Legion of Honour on the 2nd of December of the same year, when he was not yet twenty.

Bellot, we have stated, was on board the corvette *Berceau*, which was destined, alas! to be totally lost at the end of the campaign. It was not there that our dear and illustrious countryman was to meet his death. God still reserved for him acts of devotedness to

accomplish, perils to brave, and glory to achieve. He quitted the *Berceau* for the frigate *Belle Poule*, the commodore's ship, in which he was attached to the staff of the station, chosen as aide-de-camp by M. Romain Desfossés, and specially charged with the service of the signals. "Though greatly engrossed by this service," says M. Chassériau, in the memoir he published in the *Moniteur*, "a service requiring the utmost vigilance and precision, he found time to give on board the frigate a course of lectures on geometry and navigation for all those seamen, who being intended for masters of trading vessels, would have to pass on their return the examination in theory and practice required by the rules and ordinances of the marine."

We see that the warnings and reprimands he had given himself in October, 1844, had borne their fruit. His will had definitively triumphed over all temptations, and, thanks to the steadfastness of his resolutions, the young aspirant was become not only an in-

trepid officer, punctual in the discharge of his duty, but also a well-informed, painstaking, and distinguished man. The letter which M. Bonnaudet addressed on the 25th April, 1846, to M. and Madame Bellot, to express the esteem and affection with which their son had inspired him, is really very touching, and proves as much in favour of him who wrote it as of him who was the subject of it. It is only the worthy and the right-minded who thus apprehend each other's nature when they meet on the road of life, and yield at once, at a word, to the sympathy which mutually attracts them: a word, in fact, is sufficient, when in it is recognised the watchword of the heart.

Shall I further cite the words in which M. Romain Desfossés, in his despatch written on quitting the station to return to France, pointed out Bellot to the attention of the Minister:—"He is the most distinguished *élève* on the station, for his high intelligence, his character, and his conduct; he is good for everything, and full of ardour to do

everything; superior in all points to his age and his position."

Bellot remained but a very short while at Bourbon after his commander's departure, and returned to France to pass his examination, and be promoted almost immediately (15th November, 1847) to the rank of *enseigne de vaisseau*. He was then twenty years and a-half old.

It was in that capacity that he shipped at first on board the *Pandore*, for some weeks, and then on board the corvette *Triomphante*, which sailed for La Plata and Oceania on 23rd July, 1848.

With respect to this cruise, I cannot do better than quote verbatim from M. Chassériau's excellent memoir. The journal kept by Bellot at that period was not among the papers I have had in my hands, and the letters addressed to his parents relate exclusively to family affairs.

"For the first time," says M. Chassériau, "he had to act as commanding officer of a watch, that is to say, to see to the sailing

of the vessel for a while, in the course ordered by the captain. If his experience was at first defective, he failed not to acquire the complete confidence of his commander, as well as of the crew, who are always so prompt to judge of the hand that directs and the voice that commands.

“During the cruise, Bellot had successively the command of the landing party, and of the corvette’s guns. Applying himself with the most persevering zeal to the study of everything connected with these important details, he also took the most scrupulous pains to train his subordinates well, so as to be the more certain of being always understood and obeyed by them.

“On the 1st January, 1850, Captain Sochet, commanding the *Triomphante*, after praising Bellot’s character and conduct, said to the Minister, ‘He labours at all matters relating to the navy: he possesses an intelligence which already gives promise of a distinguished officer.’

“Admirals Vaillant and Laplace, who suc-

cessively exercised the functions of Maritime Prefect in the third arrondissement (at Rochefort), were pleased to give this hopeful young officer the best commendations, which he well deserved.

“The *Triomphante* returned to Rochefort on the 25th August, 1850, and on the 20th September, Bellot, having quitted the corvette, was attached to the dépôt company.”

It was on this homeward voyage from Montevideo that Bellot found himself in the same ship with M. Xavier Marmier. These two distinguished and enlightened men soon understood each other, and the reader will see further on, from the fragment which M. Marmier has been good enough to communicate to me, what sort of recollection the travelled writer retains of his young friend.

From the time of his quitting the *Triomphante*, until his departure for the Polar seas, Bellot was but once afloat; that was when he was appointed to convey troops to Cherbourg in a little transport vessel, which he commanded for a month. This mission,

which he accomplished in the most satisfactory manner, and a month's leave of absence, which he spent in Paris, in December, 1850, were the only notable events of his life until the 19th of March, 1851, the date of the letter he wrote to Captain Sochet, begging him to solicit for him of the Minister of Marine permission to take part in the new expedition which Lady Franklin was preparing to send out in search of her husband.

CHAPTER III.

It was no sudden freak, as might be supposed, that made Bellet resolve, after making his first nautical essay in the equatorial regions, to go and explore the frozen seas in a little English schooner. A very characteristic letter, which he wrote to one of his most intimate friends, M. Luneau, some time before taking his first steps in this matter, proves positively that this idea, instead of having arisen suddenly, must have been long matured in his brain. In that letter he stated that, with a view to his travels in Arctic countries, he had desired to accustom his body beforehand to endure cold, and that to that end he had slept all the winter without a blanket. Nor was it his body only that he prepared for this expedition, but his mind also. The observations and extracts contained in his journal prove sufficiently that he had long familiarised himself with the

Arctic regions by reading many narratives of voyages in the Polar seas, written by English navigators, and by the study of maps and charts. There is even every reason to believe that his journey to Paris in December, 1850, had for its object the purchase of books and documents relating to those regions.

Several motives combined to determine Bellot to this course. Certainly the love of glory, a legitimate ambition, a certain consciousness of his worth, which was in danger of being overlooked if he contented himself with remaining in his rank and merely doing his duty as an ordinary officer, and that sort of fascination which dangers exercise over certain strongly-tempered souls, to which every peril seems a sort of challenge offered to man by nature and the elements; certainly, I say, all these had a great share in his determination. But, besides circumstances connected with his family and his position, what contributed most to attract him towards this perilous enterprise, and kindle his enthusiasm for the noble cause of

humanity which he was about to serve, was his ardent admiration of the heroic devotedness of Lady Franklin, and the lively sympathy he felt for the English people, whose respect for Franklin's scientific glory, and whose grand national feeling and truly Christian philanthropy, were displayed in so many efforts and sacrifices.

It may easily be conceived with what enthusiasm a man of Bellot's mind and heart must have embraced the idea of following such noble examples, and contributing to so excellent a work, when we think of the life necessarily led at Rochefort by this young man of ardent mind, lively and fertile imagination, and a temper as susceptible to the weariness of inoccupation as the zest of peril. Now what can a young unmarried naval officer do who is employed in a port? When he has finished his day's duty, which generally occupies but a few hours, and partaken of the family meals, he has still a great deal of time on hand, which he may spend in study, or in the salons of some of the townspeople

who receive visitors, or in the *cercle*, or in the café. Study had certainly great attractions for Bellot, for whose inquiring mind and quick apprehension nothing was too arduous; but the calm and deliberate study of the known sciences, in the silence and solicitude of the chamber, was not suited to the man of imagination, eager for movement, athirst for the unknown; the lukewarm beverage of book lore must have seemed insipid to those glowing lips whose thirst had first been allayed by the raciest draughts of study, drawn from the living sources of nature. How cold must the descriptions of travellers have seemed to him who had seen with his own eyes the wonderful spectacles presented by the skies and the landscapes of Africa and South America. How many secrets did this vast and varied universe still conceal for him! One pursuit alone could have been possible for Bellot, that of science, to be communicated to his young brother, had the latter been of an age to receive such instruction. In that case there is every

reason to believe that, finding in that way full occupation for his leisure and a means of expending his activity, he would not have sought any other employment for his overflowing vitality.

Bellot was not a drawing-room man; he went but little into society, where, nevertheless, the charm of his conversation might well have made him acceptable, had people taken the least pains to appreciate it. Dancing was the only pleasure he was passionately fond of; but he did not think himself sufficiently expert in the art; his small stature seemed to annoy him, as if he was afraid of its being too much marked in a quadrille. Besides, opportunities for dancing were not very numerous, and he often let them escape from timidity. For it must be confessed, this man, so intrepid in presence of danger, so bold in thought, so ready of speech, always manifesting such promptitude and presence of mind before assembled men, was excessively modest in all that concerned his renown, and bashful in the presence of women, for whom

he professed, too, a truly chivalric admiration and respect.

As for *cercles* and *cafés*, he did all in his power to avoid frequenting them. His good sense and his feeling of what was due to his family, to himself, and to the city which had adopted him, and which he loved and was bent on honouring by his conduct, all combined to make him comprehend the dangers of *café-hunting*, a practice which is an actual curse to provincial towns. One is at first attracted to the *café* by the pleasure of meeting some friends or comrades whose conversation one likes. In the beginning one remains an hour, drinks a glass of beer, and chats. By-and-by the sittings are insensibly prolonged, play takes the place of conversation, liqueurs of beer; and what was at first but a pastime, soon becomes a habit, then a want, and often an irresistible passion. The money thus lost and spent is of little importance compared to the value of the time and intelligence thus wasted. "Time is money," say the Englishmen in their positive lan-

guage; but are not the faculties of the mind, also, a capital for those who, after having taken "the trouble to be born," as Figaro says, have also to take the trouble to earn their bread by their toil? For this café life, in which three-fourths of the intelligent, or *soi-disant* intelligent population of the provincial towns stupify themselves—this life of four or five hours a-day in an unwholesome atmosphere, and a temperature of 95°, is still more hurtful to the health of the mind than to that of the body. If the body becomes enervated, thought is dulled, the brain rendered sterile, the mind stupified, the heart deadened, and sensibility is lost in that medium in which the intellectual and spiritual life in a manner suspends its functions. Happy still the men of lively imagination and ardent soul, if games of chance, tried at first as an amusement, and afterwards become matters of habit, do not excite in them the most dangerous and absorbing of passions, that which, through the prospect of easy gain, very soon leads to scorn and hatred of toil!

Bellet felt these truths, and he was on his guard against all the temptations of inoccupation ; he would work, but he felt that the intrepidity of his heart needed conflict, that the activity of his imagination needed the spectacle of the grand scenes of nature, and that for the satisfaction of all his faculties he must journey through new and unknown countries. Besides, was he not essentially, *passionally* a voyager, as Tousseul said to me yesterday? Must he not have felt himself made to traverse all lands, to converse with all the inhabitants of this globe, he whom Providence seemed to have endowed expressly with an incredible facility in understanding and speaking all languages ; he who had learned four almost without the aid of any master, and who had been heard at Paris sustaining simultaneously four conversations in those four languages? "I do not know Russian," he said to M. Luneau before he set out on his last voyage ; "I will manage in this expedition so as to learn it with the whalers."

What I have already said of the soul, the character, and the mind of Bellot, is enough to warrant the inference that his imagination was fired by the thought of the perils with which navigation in the Arctic seas is beset, that his heart was profoundly affected by the admirable devotedness of that heroic wife, that sublime Lady Franklin, whose conduct, without example in the annals of conjugal piety, does honour to a whole epoch and a whole nation. In his project of co-operating in the voyages organised in quest of Sir John Franklin, the young man not only saw an opportunity of devoting himself to a hallowed work of humanity, but he also comprehended that the participation of a Frenchman in such an enterprise was a first application of the grand ideas of international union of which he was beginning to have a forethought at the period when, still almost a child, he had fought under the same banner as the English in the affair of Tamatave.

Bellot found in Lady Franklin a heart which comprehended him at once; and a

remarkable thing truly, and worthy of the attention of psychologists, was that affinity, that sudden communion which established itself between these two souls, both so profoundly penetrated by religion and family affection; between the soul of that rare woman who had elevated to heroism the accomplishment of a great duty, of that wife who devoted her fortune and her whole life to the search for her husband, and the soul of that young officer who, animated by filial tenderness and fraternal love, desired to win glory for his name and prosperity for his family from unprecedented hardships and unknown perils. One must read the correspondence that passed between them to comprehend and appreciate all the esteem which Lady Franklin had, and must have had, for the generous character who thus placed himself at her service.

As soon as Lady Franklin had seen Bellot, and conversed a few moments with him, esteem merged into friendship, and soon that superior woman felt for him a sort of motherly

affection, which he soon returned in truly filial tenderness; their mutual understanding became still greater when they met personally, than it had been through their interchange of letters. Here is what the enterprising voyager wrote to one of his friends, on the 10th May, 1851, after two interviews with the wife of the illustrious navigator:—

“ I receive from the Admiralty, as well as from Lady Franklin, the most cordial tokens of good will. They did not reckon upon me, and they believed full surely that I was discouraged by the statement of the lack of comfort in the *Prince Albert*. Had I felt the slightest hesitation, and you know how far I was from doing so, the interview with Lady Franklin would have irrevocably determined me to go. That noble sorrow, so courageously supported, that indefatigable ardour in the prosecution of projects which many regard as desperate, and, lastly, the warmth of the thanks, and the sympathies of which I am the object, redouble my enthusiasm and my devotion to this hallowed enterprise.”

It is admirable to see the reception given him wherever he appears, the sympathy he meets with on all sides, and the modest astonishment which all these honours cause him. He is the object of the cordial good will of the English, of the encouragement of the French, of the curiosity of the men of all nations assembled in London at that epoch (May, 1851) for the universal Exhibition. "Who is that young officer of the French navy, with an air of such decision, and who wears his precocious decoration so jauntily?" said Jules Janin to somebody. "That is," replied the person addressed, "M. Bellot, the *enseigne de vaisseau*, who has volunteered to take part in the new expedition which is about to sail in search of Franklin." Instantly Janin runs up to him, and says, "*Ma foi, Monsieur*, I had a great wish to know you; you are a brave man; allow me to clasp your hand." "I loved him at once, the charming lad, whom I saw but for two or three hours," said Janin to me, in relating the incident.

Since I am in possession of that rather long letter of the 10th May, written to a friend, the reader will no doubt permit me to digress a little, in order to quote some passages by way of giving a specimen of Bellot's thoughts and familiar style. Poetic by temperament, the young French officer had carried with him, besides his works of science, some books of literature. He presents himself at the Custom-house, and here is what befalls him. "Some Custom-house officers," he says, "take possession of my baggage, and convey it to the Custom-house to be examined. Seeing my trunk filled more with books and papers than with linen, they no doubt took me for a smuggler of prohibited pamphlets; for in the twinkling of an eye I saw my poor books passed from hand to hand; words exchanged in whispers made me uneasy, and I fancied that some of my travelling companions had furtively slipped something contraband among my effects, the more so, as, from a distance, I saw a certain number of my books put aside, whilst the rest were

laid in a scale. Alas! the poor Byron I carried with me, to warm me up under the icy zones, had been changed at nurse; it was guilty of having been printed in Paris, and of thus coming into competition with the legitimate progeny of the British press. I was convinced, I own, and beaten, but much against my will. In vain I offered to pay a suitable fine; all entreaties were unavailing. As for the rest, mathematics, literature, poetry, they were only French, printed lawfully in France, and were appraised only at the weight of the paper and binding, 7s. 6d., the sum which would have been charged as entrance duty on the same number of volumes of 'Paul de Kock,' the '*Parfait Cuisinier*,' or the '*Art de la Correspondance*.'"

Will you see in another not less characteristic fragment, how the young man, happy to find everything in London, as well as in Paris, concour towards the success of his enterprise, manifests in his own way the gratitude with which he is filled, and preludes, by a remarkable trait, those religious

exaltations with which he will often delight to fortify his soul during his two perilous expeditions ?

“Everything succeeds with me,” he writes to his friend, “and I run up the gamut of colours towards rosy brightness. Help yourself, and heaven will help you.” Further on he says—“On Sunday I went to the Protestant Church. The officer, who had good naturedly made himself my cicerone, said to me with so natural an air, ‘What church shall we go to?’ that I durst not tell him how long it was since I had left off going to mass ; and I went as much to avoid giving him a bad opinion of me as from any real inclination. Besides, an effect, contrary to what is generally observed, takes place in me : under affliction, or mere annoyance, I rebel against the rod that smites me, and revenge myself on my own impotence by protest and denial ; happiness, on the contrary, disposes my soul to salutary impressions, and I kiss the hand which has opened.”

How that soul was born for conflict with difficulties, and what chances it had of vanquishing in the great battle of life! It sought in religious sentiments not, as so many others do, consolation and resignation, but strength and encouragement. Great and well-constituted are those souls which revolt instead of being dismayed at the idea of chastisement, and grow strong and exalted at the prospect of recompense.

Do you know how Bellot ends the letter he wrote on the same day (May 10, 1851,) to his family? "I recommend to you courage rather than resignation." The whole man is expressed in that simple line.

In another letter, written six weeks later, at sea, on the 28th of June, I find an admirable commentary on this passage. He is afraid that his family are still too ready to give way to uneasiness, and he addresses this admirable page to them:—

"I begin to have breathing time, my dear friends, and I take advantage of it to chat a little with you; for, be assured, you are my

constant thought; and that happiness I promise myself when we meet again is one of the hopes which will sustain me, and give me immense courage under our little difficulties. After all, you must not exaggerate anything, but rightly consider that what I am now doing thousands of men have done and still do, not, it is true, with the same object, but certainly having to vanquish and surmount the same obstacles. Every year a great number of whalers frequent the seas where we now are; the allurements of gain makes them even incur, in the pursuit of whales, far greater dangers than those which we shall have to encounter. And will not the feeling of honour, and of some glory to be won, give the same energy to me as to them? Is not labouring for those one loves—at the same time recollecting that the more one loves them the more one ought to be prudent and discreet along with being courageous—is not this the surest of safe-conducts? Do you think that God has already snatched me out of greater perils to let me fall under these?

With the faith and belief with which I am penetrated, I think nothing impossible ; and as I am determined to return to you renowned and happy, with the grace of God I shall return. I wish I could possess your minds with the truth, and that is, that there would be no grounds for serious uneasiness though you should not hear of me for two years." * * * Then, after some details as to the resources which the Arctic regions may offer, he goes on to say, "I dwell upon this, because I assure you that on the brilliant horizon of this cruise there is but one black spot, that is the thought that you will be uneasy. But what if I tell you that one of the most remarkable men in the English navy, Sir John Ross, who is there, is seventy-eight years old, and that he was detained in those regions from 1829 to 1833 ? Do you suppose he would have engaged in the adventure if it were immensely perilous ?"

Let me not be reproached for having dwelt so much on these private details, made

numerous extracts from familiar letters, and somewhat neglected the facts relative to the intrepid, laborious, and scientific officer. Other biographers, M. Chassériau, in his article in the *Moniteur* of the 16th of October, 1853, and M. de la Roquette, in a very remarkable memoir read at a general meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris, on the 23rd of December following, have worthily appreciated the seaman, the voyager, and the studious geographer; as for me, I have made it my special object to make known the man, and to that end I have often had only to let himself speak. The reader, then, will not be surprised if I pass rapidly over that important epoch of his life, his first expedition to the Polar regions in the schooner *Prince Albert*. Read his journal attentively, and you will see that neither his acts nor his thoughts, during those seventeen months, for an instant belied his noble character.

Shall we now recount his return to England, and the enthusiastic reception he met

with everywhere? Let us suffer M. de la Roquette to speak:—

“On the 7th of October, 1852,” he says, “the *Prince Albert* entered the port of Aberdeen. Captain Kennedy, as well as all the crew of the *Prince Albert*, spoke with so much admiration of the services rendered by Bellot, and of his exemplary conduct during the whole course of the expedition, that he was everywhere received in England with genuine enthusiasm. The British government made known officially to that of France how well satisfied it was with the zealous and intelligent co-operation of the young officer, and Lady Franklin personally expressed her gratitude to him in the most touching terms. The Geographical Society of London, an illustrious body, which has already rendered so many services to science, conferred on him the title of foreign corresponding member, a favour which acquired still more value in his eyes from the flattering words of the president, Sir Roderick Murchison; and from the presence and ap-

probation of the most distinguished personages of England. 'Great was my surprise,' the modest Bellot wrote to me on this occasion from Woolwich, 'for I had no other claim than that of being the first Frenchman who had passed the winter and made an exploration in that part of the Polar seas.'

"On the 3rd February, 1852, that is to say, whilst he was traversing the Arctic regions, Bellot, who was but an *enseigne* (midshipman) at the moment of his departure, and whose merit had singularly struck M. Ducos, Minister of Marine, was appointed a lieutenant. This minister, having examined the report addressed to him by Bellot on his return to England, decided that, in order to give him the means of putting his notes in order and completing his work, he should be considered as called on a mission to Paris, from the date of his return to France, and that all the time he had passed on board the *Prince Albert* should be counted to him as service at sea."

It was during this residence in Paris that

I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Bellot, who was introduced to me by a common friend, M. Dupré, as a townsman of mine. In subsequently recalling the circumstances and details of our first interview, I clearly comprehended the success he obtained wherever he appeared, and the favourable recollections retained of him by all who have known him. Bellot was one of those frank and amiable natures that at once command sympathy.

It was towards the end of October, 1852, we dined together, along with the friend who had introduced us to each other, and the dinner was followed by a promenade, which was continued to a late hour of night. Long after our friend had left us, Bellot and I were pacing the side of the Rue Rivoli, next the gardens of the Tuileries. Like the prince in the "Thousand and One Nights," I would willingly have passed many another in listening to the narrations of voyages through the midst of ice, and excursions over the perpetual snows of Somerset Land, where the

passing of a white bear, the flight of a bird, the tracking of a fox, are incidents of great importance. All this was related with such grace and spirit, and with so little pretension, that one might have supposed the matter in question was no more than a party of pleasure. And while he was narrating thus, I remember that I attentively considered, by the light of a very brilliant full-moon, the short, but well-formed figure of the brave and resolute navigator; that I took pleasure in searching for and finding in his spirited and frank deportment, and strongly-marked features, the tokens of enterprising intrepidity and contempt of danger and hardships. Yes, there was something which denoted the superior man in that brow, always uplifted, which reminded me of Ovid's lines :

*" Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri,
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus ;"*

in those black eyes, so full of meaning ; that somewhat large nose, with expanded and mobile nostrils; that mouth, with lips thick

in the middle, but singularly delicate towards the corners; and that voice remarkably clear and neat in its tone, though the long use of the English language had made the young officer of the *Prince Albert* less familiar with his mother tongue, and his difficulty in finding certain Gallican expressions, betrayed itself at times by pauses and hesitations. On the whole of that physiognomy, lighted up by the glowing fire within, might be read almost at a glance, frankness, daring, fortitude, intelligence, spontaneity, vigorous impulse. After two or three meetings, observing the gentle expression of his black eyes, and hearing his warm words of admiration for all that is fair, great, and good—of reprobation for what is bad, low, and ugly; his tender recollections of his early youth, and his frequent sallies, inspired by a sort of English humour, and enlivened by the sparkling of French *esprit*, I found that there might be added to that first inventory of the treasures of his rich nature, probity, disinterestedness, poetry, tenderness, love of

science, facility, and variety of talent. And how his words, thoughts, and sentiments kept hold of those whom his countenance had captivated! How prompt was sympathy with him to change into friendship!

One day, I remember (and I have found the same feeling expressed in his journal), in talking with me, he deplored his ignorance of so many things which, he said, he ought to have learned. And then recounting to me the unsatisfied longings of his curiosity, in the presence of a multitude of animals, stones, shells, mineral substances, plants, and physical phenomena, he said, that, in order to be a good traveller one ought to be acquainted with all the physical and natural sciences; that more than once in his excursions and researches in the Polar regions, so impoverished in appearance, he had groaned over his own impotence at finding thousands of beings and objects to which he was not capable even of giving a name; and then reproaching himself with the loss of every minute in his life which had not been

employed in study, he added, "When I felt myself in this mood on ship-board, and when I said to myself that I was scarcely more advanced in the arts, such as painting and music, than in the sciences, then I shut myself up alone in my cabin, and sought consolation in reading Shakespeare and Byron." He had, of course, replaced in London the copy taken from him at the Custom-house.

I had spoken of Bellot to one of my colleagues, a contributor to one of our most important reviews, and the latter applied to him for an article on his Arctic voyage. Bellot was approaching the realization of one of his dearest wishes, for he had said in his journal, "I will write books which will be marriage portions for my sisters;" and he was about to begin the first pages of those books. To this he was greatly encouraged by Lady Franklin, who, in her letters, predicted the greatest success for the narration of his voyage, and bespoke twelve copies of it for herself.

While he was working at the hydrographic dépôt in Paris, where he was considered as called on a mission, according to the terms of the letter of the Minister of Marine, dated 17th January, in order, says the despatch, "to enable him to complete the work for which he had collected data during his cruise in the northern seas," Bellot was at the same time preparing the materials for a work more especially intended for the public. The thought, however, of returning to the Arctic regions, the idea of going himself in search of Sir John Franklin in latitudes not yet explored, where he thought he might hope for results more positive than any yet obtained; above all, the prospect of taking a larger share in Lady Franklin's noble efforts, such were the objects of his most constant meditations. If he had refused the proposals made to him by Captain Kane, the American, to act as his second in command in an expedition destined to examine Smith's Sound, and explore the lands in the vicinity of the North Pole, it was be-

cause he still hoped that France would decide on sending out a ship to those latitudes, already visited by the English, the Americans, and the Russians, and that, of course, he should be called to take part in it. Since his return to France, he had thrown out, here and there, some words, which he called his trial balloons; but he had been replied to only in a very evasive manner, and there seemed little disposition to second his views. So at least it appears from the *very private and confidential* letter he wrote to Lady Franklin on the 4th of February, 1853, in which he speaks of the little chance he sees of succeeding in his efforts, and of his fear lest, if he asked categorically to have a French expedition sent to the northern seas, he should be accused of ambitious or interested views.

There is no need for me to comment on the extreme delicacy of his feeling in that respect, or on the superb high-mindedness of Lady Franklin, who replied to him by return of post, on the 7th of the same month, pro-

posing to him the command and ownership of the *Isabella* steamer, which she was preparing specially for an expedition to Behring's Straits. In the same letter, she announced to him that Captain Kennedy, the commander of the *Prince Albert*, was disposed to serve under the orders of him who had been his lieutenant, and adds, "you know that the crew of the *Prince Albert* are ready to go with you wherever you choose to lead them; however, you shall be free to choose your own men—and even, if you like, to take with you in this expedition two or three of your own countrymen in whom you have confidence." As for the expenses, the noble and courageous lady added some remains of her fortune to the amount of a subscription raised by the colonists of Van Diemen's Land.

Bellot still refused, being afraid, he said, lest this extreme confidence reposed in a Frenchman should produce a bad effect in England, and weaken the sympathy with which Lady Franklin inspired her country-

men. It was in vain she insisted, and did all in her power to demonstrate to him that the English seamen regarded him with no jealousy. "They regard you with equal attachment and admiration," she said, "and will look upon what I propose to you as the most natural and proper thing in the world."

After these several refusals, which testify highly to his delicate modesty and rare disinterestedness, the young French officer resolved to try the Minister of Marine once more, and addressed a letter to him on the 20th March, wherein he begs "permission respectfully to call his attention to the following points:—

"1. The various expeditions hitherto sent out (in search of Franklin) have served only to ascertain the places where Franklin has not been, and it is only since last year that the direction he has probably taken is known.*

* It appears, from a document published a few days ago in the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, that there has been expended from

"2. The time which has elapsed since his departure is not an irrefutable argument against the existence of his crews; since there are precedents of the same nature, the issue of which has been prosperous.

"3. It is known that there are in the most northern countries material resources of which men of energy may avail themselves; the provisions taken out from England will, besides, have lasted the longer in consequence of the vacancies which death has necessarily made in those numerous crews.

"Thus the question as regards Franklin and his men reduces itself to knowing where they can be at this moment. Now, we are at this day only at the threshold of the discoveries in which he was engaged, and there is an extent of unexplored territory infinitely more considerable than has been traversed to the present time. My own views, which

1845 to 1854 more than nineteen millions of francs (£760,000) for the expeditions sent in search of Sir John Franklin; to such a pitch can the sentiment of humanity rise among a commercial and free people. This fact alone would be enough to prove that England is a great nation.

coincide with those of Lady Franklin, and are supported by the opinion of several men of science, are, that the admiral has made his way into the Polar basin, and that under favourable circumstances which have not subsequently recurred, he has perhaps reached a point to the westward of Behring's Straits, and that he finds it impossible to return thence, whether it be that his ships have been wrecked, or that they have been irremediably shut in by the northern ice. Experience in those seas, moreover, confutes the idea of a catastrophe which should have swallowed up everything, without leaving at least some vestiges.

“There exist three routes for arriving at the Polar basin: that which bifurcates east and west at Spitzbergen; Baffin's Bay; and Behring's Straits. Franklin has only been sought for to the north of America, and he is perhaps northward of Asia: what I propose, is to seek for him in the latter direction.

“In an enterprise which interests science

and humanity, no efforts can be without value, if they are usefully and courageously directed. But as the last route has been taken by others, I think it right to put it aside, in order that there may not be a useless concentration of efforts on one point. Besides, I should prefer the Asiatic exploration, because the search for Franklin may be carried on in that direction side by side with two other important questions—discoveries of great geographical interest, and investigations probably rich in results for the fisheries.

“You are aware, Monsieur le Ministre, that on the one hand, all is unknown to the north of the continents of Europe and America; and that on the other hand, the American fisheries have been trebled in value within the last five years, solely in consequence of the discovery of new fishing grounds. Officers of our navy, better qualified by their position than I am to deal with this question, have already pointed out the great advantages we might derive from

the fishery for seals, and other mammalia which swarm in the seas of the north.

“An expedition, by way of Behring’s, Straits would now arrive there too late to begin its researches and discoveries this year; but it would be easy for it to employ its time usefully until the favourable epoch, either at Japan or among the whalers. On the contrary, an expedition to advance northward, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, would be ready soon enough in the month of June, and if it succeeded in doubling Cape Sacré, it might make its way out in September or October by Behring’s Straits.

“Admiral Franklin has right of city among us, as a member of the Institute, and of the Geographical Society, which bestowed its large gold medal on him in 1827; and, besides, has our country, which has produced all kinds of glory, and recognises them all, ever inquired of a glorious renown what is its flag? Yet, of the four great maritime powers of the world, we are the only one

which has not yet sent out an expedition in search of him.

“Russia is exploring the northwest coast of America, and that of Siberia.

“The United States has sent out two ships, and is fitting out a third, of which it has been proposed to me that I should be the second in command, to go in the direction of Louis Napoleon Island.

“England, which has eight ships at this moment in the Arctic regions, is again sending out Captain Inglefield to re-victual and reinforce that squadron.

“Lastly, Lady Franklin, gathering together the remnants of her fortune, offers me the chief command of the *Isabella* steamer, in which my friend, and former captain, M. Kennedy, proposes to serve under my orders.

“All agree, then, in recognising the necessity of new efforts, and certainly the field of search is vast enough for the participation of all civilised nations in an enterprise in which there is honour, glory, and profit. In the

cruise I made among the English and the Americans, it was easy for me to discern that we possess all the elements of success in that exceptional navigation. It was owing only to unfortunate circumstances, that after the discovery of the New World, we did not gather, in the way which was opened to us to the north, numerous germs of maritime power and commercial wealth.

“I will not allow myself, Monsieur le Ministre, to insist further on the various aspects of a question which I submit to your enlightened appreciation. If the principle of an expedition was once admitted, I would hold myself in readiness to furnish you with all the information you might do me the honour to require.”

Eleven days after the despatch of this letter, Bellot, who was absolutely resolved not to let the season of 1853 pass by without returning to the Arctic regions, wrote again to the Minister of Marine (31st March), to request his permission to embark in the *Phoenix*, commanded by Captain Inglefield.

He set out almost immediately for London, and on the 10th of May he was at Woolwich on board the *Phoenix*.

After reading the journal of Bellot's first voyage in the Polar seas, on board the *Prince Albert*, a journal in which the young officer seems everywhere to make sport of the severest privations and hardships, and the most terrible dangers; after seeing him become familiar with temperatures of which we can hardly form a conception, with the chase of the white bear, with marches over ice, whirlwinds of snow, painful ophthalmias caused by refraction, and with want of food, those who think there was some courage in voluntarily encountering these trials when still unknown, will agree with me that there was actual heroism in going again in search of them after having once before confronted them. The first step may in strictness be accounted for by the ardour of an imagination impassioned for voyages, and yearning after the unknown; the second step, and the pleas with which it was ac-

accompanied, can only be explained by an exalted zeal for a hallowed cause, and by the most laudable of all ambitions. O modern societies! O civilised nations! wish that you may bring forth many ambitious sons of this character, of this sterling metal, who, disengaged from all personal views, can with such noble disinterestedness devote their lives for the sole good of science and humanity.

CHAPTER IV.

I AM approaching the close of that fine existence, so soon cut short. Bellot is on board the *Phoenix*, which bears him away from Europe, to which it will never bring him back. He writes on the 14th June, 1853, to his friend, M. Luneau, a letter of charming gaiety, the beginning of which, however, derives a very affecting character from the subsequent event.

“We are nearly in sight of Cape Farewell,” he says, “the southern extremity of Greenland; and I will not insult a linguist by explaining that it is the cape of adieux, and that these are the concern of the moment on board Her Britannic Majesty’s ship *Phoenix*. I begin then by making my adieux to you, in order to conform to the custom.” Then he relates with admirable modesty and spirit the triumph he obtained on the day of his presentation to the Geo-

graphical Society of London, and the impressions left on his mind by his recent visit to Ireland. There is something heartrending in the perusal of this letter, one of the last he was ever to write—a letter so full of present gladness and hope in the future. It is like the echo of a friend's laughter who is no more.

His last letter was addressed to M. Emile de Bray, *enseigne de vaisseau* in the French navy, who, in imitation of Bellot's example, had asked leave to take part in an expedition to the frozen regions, and was on board the *Resolute*, an English man-of-war. It is dated from Erebus and Terror Bay, August 8. It was from that bay that Bellot set out on the 12th August, upon the excursion in which he was to perish.

Captain Inglefield had left the *Phoenix* two days before, to go in search of Captain Pullen, who had been separated for a month from his ship, *North Star*, which remained in Erebus and Terror Bay. His intention was, immediately on his return, to devise means for

forwarding the Admiralty despatches to Sir Edward Belcher; the transmission of those despatches was one of the special and urgent objects of the mission of the *Phoenix*. Now, Captain Pullen having re-appeared shortly after Captain Inglefield's departure, Bellot, who knew how important it was that the despatches should be promptly delivered, and was always ready to encounter every danger, thought it his duty to anticipate the commander's return. He conferred with Captain Pullen, whom he left with the two vessels, and set out on the 12th August, accompanied by the quarter-master of the *North Star* and three sailors, and taking with him a sledge and an india-rubber canoe.

It was supposed that Sir Edward Belcher was in Wellington Channel, in the neighbourhood of Cape Belcher. In that direction, therefore, the little troop set out, marching close along the eastern shore of the channel. After encamping the first day three miles from Cape Innis, the five men halted next day, on detached blocks of ice, about three

miles from Cape Bowden. On the night of the 14th, on quitting that cape, they had to cross a cleft in the ice, four feet wide, which they effected prosperously enough. They were three miles off land, where Bellot proposed to encamp, and he tried to reach it in the India-rubber canoe; but being twice driven back by a violent gale from the south-east, he determined to have an attempt made by two of his companions, Harvey, the quarter-master of the *North Star*, and Madden. The attempt succeeded, and once on shore, the two men fixed a pass-rope between the sledge and the coast, by means of which three objects could be transported. A fourth trip was about to be undertaken, when Madden, who was up to his middle in the water, perceived that the ice was setting itself in motion off shore and towards mid-channel. Bellot shouted to let go the rope; an effort may yet be made, a hope remains; but the motion of the ice is so rapid that, before any measure can be taken, it is already at an enormous distance from the shore. "I then went to the top of a hill

to watch them," says Madden, in his deposition, "and saw them swept away from land towards mid-channel. I watched from that spot for six hours, but lost sight of them in two. When they passed out of sight, the men were standing near the sledge, M. Bellot on the top of the hummock. They seemed to be on a very solid piece of ice. At that moment the wind was blowing strongly from the south-east, and it was snowing."

That moving mass of ice, thus driven northward by a furious gale, carried away the unfortunate Bellot and two sailors with him, William Johnson and David Hook. After vainly endeavouring to shelter themselves under the tent with which their sledge was loaded, the three men began to cut a house for themselves in the ice with their knives. But let Johnson speak; his deposition is precise, and nevertheless very touching :

"M. Bellot," he says, "sat for half an hour in conversation with us, talking on the danger of our position. I told him I was not afraid, and that the American Expedition

were drawn up and down this channel by the ice. He replied, 'I know they were: and when the Lord protects us not a hair of our heads shall be touched.' I then asked M. Bellot, what time it was. He said, 'About a quarter past eight A.M.' (Thursday the 18th), and then lashed up his books, and said he would go and see how the ice was driving. He had only been gone about four minutes, when I went round the same hummock under which we were sheltered to look for him, but could not see him; and on returning to our shelter saw his stick on the opposite side of a crack, about five fathoms wide, and the ice all breaking up. I then called out, 'Mr. Bellot!' but no answer (at this time blowing very heavy). After this I again searched round, but could see nothing of him. I believe that when he got from the shelter the wind blew him into the crack, and his south-wester being tied down he could not rise."

David Hook, Bellot's other companion, deposed that before the breach in the ice, and the attempt to land, some one having said

that it would be more prudent to keep the middle of the channel, Bellot, hearing these words, replied that Captain Pullen's orders were to keep along the coast to the right within about two miles of it.

This last trait, and the whole of this scene, complete the moral portraiture of Bellot, a slave to duty, sacrificing his own safety to it, and incessantly disposed to devote his life, confronting death like a man full of that sublime confidence, that holy faith, which keeps the soul always in readiness to appear before its Creator and its Judge; that faith which inspired the navigator of the sixteenth century to utter the fine saying, "Heaven is as near by water as by land."

The reader has seen in the course of this memoir with what sentiments of esteem and affection Bellot inspired all who knew and came near him. Yet I cannot insist too much on this point, for it is, in my opinion, one of the best eulogies that can be pronounced upon a man to say of him, "He was a man to invite sympathy and deserve affection." I am happy, too, to be able to add

to my testimony that of a distinguished writer, M. Xavier Marmier, and to quote, at full-length, a fragment he has devoted to Bellot, in a paper intended for a review, and which he has been good enough to communicate to me before hand.

“Let me be allowed,” he says, “to add a personal reminiscence to the just eulogies which the press of France and that of England have bestowed on M. Bellot. I knew him in South America, and from the very first he won upon me by the affability of his language, the modesty of his character, and the sterling qualities of his mind. We came back thence together in the *Triomphante*; and during a passage of two months, our intimacy, begun in Montevideo, drew closer at every degree of latitude, and with every day’s intercourse.

“Born in a very humble condition of fortune, M. Bellot owed to the kind interest of some respectable families of Rochefort his first assistance in life, and to himself only his rank in the navy. As a pupil of the

school of Brest, he distinguished himself by his eager desire for instruction; as an *enseigne de vaisseau* he gained the cross of the Legion of Honour by a brilliant action. Stationed in La Plata, he employed his leisure on shipboard in useful studies. By his own efforts, without the aid of any master, he had already come to speak Spanish and English perfectly; and he proposed to learn German in the same way. At the same time he applied himself diligently to geography and hydrography. He drew plans and maps, one of which he gave me, which is a model of neatness and precision. In the perpetual activity of his mind, he sought repose from one task only by taking up another. His reading hours were his hours of delight. He ransacked with a transport of happiness the collection of books I had made on my way from Quebec to Buenos Ayres, and every book he read gave a new impulse to his thoughts, and became for us a new subject of conversation in the long evenings we passed together, carelessly

seated on the poop, and fanned by the warm equatorial breezes. I used to say to myself during this long course of constant observation, that he was preparing for himself a brilliant future, and that he would one day do honour to our navy.

“He was soon to pay for that honour with his life.

“We parted at Rochefort, bidding each other a cordial farewell, and exchanged some last tokens of friendship. Three months afterwards he went to Paris, exulting in the resolution he had just adopted.

“Condemned by the usage of the navy to remain, perhaps for a long time, inactive at Rochefort before he could get another ship, he wrote to Lady Franklin to offer her his services; and obtained leave from the minister to go out in the vessel which that noble woman was equipping at her own cost for another search after her husband. He departed with the glee of a high-souled soldier, who rushes into the thick of the fight to win his spurs at the risk of his life. No vulgar

calculation sullied his purpose. He refused the pay which Lady Franklin offered him when confiding to him the post of second officer of the *Prince Albert*. He wished to represent his country worthily among the English by his disinterestedness, as well as by his courage.

“By the gaiety with which he talked to me of his voyage in prospect, he made it seem attractive to me. Though I knew the dangers of explorations in the Polar seas, having ventured there a little myself, I beheld his departure with confidence, and looked forward to his return in a year or two with the joy of having accomplished an imposing task. I was never to see him again.”

Need I here recount all the testimonies of sorrowing sympathy which his family has received since it lost that loved one, who was its pride, and was to have been its fortune, as he was, and would have remained, an honour to the French navy? But be it well known, that it is not alone the intrepid seaman and scientific officer we should mourn

in him, but still more the warm-hearted man, as generous, disinterested, and good, as he was well read, intelligent, and courageous. Would you know in what terms Lady Franklin has written the funeral oration of this rare being?

“That brave and generous young man, whom I loved as a son, to whom I owe so much, who represented so nobly the honour and chivalry of France, who was loved and respected by our sailors as a brother—alas! he is no more. He died as he lived, like a hero and a Christian.”

Bellot has not been wept only in France and England. The Esquimaux, on hearing of the death of the young Frenchman, when Captain Inglefield was on his way home, cried out, “Poor Bellot! poor Bellot!” and they shed tears. Would you know what had made them love Bellot? During the voyage of the *Prince Albert*, the young officer, having seen an Esquimaux with a broken leg, dragging himself painfully over the snow, designed a wooden leg, and had it

made by the ship's carpenter for the unfortunate cripple. The Esquimaux did not forget this act, a very simple one, it is true, but the thought of which could only have occurred to a choice heart.

His mind, as exalted as his heart, from which it seemed to emanate directly, had learned betimes to judge soundly of human affairs; he knew when to lift up and to lower his eyes, to look above and below him; above, to inspire and fructify his noble and legitimate ambition; below, to compassionate his fellow-creatures, disinherited of corporeal enjoyments, and the blessings of education; and to consider himself as one of the fortunate in this world. He admired the powerful and the able without envying them; knew how to be dignified without misplaced haughtiness in presence of the rich; kind and humane, without ostentation, with the poor. These qualities were completed and enhanced by a perfectly natural modesty; he was devoid even of the justifiable pride of having made himself what he was; he neither con-

cealed nor paraded his origin. And yet he was, and felt himself, capable of placing himself on a level with all positions, all glories, all fortunes.

His frankness of manners, without rudeness; his facility of character, without weakness or levity; his amiable and natural freedom, without familiarity; his extreme, but not promiscuous, kindness of heart; his generosity, his disinterestedness, and his courage, without boastfulness, won at once upon the English, who soon came heartily to love the Frenchman whom they had begun by liking; and we may assert, that it was not only his own opinion, but that of the whole Admiralty—what do I say?—of all the English seamen, as well as of all those who have known Bellot, which Colonel Sabine, the eminent English natural philosopher, expressed in this phrase, in his letter of condolence to M. de la Roquette, on the death of the young lieutenant, “In promise I have rarely seen his equal, and never his superior.”

JULIEN LEMER.

INTRODUCTION.*

THIS expedition, unimportant perhaps as regards the magnitude of its discoveries, is yet interesting in many respects from its attendant circumstances. It opens a new era in the series of voyages to the Arctic regions, by the manner in which the land journeys were accomplished, at a season of the year in which the preceding expeditions hardly quitted their encampments. It marks an epoch, too, in geographical history, in a national point of view, through the participation of an officer of our navy in the dangers and toils of a complete exploration in the Polar seas. For the first time, a French voyager has braved the rigours of winter in those

* We think we cannot do better than prefix to Bellot's journal of his voyages the report published by him in the *Annales Maritimes*, which epitomises in a few pages the object and scope of the expedition, of which he is about to relate the details to us.

regions, and is able to furnish respecting them information which heretofore we borrowed only from the English or the Russians.

A few lines will serve to make known the state of things at the departure of the expedition. Captain (now Admiral) Franklin had for instruction to go and reconnoitre Cape Walker in Barrow's Straits; then, shaping his course to the south or south-east, he was to try, without making more westing, to reach the northern coast of America. The last news received of his expedition are of the date of the 26th July, 1845, at which period he had provisions of all sorts for three years, without reckoning the resources which the navigators might find upon their route. The *Erebus* and the *Terror* were then in the middle of Baffin's Bay, in latitude $74^{\circ} 48'$ and longitude $68^{\circ} 13'$ west of Greenwich. In 1848 three expeditions were sent after Franklin: Sir James Ross, by Baffin's Bay; Sir J. Richardson, by the Mackenzie River, on the coast of America; and Captain Moore, by Behring's Straits.

Returning without success, these expeditions were succeeded in 1850 by others, sent in the same directions; besides which, endeavours were made to stimulate the efforts of individuals by considerable rewards which the Government and Lady Franklin offered to the whalers, which should seek to obtain, or which should furnish information respecting the fate of Franklin's crews. Commodore Austin, with four ships, the whaling Captain Penny, with two vessels, joined Captain Sir John Ross, and an American expedition, generously fitted out by Mr. Grinnell, a merchant of New York, but commanded by officers of the United States navy. Lady Franklin, whose admirable devotedness has contributed as much as her husband's labours to give celebrity to the name of Franklin, sent at the same time a small vessel, the *Prince Albert*, to explore Prince Regent's Gulf.

Franklin, obeying his instructions to the letter, had no doubt become inextricably entangled in the narrow channels and among

the unknown islands which exist between Banks' Land and Victoria and Wollaston Lands. Admitting the hypothesis, that he had lost his ships, it is possible he may have endeavoured to reach the continent of Boothia in boats; and this supposition becomes still more likely, if we recollect that at the time of his departure, Dr. Rae's labours were unknown, and the junction of Prince Regent's Straits with those of Dease and Simpson was believed in.

It was to meet this contingency that the *Prince Albert* was sent out. Unfortunately that small vessel, after a remarkable navigation at the entrance of Prince Regent's and Barrow's Straits, was obliged to return to England, whither, moreover, it brought back very good news of the progress of the Arctic squadron; and some scraps of sails, ropes, and bones picked up at Cape Riley. An attentive examination, an analysis to which science furnished some remarkable conclusions, proved that these objects had belonged to civilised men, and even to ships

of war, and that they could not have been left where they were found earlier than 1845. The motives which had dictated the sending out of the *Prince Albert* in 1850 existed still in 1851, and Lady Franklin resolved to continue her sacrifices.

The Russian government co-operated with the Behring's Straits' expedition, through its agents on the north-west coast of America; the United States joined ships of theirs with those of Great Britain; France could not be the only country to hang back. Franklin, besides, had right of city among us by his preceding labours and his glory, and by his title as corresponding member of the Institute and of the Geographical Society, which bestowed its large gold medal on him in 1827; accordingly the Government, at the instigation of M. de Chasseloup Laubat, then minister of marine, fully accorded with my wishes, when I asked leave to go and represent the sympathies of the French navy in this new expedition; and in May 1851 I proceeded to embark in the *Prince Albert*,

which was preparing for sea at Aberdeen, in Scotland.

Before giving an account of operations which I did not direct, I wish it to be understood that to Captain Kennedy alone belong the praises due to the boldness and intelligence of the measures taken for the accomplishment of our mission; and that to his incredible activity and the constant care he took to secure the health and welfare of us all, we are indebted for having been able, under the protection of Providence, to do much in a little time, and to return every one of us to the embraces of our friends, without having to regret those frightful mutilations, those losses of limbs, which are often the result of cruises in the icy seas. We were all teetotallers, that is to say, we had not on board either wine, beer, or spirituous liquors; and I do not hesitate to ascribe in great part to this wise measure the good conduct so steadily maintained by our crew, and the harmony that never ceased to reign in spite of the privations and the

lack of comfort on board our vessel, a little schooner of ninety tons, carrying eighteen men, inclusive of the captain and the officers.

Shortly after passing Cape Farewell, at the southern extremity of Greenland, the *Prince Albert* entered the ice on the 22nd of June, and began to force a passage through it in the direction of the Danish establishment of Uppernavik, where we proposed to buy Esquimaux dogs and sledges. A glance at the map shows, that as Baffin's Bay grows narrower towards the south, the masses of ice first set in motion in the middle of the bay by the winds from the north tend to accumulate at this gorge, and to block up Davis's Straits, even when the head of the bay is free. It is only by a series of flux and reflux movements that the ice passes this bar at last, to be dissolved in the Atlantic ocean.

This mobility of the ice, necessary to navigation, is the very thing that constitutes its danger; since one finds himself placed between the masses of ice which come from the

quarter whence the wind is blowing, and the coast from which the solid ice is not yet detached. It is needless to insist on the crushing force possessed by masses often of several square leagues in extent, and which, once in motion, cannot be stopped by any human resistance. The position in which a sailing vessel is placed is so much the more unfavourable, because the wind must blow from that very quarter to which one wants to steer in order to pass between the masses of ice in that direction. Now, if the breeze is strong, it is only with difficulty and danger one can beat up against it through the masses of ice which form so many moving rocks; if it is calm, there is no way of advancing but by a very slow process of haulage, or by being towed by boats. The application of the screw propeller to steamers has given them a considerable superiority, which would have been partly neutralised by the incumbrance of paddle-wheels, exposed to all the shocks of the icy masses.

In consequence of being rolled over and

over by the storms, which are far from being so rare beyond the Arctic circle as is generally supposed, the loose ice becomes very irregular in form. Often, too, it happens that one sees a few hundred yards before him a sheet of water of more or less extent, from which one is parted only by a narrow tongue of ice. In those cases we strove to make an opening through it, either by running the ship with all possible speed against the narrowest part, or with the help of saws, twenty feet long, worked by a rope and a pulley fixed at the apex of a triangle formed of long spars, or, lastly, by blasting. When the ice is not too compact, the ship is run into the opening so made, on the sides of which it acts like a wedge. Many a time it happens during this operation, that the ice, impelled by currents or by the breeze, closes again, after having perfidiously divided for a while, and the vessel is subjected to a dangerous pressure. Woe to him who does not foresee or sufficiently observe the premonitory signs of this accident, which is

almost always attended with fatal consequences. The ice, which nothing can stop, passing beneath the vessel, upsets it, or passes through it if it resist. I have seen plains of ice rear themselves erect, so to speak, along the ship's sides, and fall on the deck in blocks, which all the crew made haste to throw overboard on the other side, for fear of foundering under the enormous weight of the unwelcome intruders.

On the 12th of July we arrived at Uppernavik, the most northern establishment on the western coast of Greenland. Thirty years ago there were still to be seen there stones covered with Runic inscriptions, which seemed to indicate that the Icelanders and other islanders, to whom the discovery of America has lately been attributed, at least pushed their excursions very far north. This establishment serves as an entrepôt for the oil and the furs of animals killed by the neighbouring Esquimaux, and these are fetched away every year by Danish ships. It contains only a few hundred inhabitants,

most of them half-castes, sprung from the intercourse between the natives and the white race. A few warehouses, a little chapel, in which service is performed by a Lutheran minister, and the governor's house, all of them miserable enough and built of wood, form the sumptuous part of the village. The rest is composed of huts of earth, which are not to be approached without danger through packs of ravenous starving dogs, reared by the inhabitants for their sledges. Living in a desolate region, where it would be impossible to find a large quantity of vegetables during the winter, the Esquimaux could not think, like the Laplanders, of domesticating the rein-deer. The dog renders them the same services, and partakes with his master the animal food which the latter can procure for himself at all seasons of the year.

On leaving Uppernavik we fell into the midst of the fleet of whalers which was returning to the south, in order to pass over to the western coast of Baffin's Bay, having found the ice impracticable in the north.

These whalers used to wind along the outlines of the principal masses of ice, which are the favourite resorts of the whales. It is easy to see that this animal, tracked more and more in all his haunts, has emigrated to more peaceful regions; and the whale fishery, which formerly employed more than from sixty to eighty ships, averaging three hundred and fifty tons, has employed only a score in late years. The whalers had fallen in with the American squadron, and we learned with astonishment that the two ships, locked in by the ice in October, 1850, at the mouth of Wellington Channel, had been swept away in spite of themselves during the winter, incurring the most serious dangers, and had only been released in 1851 off Cape Walsingham. Besides the new elements furnished to geographical science by their miraculous adventures, they also supplied very encouraging news as to the searches in hand. The Arctic squadron had found on Beechey Island authentic proofs of Franklin's sojourn in the bay formed by that

island and Cape Riley during the winter of 1845-6. Three graves, with names and dates inscribed, left no doubt on that score.

Two days afterwards we could congratulate the Americans themselves on their happy deliverance, and we sailed in company as far as the entrance of Melville Bay, famous for the disorders which are there reproduced every year, and which have occasioned the name of the Devil's Thumb to be given to a remarkable peak not far from the coast. On issuing from Disco Bay, we had fallen into the midst of floating mountains of ice, of which we could often count more than two hundred in sight at once, the mean height being from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet; but some reached a height of two hundred and even two hundred and fifty feet. This bay is, so to speak, the dockyard where these enormous masses are formed and launched, in consequence of the glaciers with which it is bordered, the floating islands being but fragments of the latter detached from them by the action of heat

and gravity. The same cause acting on the icebergs often destroys their equilibrium by the alteration of their forms; and many a time we were witnesses to the imposing scene of those masses breaking up with sounds like thunder, and suddenly turning upside down in the midst of the billows, which they threw up to a vast height.

After twenty days of toil and anxious expectation, we had nothing for it but to remove, on the 4th of August, in order to find a passage to the west at a more southerly point. Our American friends persisted in endeavouring to pass northward of the ice, in order to enter Lancaster Straits.* At last we reached Pond's Bay on the 24th of August, and there some Esquimaux came on board; but they could give us no tidings either of Franklin's ships or of the squadron sent in search of them. The appearance of these poor creatures, in their frail canoes of skin, enabled us to verify the ethnological

* They could not accomplish it, and were compelled, after fruitless efforts, to return to New York.

characters already recognised by preceding navigators. A sketch made by one of them, of the coast with which we were acquainted, once more attested their singular geographical aptitude.

We were on our searching ground, in face of the famous Lancaster Straits, which we entered with difficulty, in consequence of successive squalls. Our object was to examine carefully the two shores of Barrow's Straits, and to advance to Griffith Island, where we expected to find news of Commodore Austin and the other vessels. But the ice prevented our doing this; and while waiting for the western winds to clear the passage up to that point, we explored the two coasts of Prince Regent's Gulf, as far as Fury Beach and Port Neill. The ice, which we found constantly before us, barred our progress in that direction; and after four days passed at Port Bowen we tried to land at Port Leopold, where provisions had been left in 1849 for the use of Franklin and his companions.

In one of these attempts Captain Kennedy left the ship with a boat and five men. During the night the ice encompassed us, and we were carried thirty miles away from him, without being able to help ourselves. At last the vessel was moored in Batty Bay, and from that moment our efforts had to be concentrated on a task of more immediate urgency than the primary object of our expedition: we had, in the first place, to recover our shipmates and bring them on board. After six weeks of painful efforts, baffled by the weather, I was able, at last, to reach them, and we all returned to the vessel together.

The *Prince Albert* was set fast in the ice, which, thickening daily, gradually formed for it a sort of solid basin, from which it did not issue until August, that is to say, three hundred and thirty days afterwards. We set about our preparations, therefore, for wintering, and with the more activity, as we had to make up for the time lost through the accident of which I have spoken. The

greater part of the provisions were laid on the ice, or in storehouses built of snow, so as to augment the naturally confined space on board a vessel so small as ours, a certain amplitude being necessary for ventilation and strict observance of cleanliness. The vessel was covered above the deck with a woollen tent, and its sides were surrounded by a thick wall of snow, to hinder the outward radiation of the heat, which we could not otherwise have maintained, except by a great consumption of fuel.

In the course of January an excursion of some days was undertaken, to see if Franklin or any one else had been to the beach where the *Fury* was lost in 1824, and on which a great part of the provisions of that vessel had been landed. This excursion, at a season when the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, not to re-appear until a hundred and ten days later, enabled us to assure ourselves of the possibility of a journey even at that period of the year, thanks to the able arrangements of Captain Kennedy. We

adopted, in fact, for our travels the manner of life and the customs of the Esquimaux and the Indians; and it was not difficult for us to see how nature has provided them with means far superior to any which the refinements of civilisation could afford us. Garments of skin, and mocassins or sealskin boots, formed our accoutrement; pemmican* our only food; sledges, with or without dogs, our means of transport for our provisions and our slender baggage; and a hut constructed of snow our shelter for the night. I do not mean to say that we found everything easy, or even very agreeable; but each of us had made up his mind to forego bodily comforts; and assuredly there were no hardships or privations we would not have been ready to brave, and thought ourselves happy under them, could we succeed in our hallowed mission.

After many preliminary trips, in which we formed dépôts of provisions along the

* An Indian preparation of meat, containing a great quantity of nutritive matter in a small bulk.

route we intended to follow subsequently, we took leave of the vessel about the end of February, not to return to it until June, living in the interval on food carried on sledges, some of which were drawn by dogs, others by ourselves. Following the line of coast, or crossing the ice in Cresswell and Brentford Bays and Victoria Straits, we arrived at new lands, which we traversed westward as far as longitude 100° W. (Greenwich); and after visiting Cape Walker we returned to Port Leopold, and finally to our vessel. In the course of the last four months we passed out of constant obscurity into perpetual daylight, and were exposed to a temperature of 44° below zero, centigrade. The journey produced no bad effect upon any of us, except partial frost-bites, from which we suffered for more or less length of time; but, in the majority of cases, the application of snow immediately restored the circulation of the blood. I have not leisure to enter into the curious details of our daily life, all of them accompanied with dangers, quite for-

gotten now that the preservation of our existence leaves in our hearts only gratitude to Him who holds all things in his hands.

The honour of geographical discoveries belongs most justly to the leaders of the expeditions; theirs was the whole responsibility, and theirs it is to describe the new countries they explored, and assign names to them which shall remain on the maps.

We were so exhausted with scurvy that after our return to our vessel we had to devote our whole care to our cure, which sufficiently occupied the months of June and July. At the same time, we advanced our preparations for sailing out of our icy prison; and on the 6th of August we quitted Batty Bay, after sawing a channel through the ice. On the 20th of August we met a vessel belonging to Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, sent from England in the beginning of 1852 to explore Wellington Channel, and to go after two vessels that passed through Behring's Straits, and about the fate of which considerable uneasiness began to be felt. Our

task was completed; we had demonstrated that Franklin could not have passed south of Cape Walker, since the land extends there where formerly it was supposed that the sea existed. The expedition of the *Prince Albert* has, therefore, contributed to contract more and more the circle of the probable directions taken by Franklin, and it now seems demonstrated that he took the route to the north of Wellington Channel. That direction was explored by vessels furnished with all the elements of success; we returned, therefore, to Scotland, passing through the incidents of a second navigation in the ice.

I will prove, by-and-by, that supposing Franklin to have been abandoned to his own means, he may, with his well-known energy, have found new resources, even in those regions. On the strength of this belief, I would gladly set out again in search of him, for I am firmly convinced that we may yet hope to see those daring navigators again.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE

TO THE

POLAR SEAS.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen, 22nd May, 1851.

AT last I have reached the summit of my wishes, happier and more favoured by circumstances than I could ever have ventured to hope. All difficulties are smoothed over; and, without excess of pride, I may attribute my success to the activity and resolution I have displayed, and to my self-denial in volunteering to go without being prepared in any respect.

I shall keep a complete journal of my whole voyage, in order that if I die on this cruise my young brother and my nephews may follow my example, and learn to devote themselves for their families, science, and humanity.

Sunday, 25th May, 1851.—We moored in the morning in Stromness Roads; about ten o'clock Captain Kennedy arrived on board with Mr. Watts, an officer of customs, and Mr. Beckie, son of a banker of Kirkwall, who come to offer me their services.

At two o'clock we go on shore with the crew, and repair to the Free Church. In spite of the drowsy and somniferous tone, I no longer perceive the broad accent of Aberdeen. Prayers are said for us, and the congregation are called on to put up vows for our prosperous voyage.

Captain Kennedy, who was born in Hudson territory, of parents from the Orkneys, was brought up in Stromness; and from being a fellow-countryman, as well as from the nature of our expedition, he is an object

of general interest. He introduces me in several houses. I visit Lady Franklin, who inquires with interest how I have fared on board. She is annoyed at the loss of our jib-boom, and begs me to use my influence on board, so that for the future we may carry less sail, and carry nothing away. We learn in the evening that Mr. Steinger, a ship-builder of Stromness, has made us a present of a new jib-boom. I hear a great deal about the cathedral of Kirkwall, next to that of Glasgow, the oldest and finest in all Scotland, and I propose to visit it.

26th May.—Torrents of rain in the morning make me give up the idea. About ten the weather clears up; a gig takes us to the Stennies (Druidic monuments or circles) on the borders of a superb lake. No horses to continue the journey; let us breakfast meanwhile. We enter the best looking house; a great room, in the middle of which is the hearth, sheltered from the wind of the door by a little wall four feet high; a hook suspended from the rafters supports the pot; in

one corner a calf and some fowls; further on a pig playing with a dog in a manner indicative of long intimacy; ducks; three women. We ask them to give us some breakfast. "We have nothing fit for you." "Give us what you eat yourselves." We fry some ham and eggs with our own hands; the smoke escapes with great difficulty through a large hole in the roof over the fireplace, which serves instead of a chimney. For bread they give us barley cakes, which would be eatable if they were not eaten raw. More and more like Bretagne. We eat our fill of ham and eggs, and give the women some whiskey. "How much do we owe?" "A shilling!" I give three, and take with me the blessings of the household. We go out to see the Stennies; a girl runs after us with a knife we had left behind us; an honest return for our liberality. Two horses are brought us, and we set off for Kirkwall. I see the French flag flying from the road, and rejoice in the thought that there is, no doubt, some *coté* yonder, concealed by a point of

land; we approach and see that it is hoisted on the same *haliard* as the English flag. This is an act of politeness on the part of Mr. Beckie, a fresh mark of consideration on the part of Lady Franklin, who would not give me a letter yesterday, and has sent it by Mr. Beckie. The cathedral of St. Magnus is falling to ruin; it would really be a pity if the Government did not think of preserving such a relic of the past. Mr. Robertson, deputy sheriff of the county, shows me the utmost politeness, and takes me home with him; everybody speaks French; encomiums on our expedition, good wishes, &c.

I am introduced by Lady Franklin to Dr. Wolff, a celebrated traveller in all parts of the world, but chiefly known for a journey to Bokhara, and another in search of the tribes of Israel. What a pity that my friend L——, the oriental polyglot, is not here. Dr. Wolff is the same we talked of some time ago with reference to that Jewish tribe which, living in the heart of China, has pre-

served its religion and a temple. He made offer of his services to Lady Franklin so long ago as last year. All he asks is, that a clergyman should be paid to do duty for him, and a few pounds for his wife. Lady Franklin has transmitted his proposal to the Admiralty, not knowing how to reply to it.

I find the doctor smoking after dinner. He expresses to me in French the pleasure he feels at my visit, and presents me with a copy of his work. He sells it for the benefit of a charitable society. He is very eloquent, they say, and he is to preach this evening; but we cannot remain longer. Sir W. Scott's *Pirate* is given to me by Mr. Robertson; interview with Mr. Beckie; Kirkwall Bay; tombs in the church; visit to the five churches; return to Stromness at midnight.

27th May.—I pass the day on board, harassed with fatigue from my thirty-five miles' ride of yesterday, and try to work up my correspondence. In the evening we are invited to tea. After some cups, the young people get rid of papa, whose religious

opinions do not accord with dancing. There is a little lady just come from a boarding-school in London: I take her for a partner, and the Schottish is danced for the first time at Stromness. *Alea jacta est! proh pudor!* A grave man, engaged in such an expedition, to dance! Well, what of that? Everything has its proper time; why not forget serious duties for a moment, especially when I am forced to be here? Will that hinder me from doing my duty at the right moment? Nay, more, I confess that I am not insensible to the charms of these young beauties; and that Miss H., the white lily, and Miss W., the brilliant rose, have not counted for nothing in the pleasures of this evening; not to mention Miss D. L., &c. In the first place, an exception was made for our sake from the usages of the country, which do not admit of dancing at such a season. Why not represent French amiability at the same time as the ardent sympathy of France? My success is my excuse, without presumption be it said, for I am complimented

on my naturalisation, and the facility with which I adapt myself to the usages of the country.

28th May.—Usage requires, I am told by Mr. Robertson, that I should pay a visit to all the persons I have danced with. I have no objection to this, for it gives me opportunities for studying the customs of the country; but I come on board again in the evening, in order to be able to work. I succeed much better in drawing than I had expected. I am rallied on account of the astonishment which my questions about Stromness betray; and, indeed, nothing is more erroneous than the idea we conceive of these islands. If any ill-bred person had yawned, or opened his mouth a little too wide, when I arrived, perhaps I should have run away, thinking I had to do with cannibals. Decidedly these people are civilised—highly civilised.

I talked with Lady Franklin as to what we should do if, for instance, Mr. Kennedy were to die. “Why,” said she, “I have

of course left something to your discretion." Captain Kennedy tells me he intends to require it to be specified that I am second in command of the expedition, and consequently to succeed him in case anything should happen to him.

29th May.—Still detained by these confounded north-west winds! By way of consolation, Captain Robertson tells me he has sometimes seen Russian vessels wind-bound at this time of year for six weeks. If this continues, we shall fall in with the ice too early, and then a part of the work will be rendered more difficult. I cannot escape from the pressing requests of Mr. R., and at four o'clock I go ashore. Lady Franklin talks to me of the letter from Mr. Barrow, who sends a French flag. In that letter Mr. Barrow tells Captain Kennedy, if he discovers any new land, to take possession of it in the name of France; but I declare that, should we discover anything, it is certainly my earnest wish to signify the presence of a French officer by planting our

flag, and by laying down a map, in which the name of France shall be repeated often enough, and surrounded by names that are dear to us. I feel moreover the conventional obligations which I must observe on board an English vessel, and I think I ought to consult the English Admiralty on the subject.

Lady Franklin jokes with me on what she calls my future discoveries, and asks what names I shall give them. Names dear to my country, think I, and especially the names of those to whom I owe so much gratitude. If I make a map, I will group the French names on one part of it, instead of spreading them over a large extent of territory; the French portion will thus be more conspicuous.

30th May.—I have received this morning a tricolored flag from the ladies of Stromness, and two letters from France!—too good friends who write to me! good and warm friendship! I kiss these two letters, and with tears in my eyes thank God with an inward emotion fully equivalent to a prayer from the lips. Why no letter from my dear

family? Perhaps to-morrow. Winds, be contrary to us for some days longer! I went ashore to take observations, and am pleased with the results. Lady Franklin and Miss C. come on board. Captain Kennedy chooses to go in the customs' yawl; I do not choose to go ashore.—Fixing the waistclothes.

I inform Mr. Barrow that a lamp will be lighted under our chronometer. Our flag has been hoisted at the same time as the English flag for Lady Franklin's visit. That is what we may call a real act of taking possession.

31st May.—Still the same weather. Visit from the ladies who sent the flag. I return to the Stennies, to see that perforated stone through which betrothed lovers used to pass their hands in token of solemn attestation. I take Mr. Robertson's pony. After passing Bragiord-bridge, a wild scene, the north-west wind covers the surfaces of the two lakes with foam. A shepherd has a feather in his bonnet.

I find myself transported several centuries

backwards ; I repeat to myself the barbarous names of Loch, Stennies, Harray ; and taking a pencil, I try to trace some lines. My Shetland pony leaves me in the lurch, and I pursue him ; in vain I call to him and beseech him ; he shows me his teeth, but with a jeering air, and but for the help of some shepherds I should be still there. As soon as he saw himself on the point of being caught, he chose to make a virtue of necessity, and came back to me with the most natural air imaginable. I recommend the pony to the consideration of the analogist Toussenel. The hole in the stone is said to have had the virtue of giving a husband or a wife. I should have liked to handle it, but that was impossible. The stone has disappeared, worn out, perhaps, by use, like that of St. Guignolet in Bretagne. A barbarous proprietor wished to pull it down, in order to clear his field, but was induced to desist by the superstitious attachment of the neighbourhood. I should like to see our antiquary, Bourderau, there : what delight !

A vast circle, three hundred feet at least, for I counted more than two hundred paces, and my confounded pony, which I was obliged to hold by the bridle on account of his recent prank, made me shorten them. I return under a terrible fall of sleet; my whip revenges me for the pony's wicked tricks. We gallop across turf bogs through the hail; my poncho makes me look like a brown bear. Night falls. It seems to me that people cross themselves as I pass; perhaps they take me for the Dwarf of Hoy.

1st June.—As usual, sabbath day. This time I go not to the Free Church, but to the United Presbyterian. At Stromness, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, there is also a third church.

That apparent unity which subsists among us proceeds after all only from the indifference which Lamennais speaks of. If our ministers are charged with being declaimers and actors, the contrary reproach may be addressed to the ministers here. The minister who officiated to-day is a radical, Miss C.

tells me, for he says that Jesus Christ owed his sanctity to his labour. After church I take a walk with the ladies.

Sup with Mr. B. Bible reading and family prayer. The domestics are present at it.

Captain Kennedy was brought up in England by a minister, to which circumstance, no doubt, he owes his excessive piety.

We have passed several hours in discussing what must be done yonder. Lady Franklin says that should we find any very certain indication, we should return to England, for then the English Government would decide on doing something; we are not to hasten our return for fear of making her spend too much money. Her means allow her to maintain the ship for two years and a half longer, which, for us, makes three winters. The provisions of fresh beef keep three weeks. M. Biot has visited the Shetland Islands, a fact which is commemorated by a little column.

2nd June.—Mr. Robertson has insisted so

much on his regard for the French, and has been so assiduous in his attentions to me, that I decide on accepting his invitation to go with him to Hoy. M. Biot was a member of a commission which passed some time there about 1820; he was the only Frenchman. An old minister, Mr. Hamilton, was then celebrated there for his hospitality. At last we arrive at the Dwarf's Stone. I go on before the rest of the party, in order to give free scope to my imagination, and not have my impressions chilled by contact with others. A huge block of stone about twenty feet long, six high, and seventeen wide, with a circular opening two feet wide on the upper surface; within, two beds. I pass some time in examining the exterior, and when I put my head in at the opening, a horrible shout, magnified by the echo of the cavity, makes me leap back; it was one of our party who wished to frighten me. Nothing can be wilder than this scene; in front, the Island of Ramsay (Orkneys), the sea always running

high in the sound; to the right, perpendicular cliffs two hundred feet high, consisting of long horizontal strata of basalt, the crevices of which are the ordinary refuge of the eagle and the vulture. To the left, a mountain of the same height, its arid sides covered only here and there with a reddish mantle of heath or briars; below, a boggy tract of peat which supplies the neighbourhood with fuel, and which is too barren even for shepherds to have thought of providing a shelter there for themselves. Undoubtedly it was a hermit whose choice it was to place himself there, face to face with the great works of nature.

On my return, a heavy fall of rain and calms, which presage a change of wind.

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM STROMNESS FOR THE
ARCTIC SEAS.

3rd June.—THE wind has actually changed, and in the morning I set to at my correspondence; we must depart at last, under penalty of going to sleep amidst the delights of Capua before the victory. At eleven o'clock I pay my farewell visit to Lady Franklin. "Take care of yourself," was all she could say to me, crying. Poor woman! If you could have read my heart you would have seen how much the somewhat egotistical desire of making an extraordinary voyage has been succeeded in me by a real ardour and genuine passion for the end we aim at. "I must supply your mother's place," you said, as you inquired into the details of my equipment. Well, then, I will be for you a son, and have the inexhaustible de-

votedness of a son who is in search of his father; and what human strength can do, I will do.

W. Millar, one of our men who was on board the *Prince of Wales*, gives some details not mentioned by Captain Lee.

“After having entered a sound, which the captain believed to be Lancaster’s, and which the boatswain recognised as Jones’s Sound, they retraced their course. About a hundred and fifty yards above the entrance they thought they discovered land. A boat was sent ashore to see if it was not icebergs, and found impressions of English shoes, marks of cooking, and a construction in the form of a cone of about four feet. The men tried to demolish it, to see what it was. The boat was recalled, the ship being in danger from the currents that drifted it; and Mr. Lee, jun., reported all this to his father.”

I go on shore to make my adieux. I visit Mrs. Rae, the traveller’s mother, who charges me with her affectionate remembrances for her son.

Mr. Leask does not know if he will take a pilot; he knows these coasts as well as anybody; but M. Biot remarks to him that, as a Shetlander, he cannot dispense with putting it in the way of one of his poor countrymen to earn a guinea. Lady Franklin outweighs that consideration, he says.

Our flags sent by the Admiralty have been hoisted.

At two o'clock our men all mustered and we weighed. We are saluted from the shore with one cannon, we reply with our mortar; and I have barely time to put a date to my letters, amidst the hurrahs of our crew responding to those on shore.

One of our pigeons has flown away. The wind is contrary, and we did not get out until the end of the tide. The pilot is for putting back. Perhaps it is because by remaining on board he will gain something more. My opinion is that it would be a bad omen, and that we ought to hold on. We send away the pilot; fresh hurrahs.

Our last link with Europe is broken, until

when? God only knows; but what he does is well done—blessed be his will! A manifest foretoken of favour: like Noah, at his issuing from the ark, we see the dove of peace coming to us; that little deserter returns to the fold, and we have needlessly excited Lady Franklin's fears as to our care of the pigeons, to which she attaches importance. We throw into the sea two bottles, which will be carried by the currents to the shores of the Orkneys, for we are still in their vicinity.

We see the Old Man of Hoy, a sort of column of rocks, gradually crumbling away; twenty years ago it resembled the head of a grenadier; it is now shapeless. High cliffs presenting their reddened faces, always beaten by the winds.

4th June. — The *Prince Albert* pitches frightfully, and will certainly carry away some of her sticks at sea. Light as a bird of the storm, like it she rolls on the crests of the waves; and the more exact the comparison becomes, the more I find myself out

of sorts. I walk the deck ; but am thrown violently against the bulwark. Alas ! in vain I try to conceal it from myself, I am sea-sick. O shame ! O despair ! I look round to see who are the witnesses of my dishonour ; fortunately I have none but accomplices. Mr. Leask and Mr. Hepburn, the only two whom this fatal sickness spares, are not present. I wear myself out in efforts to read and write, but can do neither. Yet I have great need of application. Oh, the nothingness of human nature ! Be the most remarkable man, the most accomplished savant, be Arago, Lamartine, put your foot on board a ship, and there you are reduced to nought, not an idea left you. *Du plus grand des humains voilà ce qui vous reste !* A shadow incapable of pronouncing anything but inarticulate sounds. A smell of whiskey proves to me that all my shipmates are not sick only from the motion of the ship ; and that some of them, before becoming real teetotallers, have been bidding a last farewell to the powers of this world.

I bethink me of the pagan practice of invocation of the sea, and offer to Neptune a sacrifice he cannot fail to appreciate at its true worth. I cut off a superb beard, and his wrath is appeased. *Quos ego*—at last I can admire, at my ease, the northern coasts of Scotland, and the snow-topped mountains reflecting the rays of the sun.

5th June.—It is a year to-day since the *Prince Albert* quitted Aberdeen, on her first expedition. The wind has become a little more favourable to us, and I can begin my severe course of study. Some vessels run the same course with us; but none of them can outsail us. Mr. Hepburn was formerly taken prisoner by an American privateer, which gave him to a French trading vessel. Mr. Hepburn's honest nature revolts against the atrocities of war. My eyes light on Sir John Barrow's abstract of Franklin's voyages, and I see the flattering testimony born to this excellent servant by Sir John Franklin.

6th June.—59° 20' N. Captain Kennedy

hands me a little note, in which Lady Franklin, at the last moment, again begs me not to fail to write to her. Certainly not, poor woman! I have an aérohydre set up in my cabin. The mercury of our basin barometer has retreated into the top of the tube. Captain Kennedy shakes it, takes it asunder, and pays no heed to my vociferations as to the necessity of being careful with that instrument. Well, he must take the consequences, happen what may. This evening for the first time, the captain feeling a little better, musters all hands to prayer on deck. It is beginning to be cold, but I continue to lie with a single blanket, in order not to spoil myself.

7th June.— $59^{\circ} 37'$ — $10^{\circ} 22'$. Fair, but calm. I pass the whole day in making preparations for our meteorological observations; unfortunately we have no hygrometer. Interesting stories of Messrs. Hepburn and Smith respecting the Indians. In the forts three musket charges are often given as a day's ration. I confess that, for the moment

I should prefer three quarters of a pound of bread. The brown bears eat the roots of a species of lucerne, the leaves of which are eaten by the bison. In the large bones of the bison which the wolves cannot break, excellent marrow is found several months afterwards, enough in one bison to feed five men. Mr. Hepburn describes how the white wolves hunt deer. They always choose the largest and fattest of the herd, whether it be in consequence of its running less swiftly than the rest, or because the wolf is an epicure (Toussenel's *Analogie*); he often gives chase to it. Sir John Franklin and his companions used to watch the chase, and when the exhausted deer was about to fall a prey to its murderer they stepped in, drove away the wolf and took the game. It is worth while to see good Mr. Hepburn describing the piteous air with which the wolf withdraws; they would take him, too, if he did not get out of the way. The grey wolves, which are much smaller, do not attack men; and at Fort Cumberland they

mention the name of a person who was returning from fishing with a sledge full of fish, and with his hands behind his back. The wolf gave him a bump with his head; the man, without turning round, swore an oath, thinking it was the dogs. The wolf returned, threw him down, mauled his side a little, and began to stuff himself with fish, until the Canadians came up at the man's cries, and, having no arms, drove away the wolf with their whips.

Mr. Kennedy hums Canadian airs, and I make him sing this sweet melody of the St. Lawrence boatmen.

Quand j'étais chez mon père
Petit et jeune œillet,*
M'envoie à la fontaine
Pour remplir mon cruchon.
Mon cri, cra, turlalurette
Mon cri, cra, turlalura.

M'envoie à la fontaine
Pour remplir mon cruchon ;
La fontaine est profonde,
Je me suis coulée au fond.

Par ici il passe
Trois cavaliers barons :

* Query, œill'ton ?—*Translator.*

—Que donn'rez vous, la belle,
Pour qu'on vous tir' du fond ?

—Tirez, tirez, dit elle ;
Après ça nous verrons.

Quand la bell' fut tirée,
S'en vont à la maison ;
S'assit sur la fenêtre,
Composant la chanson.

—Ça n'est pas ça, la belle,
Que nous vous demandons ;
C'est vot' p'tit cœur en gage,
Savoir si nous l'aurons.

—Mon petit cœur, dit elle,
N'est pas pour un baron,
Car mon père le garde
Pour un joli garçon.

Un garçon de la ville,
Un pêcheur de poisson.
—Oh ! dites nous, la belle,
Quel poisson y prend on ?

—Si l'on prend de la carpe,
Si l'on prend l'esturgeon,
On n'y voit pas ces filles
Qui trompent les garçons.*

* The merit of this ditty consists almost wholly in that "peculiar perfume" of which Bellot speaks at page 138, and can no more be conveyed in a translation than the odour of a flower can be expressed in painting. The words are "silly sooth, and dally with the innocence of love." Literally they run thus: "When I was at home at my father's, a little young pink, he sent me to the fountain to fill my pitcher. The fountain was deep, and I fell to the bottom.

I copy the instructions given to Mr. Kennedy by the ladies; they are mingled with prayers. I think I can guess their design: they were aware that it was the only way of making the reading of the document attractive for him.

8th June.— $59^{\circ} 19' \text{ N.}$ — $15^{\circ} 40' \text{ W.}$ To-day, Sunday, according to English usage, nothing to do; which does not hinder me from shutting myself up in my cabin, so that there may be no scandal, and working quite at my ease, leaving it only to attend the prayers which Mr. Kennedy reads on the quarter-deck: he reads a sermon. Took my first watch to-night, from eight o'clock until midnight; I will do the same every day.

Up come three mounted barons: What will you give, fair maid, to be pulled out?—Pull, pull, she said, and afterwards we shall see. When the fair maid was pulled out, away they go to the house. She sat down on the window, composing the song.—That is not what we want of you, fair maid; 'tis your little heart in pledge; the question is, shall we have it?—My little heart, said she, is not for a baron, for my father keeps it for a handsome lad, a lad of the town, a catcher of fish.—Oh! tell us, fair maid, what fish do they catch here? If they catch carp, if they catch sturgeon, there are none of those lasses to be seen here who cheat lads."

I chose that watch, because it leaves me the whole day free.

9th June.— $58^{\circ} 50'$ — $16^{\circ} 27' W$. Mr. Kennedy talks to me of setting up a pendulum and making magnetic observations. I ask him with what? He tells me, "We will arrange that." Some bottles of porter remain from the last voyage. I recollect the story of the parish priest, who excused himself for having coffee during the continental blockade, by saying that he was burning it; and I call for the destruction of the prohibited liquor; I must wet my first watch. At any rate we shall thus have finally severed the bonds that connected us with the Sardanapalus-like life of landmen.

10th June.— $57^{\circ} 47' N$.— $18^{\circ} 15' W$. Decidedly our little schooner is the unsteadiest craft I have seen. I complained at first of the scanty dimensions of my cot, yet it is too wide, for it is two feet across; and under the inordinate, and even unreasonable movements of the *Prince Albert* I do nothing but roll from one side to the other. Luckily I

have a stanchion lowered, which projects from the ship's side, and comes down to within eight inches of my bed, and I can wedge myself under it and remain tolerably still. I always get up bruised and aching, for, in order to begin my apprenticeship as a voyager, I have chosen to have a mattress only eight centimètres thick, just enough to say I do not sleep on the boards, and only a single blanket. Mr. Kennedy is ill, and I read prayers and the Bible this morning to the crew.

11th June.— $57^{\circ} 47'$ — $19^{\circ} 19'$. The sea is almost calm; we make little way; Mr. Kennedy has begun to read the little book of instructions, but I believe it is the prayers he reads. We talk about what we have to do, and I see it is very probable we shall not return until 1853.—We shall have plenty of things to see on the west coast of Boothia; and, if God grants me life and strength, I hope that the name of France may figure on several points of the maps. I am greatly afraid of passing the winter away from the

ship, which would not suit me, on account of my books. But we are not there yet, and I hope, of course, to have my share of influence upon Mr. Kennedy's decision. I am greatly afraid about my eyes, for constant application and observations fatigue me much. I obtain an order to have the ashes put aside. Light's process.

12th June.—57° 48'—19° 34'. Mr. Kennedy speaks Canadian French, that is to say, the French of more than a century ago, and I am glad to hear from time to time some of those old expressions which have a perfume quite peculiar to themselves. It is like plunging into Topffer's diction to listen to him. I was stupid enough to let him know the cause of my pleasure. He considers this privilege a defect, and begs me to correct it. What a misfortune! God forbid I should think of spoiling him for myself. I am too selfish to deprive myself of this enjoyment, and divest his language of its charming originality. — Mathison, one of our men, reads Othello, and I am astonished to hear

all the sailors talk to me of Shakespeare; one prefers Macbeth, another Hamlet; I doubt if Molière is so popular among French sailors.—I am interrupted by shouts, and suppose it is a man overboard, but it is a false alarm; fortunately it is only the plate-basket.

I am preparing a dictionary of the language of the Esquimaux, or rather of the Huskis, for they dislike the former name.

Mr. Kennedy talks to me of a new plan, which consists in entering by Admiralty, in order to gain time, into one of those channels which are laid down on the map from Esquimaux report. I will oppose it with all my might, because nothing is less certain than the prolongation of these canals; besides, though sheltered they may be ice-bound, and if the bottom of Regent's Inlet is so, and the channel is not so, one is obliged to winter at Cape Kater. He proposes also to be put ashore at Port Leopold, send the vessel to Griffith, go down on foot to Fury Beach to see if there are news of

Franklin; the vessel ultimately to return to Port Leopold.

This is a plan I cannot approve of; for we may find at Griffith news coming from Cape Riley or elsewhere, which would induce us to push on to the west or the north; and, in that case, to return to Port Leopold would be a loss of time.

Mr. Hepburn gives me an account of their starvation. Their sufferings were extraordinary during the first two or three days; then followed a state of torpor and somnolence, in which they dreamed of feasts and good dinners.

I am not very well; the change of food disagrees with me; absence from wine, especially, makes my digestion difficult; and the practice I have adopted of sleeping on a hard bed and almost uncovered has made me very thin. I will not take coffee, and the consequence is that I find it very hard to work at the desk, and am exceedingly oppressed with drowsiness. But I feel I am getting the better of it, and before a week is

over I shall have come right again. For a man of resolution what else is the body than a slave that must obey, and what are physical wants but habit?

13th June.—58° 30'—20° 55'. Passed the greater part of the day in reading over again the letters sent me from Rochefort, and I can only renew my thanks to God for having given me such good and perfect friends. What devotedness! What purity of affection!

14th June.—59° 01'—22° 17'. Winds from the south-east, accompanied by constant rain. I put on the true sea costume; boots coming up above the knee, a huge hat of oiled canvas which covers my shoulders, pantaloons and cloak to match. The sea runs in our teeth, and ere long as much water passes over the deck as under it; it is impossible for me to close an eye all night. The cursed schooner rolls, bounds, and twists about in such a way that I am bruised all over. I think of the way in which mice are killed in a trap.

15th June. — $58^{\circ} 41'$ — $26^{\circ} 40'$. Bad weather; in the morning I read the sermon at the Sunday service; it seems I acquit myself pretty well. Sixth anniversary of Tamatave. I read in the day Parry's voyage to the North Pole, and already my vagabond imagination suggests to me the idea of soliciting the Government on my return to establish a fish-guard station at Spitzbergen, and to send a French expedition to the North Pole.

This schooner is decidedly ill rigged, for the main-booms are supported by nothing, and I do not care to break a spar which we should not know how to replace.

16th June. — $57^{\circ} 46'$ — 29° . The same weather. Mr. Grate comes to me during my watch and confides to me his doubts as to the scorn with which Judas Iscariot is regarded; since Jesus Christ was to be betrayed by somebody, it was God's will! "Oh," says he, "formerly people were not educated as they are now. I should like to know two languages, French and Hebrew."

When I ask him why the latter, "In order to make a new translation of the Bible," he replies; "a *cable*, and not a camel, to pass through the eye of a needle."

17th June.—58° 57'—30° 28'. Fine, calm. Pass my watch in hearing tales of chasing the bear, the narwal, &c., and I see we shall not lack sport. I am sorry to hear that the indefatigable Dr. Rae is again en route, and that we may, very possibly, find him at Port Leopold. If he does all our work what can we do?

18th June.—59°—33° 02'. More stories of deer hunting, but this time in the interior, by Messrs. Kennedy, Smith, and Hepburn. One day Mr. Kennedy had made an enclosure of more than an acre, at the outlet of a pass (these animals always cross at the full of the moon), the herd entered, and the gates were closed. When the moose has passed anywhere, the Indian takes off his glove, thrusts his hand into the track, and feels the spot where the hoof-print is, which indicates the direction. Mr. Kennedy has seen a river

a mile and a quarter wide, crossed on ice, from twenty to thirty centimètres thick, by a herd which filled its whole width.

It is generally an old doe that leads the herd; and these gentlemen describe the precautions she takes, snuffing and peering to protect her responsibility. If the snow is soft they go one by one.

We fall in, for the first time, with that drift-wood which at certain seasons covers the coasts of Iceland, and establishes the existence of a polar current.

For the first time, also, I have a long religious discussion with good Mr. Kennedy. In spite of his habitual good nature he is exceedingly intolerant in such matters, and will not admit that the Turks can be saved.

19th June. — 59° 02' — 33° 16'. Bad weather. After breakfast, great Indian conversation. Our three travellers highly extol the good faith of the Indians, and declare that the Europeans have almost always been the aggressors. They may be reproached with great improvidence; for when the chase

has been good they remain a long time without troubling themselves to make further provision, saying that they choose to enjoy their good luck. When they have lost a child, or a wife they love, they remain several days without eating, rend their garments, and break their guns; thus exposing themselves to die of hunger and cold. Then they arrive at the forts, and without saying anything, or asking for anything by words, remain there till somebody gives them relief. Mr. Hepburn says, the Indians have brought home meat which they have not touched, though they had been fasting for three days. They make *cachés*, in which they enclose their provisions, so that the wolves may not eat them. If you are hard pressed they do not take it amiss that you help yourself to what you want, but without picking; for, as they truly say, a hungry man takes what he finds without choosing. Not to cover the *caché* again is also considered a proof of bad intent.

They beat their wives horribly, especially

when they are drunk; the women revenge themselves by abusive language. They telegraph during the chase or war by means of fires, the smoke of which only is seen. An Indian knows the distance by the colour of the smoke. In the woods, branches turned in a certain direction, marks placed in a certain line, indicate *cachés* and routes taken. After dinner a long conversation on Canada. Nothing is so fine, says Mr. Kennedy, as the St. Lawrence, with its forests of great ships on one side; and on the other the vast quantity of boats and skiffs. Steam dethrones the boats which used formerly to be towed up stream and sail down stream: the rowers sing French songs.

20th June.—58° 36'—38° 16'. Sackhouse, the Esquimau of whom Sir John Ross speaks, was picked up at sea by a vessel which saved his life when he was carried away by his kayak. When he took part in that expedition as interpreter, his friends took him for a ghost; his sister had died of grief. They asked him what he wanted: in

fine, they would not own him. The doctor who examined him, says Mr. Hepburn, found, from a wound, that an attempt must have been made to murder him. The questions put to him, and the manner in which they were put, furnished him with the idea of the fable, "Plenty powder, plenty killed."

I have a long talk with Mr. Kennedy about our projects, and I succeed in making him determine to winter with the ship. It is a guarantee for us, and moreover it will enable our people to pass the winter much better, being more numerous; for otherwise we should have remained fifteen months without returning on board. At last, to my great satisfaction, it is a settled thing. Mr. Kennedy relates to me what Lady Franklin had already told me of the objections made to me. Those obstacles are now vanished, thanks to the favour in which I stand with our men, who vie with each other in rendering me those thousand little services for which the familiarity of life afloat offers frequent occasions, and which can now no

longer be ascribed to the desire commonly felt to be agreeable to a new comer—a desire which living together soon extinguishes. When we received your letter, said Mr. Kennedy, I thought of those vessels which do their best to destroy each other, and which, at the end of the fight, send out boats to pick up the wounded of the vanquished. I rejoiced at the idea of having for a shipmate a man after my own heart. Excellent Kennedy! He left his business in Canada to come voluntarily, without pay, and command this expedition, in spite of the objections of a family which did not understand his disinterested zeal.

21st June.— $58^{\circ} 33'$ — $41^{\circ} 21'$. We are beginning to approach Cape Farewell, for the birds are becoming more and more numerous, and at night we watch the icebergs, the whiteness of which is such, they say, as to show itself through the thickest fog.

There is one which has been constantly seen for the last ten years in the same spot. Snow saw the same one as J. Ross; it is no

doubt aground, which is not surprising, for as icebergs are ~~two~~ feet under water for every foot they rise above it, those which appear a hundred and sixty or two hundred feet high may be aground in four hundred feet, or eighty fathoms of water. They tell me the story of the old Indian, of whom Sir John Franklin inquired how old he was, which he could not tell. "How old were you when guns were introduced?"—"Oh, I had long left off hunting when this old man's grandfather was alive; I was a man almost before he was born."—"Well, then, at the time when the whites settled here?" (thirty years before). "Oh, I was as old as I am now."

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22nd June.—Boisterous weather; we are running under the mizen and foresail. ($37^{\circ} 2'$, $[-] 78'$.) At two o'clock we sight Greenland, which I am very glad of on account of my watches—Cape Farewell, the first stage of our voyage, and the last point whence we can look upon the Atlantic, that sea whose waters lave the coasts of old Europe. Fare-

well, my friends! Farewell! No sooner have we doubled than we already feel the influence of the coast, and, instead of the tremendous sea of the morning, we encounter less agitated waves. At six o'clock the weather brightens, and we can clearly distinguish the coast; a series of peaks, which give it a strange aspect, furrowed with wide white bars, which are nothing else than glaciers.

We see a seal, that is to say, the nose of a seal, for it is thus they swim with their noses at the surface of the water. When they are on the ice, if you sing as you go up to them, they look at you and do not stir. Mr. Hepburn tells me of a seal-hunt, in which a man went up to one after another and knocked them on the head with a club, thus passing them all successively in review, singing all the while.

23rd June.—This morning we saw afar off the stream-ice, which is evidenced by a white line of no great breadth, but of a brilliant hue, which contrasts with the pale green of

the sea, and the more or less greyish-blue of the sky. At two o'clock we are wrapt in a thick fog; but presently pieces of ice pass close by us, and the dull booming of the sea as it breaks on the principal sheet of ice warns us that it is time to change our course. It is, no doubt, a good token for us to fall in with the ice so low down in the straits; the break-up must have begun early above. In the morning we are within forty-five miles of the coast, and the stream-ice within about eight miles.

The Indians are the most credulous of beings, and the poor creatures are often the sport of the pitiless humour of the whites. Mr. Hepburn tells me that a Mr. S., who commanded a fort, annoyed at the great number of Indian dogs which starved their masters, told them that God was to cross the river on a certain day, but that he detested dogs. The animals were sacrificed, and the Indians repaired to the spot designated. There was very bad weather that day, which was considered a sufficient excuse for God's want

of punctuality. Another time, says Mr. Kennedy, two hundred Indians engaged in salting the abundant produce of a deer hunt, deserted the ground, being terrified by the apparition of a French cook, masked and grimed, who came towards them with tottering steps, and with the appearance of a man all but fainting from weakness. (The evil spirit is always famishing, and comes on earth to eat people.) Mr. McLean, the same who has published his travels, was obliged to come out with his pistols and with rockets, announcing that he would force the evil spirit to go away again, which accordingly took place to the great joy of the Indians.

24th June.— $60^{\circ} 14'$ — $47^{\circ} 50'$. We have been all night on the look out against calves (fragments of icebergs). We are wrapped in a great mantle of fog, contrary to my expectation. Captain Leask tells me that yesterday's stream-ice does not come from the north, but from the neighbouring bays, or sometimes from the east coast of Green-

land, and is driven into the straits by the south and south-west winds. The northern ices are always on the west coast of Baffin's Bay. For the twentieth time I start up from my sleep at night at a strange noise. I turn out in all haste, and it is not until I am already dressed that I gather from the words I hear that there is not a man overboard, or anything extraordinary; it is only the quarter-master bawling in a very wild manner, by way of accompaniment to the working of the ship. Decidedly I prefer the whistle of our men-of-war.

25th June.— $60^{\circ} 01'$ — $50^{\circ} 10'$. The almost incessant glare of light fatigues my eyes, for the sun sets at half-past nine, and we have a rather dazzling twilight. My incessant application to my books and papers also contributes to it a little. We are almost always in smooth water, at least comparatively speaking. We have been nearly all day in sight of land, in front of Tameac Island, which presents itself to us, when the fog is rent, with its high mountains striped

with white. Ahead, a long line of stream-ice, with the sea breaking over it. Magnificent weather. I had particularly requested that I should have notice of the first iceberg we fall in with, and they did not disappoint me. How fast I ran on deck! I see only a little white mass, which looks like a light block of ice, and I am disposed to think they have been making game of me. "Wait a while," they say, "we are ten miles from it yet." Two hours afterwards I at last see that imposing mass, which is but a fragment of a larger mountain, as appears from its rents and fissures, and presently we pass within some hundred yards of a floating rock, fifty feet high and about a hundred and fifty in diameter. The lower part, continually washed by the waves, is polished and of a convex form, making it look like those vast basins into which fall the cascades of the Place de la Concorde. A dazzling white ground is veined by some lines of a beautiful blue like that of crystals. One shudders at the thought of being run down

by such a mass in the fogs which are so frequent here. In the evening two whales sport about the ship. They are finners; that is to say, they have dorsal fins.

26th June. — We pass through a real “stream-ice,” and through the middle of it; it is a pack (an assemblage of loose masses). The isolated pieces are far enough apart to allow us to pass between them without altering our course. Like an army which has passed through a friendly country to meet the enemy, we begin to make our preparations: the various instruments, saws, &c., are examined. The thick ice resists the action of the swell; but the thin ice is always broken by it.

27th June.—A thick fog almost the whole day. We met with a much greater number of icebergs, or rather of fragments of icebergs, larger than all the blocks we have hitherto seen. In the fog they can be discerned, indeed, by their whiteness; but not at more than two cables’ length, in spite of their size; and I believe it is always neces-

sary to keep a good look out, for Mr. Leask tells me that pieces, even of moderate size, could not be encountered without danger. These pieces, or fragments of icebergs, are fresh-water ice, which are formed on land glaciers, and roll into the sea when they acquire some magnitude. Their form indicates their origin.

Worthy Mr. Kennedy talked to me of one of his projects, which is to return after our expedition, and form a fishing establishment on the west coast of Baffin's Bay, not so much for the pecuniary advantages he would derive from it; for, on the other hand, he would give up his own affairs in Canada; as for the sake of civilizing the Esquimaux and making the true religion known to them. The temperature is mild, and we have fine days, though it is very cold in the shade. My whole accoutrement consists of a woollen shirt over one of cotton, except after sunset, about ten o'clock, when I put on a cloak of oiled canvas to preserve myself from the damp which settles especially upon woollen

stuffs. Fortunately I recollect the dew theory. All night clear enough to read, as at seven in summer at Rochefort. But for my eyes, the state of which obliges me to wear blue spectacles, I already feel myself perfectly acclimated. Up between seven and eight, I proceed to my ablutions on deck, whatever be the weather, in order not to bring damp into my cabin; I then take observations of the horary angle. At eight, when the watch is changed, we have prayers, then breakfast, which consists of coffee or tea, and some viands. After a turn on deck, I go back to work until noon, when I take the latitude. Calculating our position occupies me until dinner; about noon soup and meat, with potatoes by way of bread. I pass the afternoon in study: at eight, evening prayer, and I begin my watch. I do not lie down till about one, after having written up my journal and thanked God for his mercies. My last thoughts are always of those dear friends I have left behind me; and after six hours' sleep I wake, strong and hearty,

thanks to this regular way of life. The several portions of my time being so well filled, it passes with astonishing rapidity; and I am greatly surprised at finding myself nearly at two months' date from my departure from Rochefort.

28th and 29th June.—My eyes suffer more and more, and this greatly distresses me, on account of my fears for the future; but I will take many precautions; and with the help of snow spectacles, green gauze, &c., I hope to get round.

The cold is beginning to make itself felt, and I am obliged to put on woollen stockings.

As always on Sunday we have divine service, and, as usual, I read the sermon. It seems I do not pronounce ill, and especially that my accent is not too bad. The service consists in reading some psalms, a chapter of the Bible, and prayers morning and evening. On Sunday there is, in addition, the reading of a sermon, and then of fragments of numerous works which have been given to us. If the piety of our men is not very enlightened,

at least it appears sincere ; and even were it but a matter of habit with them, the influence of that habit upon them is excellent. I know no spectacle more suggestive of thought than the sight of those few men singing the praises of the Lord amidst the solitude of the vast ocean ; I think of the convents of the East, lying like a point amidst the desert. What in fact is our life on board, with its regularity, but the convent minus inactivity, and minus the selfishness of the man who seeks in prayer only his own salvation ?

O yes ! the exercise of prayer is salutary ; it is, above all, useful and indispensable to one who is animated by true piety. I used to think myself religious when I contented myself with recognising the existence of a God. I now understand how much this exercise of prayer facilitates for us the accomplishment of duties, which without it we are disposed to pass over very lightly.

30th June.—With my usual mobility of imagination I pass at once from the golden fields of hope to the gloomy aspects of dis-

couragement. And then the names on the map, *Desolation*, *Turnagain*, *Repulse*, are they of a nature to inspire ideas of a roseate hue?

1st July.—About six in the evening we pass near one of the finest icebergs we have yet seen, at least as to form; itself no doubt a fragment of some monstrous parent. You would say it was a huge conch, half of which only was above water, the mouth forming a vast cavern, the walls of which reflect the light irregularly. Below are pillars which sustain this vast vault, which, though no doubt very thick, appears frail at this distance. At midnight, just as I am coming off my watch, we meet with another iceberg, in form almost a regular pyramid.

We are not more than threescore miles from Holsteinborg.

We reckon on catching a good many codfish on the reef, which we can salt, and by that means economise our provisions. We are running before a fine breeze. Alas! this favourable breeze has turned against us: the coast is wrapped in thick fog; nevertheless

we cannot forego the advantage of this precious breeze which promises to drive us far, although I rather think this advantage is none at all. Do what we may the ice will not open for us until a certain period, and we shall have the longer to wait the earlier we arrive in the north; however, we know not what may occur; and at least we shall have nothing to reproach ourselves with. Some icebergs only, and at long intervals.

The day favours conversation among those who are not on duty; and Simpson's journey suggests to me questions respecting the life of the prairie Indians—a perfectly animal life, all the interests of which relate to war and the chase, but yet a life full of emotions. Besides, how is it possible not to love those poor creatures, whose salient characteristic is good faith? Should any opportunity occur on my return, though, indeed, they are rare, I may avail myself of the recommendations of my friend Hepburn. His father, whom I saw in London, is one of the wealthiest shareholders in the company, and he is the

nephew of the Earl of S., who was one of the first to send out emigrants. This would smooth down difficulties which the offer to pay all my own expenses could not overcome. Mr. Kennedy assures me he has seen Indians bringing in the produce of their hunting, and exchanging it for a rifle, ammunition, blankets, and at last for a little rum. When once the latter was exhausted, and the natural propensity to drunkenness was aroused, the Indian came and bartered back his rifle; and wandering for several days about the establishments, he stripped himself successively of all his new acquisitions in exchange for a small quantity of rum, which he drank on the spot; thus depriving his family of subsistence during the winter, and exposing himself to die of hunger and cold, since he deprived himself of the means of contending against those terrible foes to the Indian. The government of Canada every year makes a distribution of ammunition and piece-goods among the Indians, perhaps as a compensation for the

lands which have been taken from them. The majority of them exchange these gifts for rum, and the company then trades in them to procure skins. All means are taken, and that, too, with the co-operation of the mother country, to retain the monopoly of skins and furs in the hands of the company, and keep up the prices. When it is seen that the hunting is too productive, it is prohibited; or at least the company refuses to buy of the Indians, which comes to the same thing.

2nd July.—Icy rain; the thermometer at 33°.* The rapid way we make northward, and some isolated blocks of ice make us think that we are not far from the great ice. We steer eastward, in order to approach the land. This morning I perceived, from the steadiness of the vessel, that we must be among the ice; in fact, we are surrounded on all sides by great masses of ice which shelter us from the sea, which is hardly wrinkled,

* The thermometer Bellot refers to in this journal is always that of Fahrenheit.

very different from that of yesterday evening. It rains melted hail. A fog prevents our seeing far, and we lie to, giving way from time to time to double an ice-block. At five o'clock Mr. Kennedy calls me on deck to show me something, the nature of which he cannot make out. I run out on the mizen boom, and am as much puzzled as those below at seeing a blackish block, which at first I take to be a dead whale. From the form, it seems to me to be stones; but if it were a bank of rocks the sea would break upon it. We pass along it, and find it is a mass of ice covered with stones and gravel; it is frozen mud from some creek of a fresh-water ravine. At six o'clock we pass within half a stone's throw of a pretty large stream. The different pieces composing it are joined together, but they move with the swell, like the parts of a suit of armour, or a metallic tissue.

Midnight. I have just come off my watch, after a most disagreeable navigation through exceedingly troublesome ice, the smallest

pieces of which are many times larger than the ship. What increased our difficulties was a thick fog, which did not allow us to see our enemy until we were close upon it. One feels stifled under this thick wrapper. About four o'clock, dull detonations, like cannon-shots, warn us that some iceberg is not far off. I hasten up at the shouts of our men, and perceive that we are within scarcely two cables' length of an iceberg twice as high as the vessel. The sea is strewn with fragments; and the deep clefts with which the iceberg is furrowed, make us dread its vicinity, for if another fall were to take place, some of the fragments might fall upon us; now, these little pieces are as big as barrels, and if the summit of this sugar-loaf thinks fit to separate from its base, woe to us! We encountered several pieces of fresh-water ice, more dangerous than those of salt water, though they are very small, the largest I have seen being about four mètres cube.

Once you have seen this ice, it is impos-

sible to mistake it for others on account of the difference of form and colour; fresh-water ice having the colour and transparency of enormous pieces of crystal, whilst the other is dazzlingly white. It is midnight, and I can write this in my cabin without the aid of any artificial light.

3rd July.—For the last four days we have not been able to make any observations; but we have passed the Arctic circle. We are, therefore, completely on our own ground. Formerly there was a ceremony observed at this passage like that of the tropic and the line. It has fallen into disuse, whalers not having time to spare, like the sailors of the south, to think of diverting themselves.

This morning we complete our rigging by setting up the crow's nest. It corresponds nearly to the definition given of the word *hune* in the dictionary of the Academy in our country, in which nautical terms are so little understood. It is a sort of watch-box, placed at the mast-head to survey the move-

ments of the ice. Its form varies according to the ship, but is more or less like ours, its object being the same, to shelter the man on the look-out, whose position would be intolerable at that height if he was exposed to the wind and the snow. In our case we have set up a sort of barrel five feet high, at the bottom of which is a trap-door, opening from below upwards like a piston valve. It is reached by rattlings placed across the shrouds. This ladder—climbed by chaps who do not always go to heaven for all that—is called Jacob's ladder on board whalers. As for the etymology of crow's nest, I think it can have no other than the following, in that nautical language which in every nation is so picturesque, and so full of imagery. The place in question is the post of the ice-master, who is every moment giving notice to those on deck of what he perceives, or giving orders for the working of the ship. As this chattering goes on every minute, some fore-castle wit, annoyed by these perpetual orders, will have revenged himself

by this name. This etymology is not, perhaps, that of the dictionary, but, at least, it answers to something.*

About one P.M. we pass close by an iceberg, rising only some scores of feet above water, but half a mile long. Mr. Leask says it is one of the largest he has ever seen. I examine these different masses of ice with a view to discover some analogy of structure, some law of formation, but in vain; the variety of forms defies comparison and classification. Sometimes we have a regular table, or a sugar-loaf; sometimes an actual island with its creeks, bays, and promontories; or an immense tent from which you would almost expect to see an inhabitant step out and welcome you, or the entrance of a cave opening with vast galleries, or a cavern preceded by splendid works of art.

* The real explanation is much more direct and obvious. The crow likes to build its nest on the tops of high trees. Bellot's conjecture is ingenious; but, as happens commonly enough with etymologists, it is founded on a mistake, for he translates "crow's nest" by the words *nid de pie*, thus making the crow a magpie.

The stories of our childhood, the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" recur unbidden to the memory, and we would fain cry, "Open Sesame!" and explore the dark profundities in which a mysterious work is in preparation. We see perpendicular cliffs, peaked rocks, with deep cavities in which the waves roll, twist, and bellow, or shapeless blocks with ragged sides which the sea fills with foam. Who ever beheld a finer scene than that which presents itself to our view? We are not yet so completely surrounded and protected by ice as to have the sea as still as if it was enclosed within a mole; and when the ship advances rapidly and tortuously amidst those masses, each of which threatens its existence, where fog, sea, and ice are so many perils, we are fortunately warned of the danger by the noise which the water makes in conflict with that production of its own entrails; an incessant conflict to which there never is a truce of long duration. The stronger the breeze, the higher the sea rises upon its enemy, over which it spreads

like a tongue of flame; it falls back as if fatigued, and returns to the charge with unabated fury, which augments until a sort of exhaustion compels an armistice. The proud and, as it were, insensible child resists without flinching; sustained by its imposing mass, it braves the impotent efforts of its angry mother. Barely shaken by so many successive shocks, it is sometimes seen to oscillate like a drunken man, and follow the course of the current; but like those habitual drunkards to whom a familiar want has imparted the instinct of equilibrium, it always recovers its centre of gravity. Internal decomposition alone effects the dissolution of those enormous masses, and then come stream-ices, or poor little ice-blocks that pay for their great parents.

The food of the Esquimaux of the western coast of Greenland is derived chiefly from seals, those of the islands have in addition birds and their eggs. But sometimes the cold drives these animals away, and the

improvidence which characterizes that race as well as the Indians, decimates them terribly. By-the-bye, have we a right to reproach them with this fault? When I say decimates, I should say devours. Mr. Leask has seen at Cape York a camp of fourteen persons dead of hunger. He who was doubtless the last survivor was a man of very strong and robust build; his body was whole; but the bones that lay round him quite stripped of flesh showed how he had latterly sustained himself until that resource also failed him. Mr. Kennedy saw on the coast of Labrador an old man, who had been forced one winter to eat his wife and his two children, having nothing else left. Gloomy thoughts harassed him, and whenever those who pitied his misfortunes gave him provisions, big tears rolled down his cheeks, he lifted up his head and displayed the most violent grief. Oh, disinherited races! what have you done to heaven, and what vengeance is wreaked upon your heads?

In the evening calm and fog. Many sea

birds swim round the ship, and catch up fragments of the crew's meals. They grow bold on seeing that they are not molested, and enable us to admire their rapid swimming; it is only when a rather heavy piece of wood is thrown among them that they dive and re-appear a little further off. I counted forty-two seconds whilst one of them was diving. Mr. Goodsir denominates them *alea alla*. Their form, as far as I could observe it from the deck, is very like that of a teal. Their head, neck, wings, and back are black, the breast and belly white. They seemed to take pleasure in wheeling round us; plunging their little heads from time to time under water. A seal has just shown the upper part of his fins; several guns were pointed at him, but he instantly disappeared.

4th July.—This morning the boats were slung overboard. It is the athlete tucking up his sleeves. The gutta percha boat leaks, which does not surprise me on account of the mortar which was fired beside it, and

must, of course, have shaken it. Mr. Kennedy is afraid of it, and wishes to exchange it for a whale boat. However, it has been highly recommended, and I will do my best to have it tried. We had sight of Disco* for a moment. About four o'clock we fell in with a pack. I remained for a long time in contemplation of that immense plain of ice, the uniformity of which was broken only by a few hillocks caused by some blocks crushing in between others weaker than themselves. Thermometer 28°. At seven o'clock our rigging is covered with a layer of ice, which falls upon us in fragments whenever a rope or a spar is moved.

I am more and more uneasy about my eyes; the remedy *par excellence* is Goulard's lotion, and we have no acetate of lead on

* Off Disco Island (Isle de la Baleine). It was from here that Sir John Franklin wrote, for the last time, to the Admiralty on the 12th of July, 1845, and the mind naturally recurs to the horrible privations which that illustrious captain and his unfortunate companions must have gone through. Perhaps God has cast a look of compassion on them; perhaps our predecessors have had the happiness to find them.

board. God's will be done! But I have some sad moments when I think of the incapacity to which this may reduce me.

5th July. — We continue alongside the pack. At ten o'clock we see almost on the edge of the ice a dirty white mass, which is taken to be mud-ice; but when we approach it, the sound of our run rouses up a great white bear, with two cubs near her. Our sportsmen jump into a boat, in which I cannot have the pleasure of accompanying them, on account of the state of my eyes; but I watch all their movements with interest through the telescope. The bear, which is as big as one of our largest bulls, yawns, and seems to bid the troublesome intruders go to the devil. A little head, issuing from a tuft of long hair of a yellowish tinge, is stretched out in the direction of the boat. A bullet soon tells her the intention of her visitors; and nothing is so indescribable as the cumbrous agility with which she runs over that moving footing, on which a man could not follow her. The cubs have dis-

appeared, and the job must be given up for the present. It is very fortunate that she did not take to the water, for there were six in the *you-you*; and these animals swim faster than a four-oared boat, for they sometimes catch seals by swimming. Mr. Kennedy states that their tracks are thirteen or fourteen inches long; their forelegs are shorter than their hindlegs. When they are wounded in their flight, they turn round and try to bite the body that has struck them. They strike with their paws, supposing there is an enemy behind them; the sailors say the animal does it in applying a pawful of snow to its wound. This bear was a very remarkable one indeed; one of the finest specimens of its kind, according to our sportsmen. It appeared to me, at first, taller than an ox, which was no doubt an effect of the mirage, for a moment afterwards it seemed smaller, though still of considerable bulk. The sportsmen say that their own impressions were similar to mine. In the evening another bear is attacked. It takes to the water, and

escapes from our you-you between the ice-blocks. When this animal takes to the water it dives to the boat, and sets its paws against the sides, which is more dangerous than if it came swimming.

6th and 7th July.—I passed the whole of Sunday in bed. Mr. Kennedy came and read prayers to me.

At daybreak we are near Waigat, with clear weather. The land fifteen miles off, excessively high; the sun disperses the fog, and we behold a most beautiful scene. In the distance, lofty mountains of reddish bistre tints; above, white lines of snow; the summit of several, covered with an eternal wrapper, seems to brave the rays of the sun. Their image reflects itself in the sky, and doubles their elevation. We are in the midst of a hundred and fifty icebergs of the most various forms. As we are near land, that is to say, near the place of their formation, most of them retain the appearance of fragments of colossal ruins; I fancy I have before me, on a tenfold scale, the outskirts

of Montevideo, a city whose environs exhibit the destructive effects of an eight years' siege. All is mutilation; nothing has escaped; here is a wall riddled with balls, there a lofty *mirador* toppling to its fall; everywhere ruins. Further on an iceberg, with deep clefts, gapes like a ripe pomegranate, or looks like an extinct volcano with a yawning crater, or a prodigious mass of calcareous stone split in all directions.

In the afternoon they are obliged to bleed me. This is the first time I have undergone the operation, and I remained standing whilst they drew from me three large platefuls of blood. All at once I fall murmuring that beloved name—mother! Poor mother, if she saw me! My insensibility was followed by a delicious languor. That must be a very gentle death which follows a copious bleeding in a bath.

8th July.—Two ships in sight. Fortunately I have two letters ready to send by the *Pacific*, of Aberdeen, and the *Jane*, of Bo'ness. I rise, in order that they may see

me, and not be able to say I was very ill. My friends would believe I was dead.

We receive news of some importance, if not for their substance, at least because they serve to fix our ideas. The Americans have been carried by the current to the south of Disco, and they give details as to the traces found at Beechey Island and on the coast between Cape Riley and Cape Spencer. Three graves, inscribed with the names of men belonging to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with the date of April 1846. Other relics prove that Sir John Franklin's expedition wintered there. What is most astonishing to me is that they found no document indicating the direction which Sir John has taken. Did they search badly? That is impossible, once they were on the ground. Did Captain Ommaney find the document? Evidently he would have spoken of it; for he cannot have been afraid of bringing too great a number of competitors to the right searching ground; such conduct would be very culpable, whatever were its motives.

On the other hand, how is it possible to suppose that Sir John would have thus deviated from the usages of voyages of discovery? The field of conjecture is so vast, that instead of losing ourselves in it, we had better, I think, wait for the information we shall obtain at Griffith.

The most striking fact is the route which the ice has forced the Yankees to take, first to the north of Wellington Channel, further north than it had yet been penetrated; then down again through the Straits and Baffin's Bay. Here is the true element which proves the polar current and the existence of the north-west passage. In what direction is that passage? That's the rub! Since they were carried northward, would it not appear that the passage lies between Boothia and Cape Walker, since the current abuts against the bottom of Wellington Channel, and descends it again? In any case, I am too partial to Sir James Ross not to be very well pleased that what happened to the *Investigator* has occurred to others. The Ameri-

cans, it is said, complain greatly of their crew, which is weak and not very well disposed. At one time it was necessary to abandon one of the ships, and the crews of both remained on board of one only; this, however, had its advantage in point of economising fuel. The *Pacific* has already taken seven whales and a young one. The *Jane* also has seven. Three or four more, and they will have made a very profitable voyage. They are going south. Our letters will be delivered, if possible, on the Cod Bank; that is to say, the bar of Holsteinborg. Just as we are parting, the crews of the two ships run up the shrouds, and give us three cheers. I have fortunately obtained some acetate of lead from the surgeon.

9th July.—We continue to run for Uppernavik, through icebergs and streams of light ice. Yesterday's visit has effected a happy diversion of our thoughts.

10th July.—Thick, misty weather. We descry the rocks of Sanderson's Hope. It is by coasting along the island on which that

point is situated that the establishment is reached, the name of which is erroneously placed on the map. I look with the naked eye towards the spot pointed out to me, and see nothing; at last I discover with the telescope a few little houses, which no doubt constitute the town. The schooner lies-to, and Mr. Kennedy and I go ashore, where, after landing amidst ice-blocks and a score of very dirty people, the governor is pointed out to us; and, without being afraid of derogating from his dignity, he advances to us, and receives us very politely. Born at Lively (island of Disco), he has never quitted the country, and he speaks a few words of English, which he has learned through his frequent intercourse with the whalers. As we know neither Danish nor Esquimaux, I try to avail myself of the few German phrases I have prepared beforehand. Whether it be that I pronounce them badly, or that the Danish accent differs greatly from the German, he does not understand them until I write them down in German

characters. This establishment, the most northern belonging to Denmark, has also attached to it a chaplain and some Europeans. The rest of the population are Esquimaux or of mixed race. Three wooden houses for the governor and the chaplain, a chapel, a school, and some warehouses, compose the upper town, the aristocratic quarter. The other officials and the white sailors reside for the most part in huts, which differ in outward appearance from those of the natives only in having doors and windows. The words governor and establishment remind me of those titles of king and prince so generally conceded to the chiefs of tribes, or sometimes of a handful of savages, and my disappointments as a young voyager when I visited the Indian seas. However, the house of the governor, since a governor there is, is comfortable enough. A complete rack of pipes, with long tubes, indicates a German dwelling. Presently we are introduced to the whole family, consisting of the governor's lady, who is of Esquimaux race, and

five little children, who are distinguished only from the populace by several European articles in their dress. The establishment traffics with the Esquimaux of the coast in the skins and fat of seals, a certain number of which animals are also taken by the inhabitants of Uppernavick themselves, who live partly on the flesh of the seals they kill, and partly on rations furnished to them. Of late years, however, as the Holstein war threatened to interrupt the communications with the mother country, the governor has several times suspended the distribution of European provisions. This year seals had been scarce; however, between Proven and Uppernavik they were worth 1000 francs. A bear-skin is worth 40 Danish dollars in Denmark, a blue fox four, and a white fox two or three. My presence on board the *Prince Albert* greatly surprises the governor; but I explain the reason of it to him in English and German, and leave him some words in writing, in three languages, which the chaplain will translate for him.

No French ship, he tells me, has touched at Uppernavik since 1835.

Humboldt (Cosmos, p. 234, and note, p. 367, vol. ii., Latin edition) speaks of a Runic inscription found in one of the islands to the north-west of the group of the Women's Islands, called Kingitoarsuk, which seems to prove that in 1135 adventurers from Greenland and Iceland had preceded Baffin. I had intended to go and see the stones, but the governor told me that they were carried to Denmark in 1824.

Six dogs and a sledge are sold to us for £4; but the great difficulty is to raise that sum of money. We reckoned, indeed, on having all we should require from the natives themselves; but in all the establishments money is no doubt preferred to any kind of goods, and the Danes desire to have a monopoly of the latter. As all this occupies us some time, the ship is moored in a little creek, and I land again with some boxes of *bon-bons* for the governor's family. I am then introduced to Madame Krafg, the wife

of the chaplain, whom I the more regret not meeting as he speaks German and English, and understands French; even Latin would perhaps have served me. He has been a year in the country, and is to remain seven more. His wife and sister accompany him. They understand all I say to them in German; the whole family belongs to the Lutheran persuasion. For a few handkerchiefs, rings, and necklaces, I prevail on two women to sit for their portraits, though, indeed, the governor's lady has also to aid me a little with her influence. The type of physiognomy in both sexes is the same as I have met with in South America, at least according to the superficial examination I was able to make: the eyes skin-bound at the inner angles; long, straight black hair; the women wear it fastened up to a chignon on the crown, like the Chinese, but without a tress behind. Double petticoats of seal-skin, placed with the fleshy sides in contact with each other, so that they may be greased, breeches, and a loose coat with a hood—the whole in

seal-skin—form the accoutrements of both sexes. The women's coats are distinguished only by a tail falling down before and behind; and their boots, those of the more elegant at least, are of tanned leather, dyed in bright colours, with parti-coloured pieces of skin laid on them. The women carry their children on their backs, in a pouch provided for that purpose in their coats.

Large stakes supporting some skiffs, and a pack of dogs on a hillock, directed my attention to a hut, and I begged that it might be asked whether I might enter. Having been answered in the affirmative, I looked in vain for a door. "*Chiamo ! chiamo !*" cried one from within; but it was not without the help of one of the by-standers that I could guess that an opening hardly two feet high, and covered with a skin, was the door. Puffs of hot air loaded with fetid emanations reach me; I feel my courage waver, but at last I make my way in, after crawling a couple of yards through a sort of sewer with damp walls, the foot of which rests in a

muddy compost of blood, water, oil, and grease. No; I shall never forget the impression made on me by what I saw, though I thought myself prepared for everything by the numerous descriptions I had read of these miserable hovels. This one, too, is in a place comparatively civilised, where the example of Europeans must, and does, create wants and notions of comfort unknown to wandering tribes, in an establishment visited every year by an inspector sent by the government of Copenhagen. A rectangular enclosure of stones, covered on the outside with a thick layer of earth, and on the interior with three or four planks, forms the body of the hut; at each of the doors and at the further end, a sort of trellis, a foot from the ground, and three or four feet wide, serving for bed and table. In the middle space, of about three feet, lies half a seal, from which the fat has been removed, but the bloody flesh, trampled under foot, is there at hand whenever the inmates of the hut feel disposed to eat.

On one side of the hut is an old woman, nearly blind, with grisly locks, bare legged and bare armed, sewing skins which she moves about with her feet and hands. Her red eyelids, contrasting with her bistre skin, seem still more prominent from the leanness which is only found in individuals of her race. She looks the image of one of the witches in *Macbeth*. Near her lies her son, who sits up to do me the honours of his house. At the further end a young woman, nearly naked, is suckling a naked infant, which she holds with one hand, whilst with the other she snatches up some skins which constitute her garments. Two lamps fed with fetid oil do the double service of lighting and warming the apartment. Harpoons, lances, and rolls of skin hang from the walls, or are laid against it, the lower ends resting in rubbish and offal of all sorts. There is no opening for the escape of smoke; a single hole near the entrance, glazed with thin intestinal membranes, alone allows it to be seen that there is an outer world.

I feel suffocated; my nose, throat, eyes, all are affected, but I want to see. I even try to conceal my sensations; and when an oily hand is stretched out to me in token of welcome, I hold out a handkerchief as a gift, and thus avoid the good-natured grasp that threatens me. Some trifling presents soon make friends of these poor disinherited children of nature; and, like the diver preparing for a long effort, I try to see as much as possible, holding my breath and inhaling as little as I can of that atmosphere.

How can human beings live in such conditions? It is a problem the solution of which seems impossible until one has seen it. When I had satisfied my curiosity, I again examined the outside, and two barrels, which announced the prosperity of my new friend. Their contents are sufficiently indicated by the presence of a number of dogs that lick their greasy sides; they are the provisions peculiar to the Esquimaux, or rather the Huski. Esquimaux, or eaters of raw fish, is a name given to these poor

tribes by the Indians of North America, who have long made war upon them, and do so still from time to time. They consider this name an insult even on the coast of Greenland, where the language spoken on the coast of Labrador is perfectly understood. Mr. Smith, our steward, who learned their language at Hudson's Bay, makes himself very intelligible to them.

Portions of seals are drying on the ends of long stakes, and I see a sort of leather bottles of a reddish colour, the origin of which I in vain inquire after. They are paunches of deer killed on the mainland, and contain the blood and intestines, which are left to macerate for several days. Mr. Hepburn knows all this, and Sir John Franklin must mention it in his voyage.

All the parts of the seal are turned to use, and the animal ought to be deified by them. At first I thought the governor's house very comfortable, but now it seems to me a sumptuous abode.

The Esquimaux have brought on board

some partridges like those I have seen in France; but they sell everything dear; and, according to the doctor's Scotch proverb, they would not sell their hens on a rainy day, because the rain makes them appear thin.

We have not been able to find interpreters. The governor assures us that none of the Esquimaux would come with us. No doubt he has orders from his government to that effect, for Mr. Perry, who took Mr. Peterson thence, asked the Admiralty to intercede with Denmark. On leaving the place, I was near setting my foot on a little flayed seal, and jumped back in a fright, thinking it was a child.

About seven o'clock we sail with a light breeze. At ten a skiff comes alongside with an Esquimau from one of the islands on his way to the establishment. One cannot help shuddering to see these men venture to any distance in these frail skiffs, the sides of which are hardly four inches above the water when the owner is seated in them.

A skiff or *kayak* (pronounced *jayaque*, with the Spanish j) 4 or 5 mètres long, 60 mille-mètres wide, and 30 or 40 high, is made of skins sewn together and stretched over a light frame of bone. It is covered above, and has a hole in the middle, behind which is a leather thong fastened to the owner's harpoon. As there is, in general, no sea-guard, the grand difficulty is to know how to preserve one's balance. If the skiff upsets, as the Esquimaux cannot quit it, he is lost, but he makes it come right again with his paddle. To see them thus entangled one with the other, you ask yourself whether it is the skiff that has become a man, or the man that has become a skiff; and if the ancients had seen these beings, half man half boat, they would have made a distinct race of them, with much more reason than they did of the Centaurs.

"*Troco !*" shouts our visitor, and I offer him sundry articles for his harpoons. I show him a mirror, and know not how to describe the stupid, but hearty and natural, laughter

he breaks out with on seeing his own image; but when I show him a doll, his delight is unbounded. There is intelligence under the grossly animal aspect of these people. When this man sees me, though I am dressed like all the rest, he says, "*Capitan!*" I shake my head by way of saying "No." "*No, Guishi,*" he says; "*you 'Merican.*" Yet nothing has betrayed my nationality to the eyes of the whalers we have hitherto met.

11th July.—We are detained by calms near islands north-west of the Women's Islands, and we turn the time to good account. A boat is sent several times ashore, and in a very short while it has brought back twenty-three dozen of eider duck eggs (*Anas mollissima*). These eggs, which are twice as large as those of our hens, afford abundant refreshment for all hands. They are brown or greenish; the latter are of a more marked conical form than ours.

Three graves, one dated 1825, that of Mr. Craig, surgeon of the *Rambler*, and that of a sea-boy eleven years old, dated

1837, have been found on one of these islands. The weather is magnificent, and it is almost warm. The thermometer is at 55°; we remain motionless on a sea of oil. It is not one of those ocean calms in which there is always a swell that makes the ship roll, and the sails hang heavily down the masts. Everything seems asleep, and the hands are below, because there is nothing to do on deck. But, thanks to those cheering rays that gild the polished surfaces of the icebergs, nature is not dead; life is felt under this complete immobility; it is the image of repose, and not of death. From time to time a dull detonation announces the result of a decomposition effected, no doubt, by the heat. A rolling noise is heard, like the thunder peals in our autumnal tempests, and we see the head of an iceberg separate from the trunk, and fall crashing into the sea, throwing up clouds of spray to a great height. The monster oscillates several times, as if to recover itself upon its base, or perhaps in sign of salutation to the other icebergs; for

who can interpret the mysterious language of Nature? A long swell goes to announce, at a distance of several miles, its entry into the world; a few minutes more, and that which but now was a dependent portion of a larger block, is become itself a member of that family of giants.

I have more than once seen the launch of a vessel—that admirable result of man's efforts; I have felt my heart sink at the moment when, the signal being given, it was advancing slowly, making its oaken cradle crack beneath it; and I have clapped my hands on seeing that enormous mass afloat, the setting in motion of which I regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of the results of mechanism; but what is that compared with the scene of this day? O men, how little you are in the world! How slight and mean are your *chefs-d'œuvre*, compared with the works of that great master who is called Nature! What are your pyramids two hundred feet high, your dome of St. Peter's, your Kremlin? Here are mountains eight hundred feet out

of the water, and with bases two thousand feet deep; here are cupolas and domes at a height of four hundred feet! It is impossible to avoid shuddering at the thought, how easily such a mass would pulverise a boat or a ship which might chance to be near them. We were a mile and a half from the one that fell, and the swell from it rocked us for several minutes. It was not broken by the agitation of waves, which rendered its transmission so much the easier. (This makes me think that the undulatory theory explains the phenomena of sound and light much better than the emissive theory.) Beechey relates that, in the course of his voyage to Spitzbergen, an iceberg having fallen, the *Dorothea*, which had been laid on her beam-ends four miles off, was lifted up again, and the long-boat was capsised. Mr. Hepburn confirms the fact to me.

12th July.—Fine weather. We have advanced a little, and are near Baffin's Islands. Presently we descry one, then two, and finally ten ships—the whole fleet of whalers,

stopped in its course to the north, and tack-
ing along the ice, in order not to be beset;
two of them, however, could not escape this:
the *Truelove*, Captain Parker, and the *Joseph
Preen* are icelocked some miles off.

The Americans are a little further—twenty
miles to the north; and one of them was
aground yesterday on rocks. Guessing that
we have letters and journals for them, they
send whalers on board; one of them crosses
the ice with his boat to come to us. A fresh
notice from Dr. Kane repeats the details of
the traces found at Beechey by Parry's men,
wherewith the captains are naturally de-
lighted. "He was one of us," they say;
"a great man!" The Americans were
drifted as far as latitude $65^{\circ} 30'$, having
thus run a course of one thousand and fifty
miles in all.

The scene to-day is of the most animated
kind—ten ships working in a very limited
space, to avoid the ice and not to run foul of
each other, spread movement and life around
them: it is like bees hurrying to and from

a hive. The news they give us of the state of the ice, of their successes, and their hopes, occupies several hours.

Beside those heavy three-masters of three hundred tons, with large sides, and covered with swift fishing-boats, our little schooner seems very slight : several persons make the remark. She is like the graceful halcyon mingling in the sports of the massive albatrosses ; but the rapid grace and the agility of her movements enable us to run through the ice better than they can. Wherever there is an opening the *Prince Albert* slips into it, and her small size gives her, in that special navigation, a facility of locomotion not possessed by a vessel of larger dimensions. Besides, did not the Baffins, the Hudsons, and the Davises make their discoveries in still smaller craft ? Who would think of complaining amidst the relative comforts which we enjoy ? Most of these vessels carry a crew of fifty men and a surgeon. The surgeons are for the most part young men, who have at most gone

through some medical training, and are still too young to think of establishing a practice. Many of them boarded us, and they almost all speak with enthusiasm of the exciting incidents of this new life. The whalers always sail in pairs in the icy regions in case of accident. One of the men on the look out at the mast-head signals a whale. Quick, quick, man the boats! and the swift skiffs, always ready at the ship's sides, are lowered into the sea, their harpoons and lines being all carefully prepared beforehand. Stout rowers, let not your vigorous arms relax, for the victory is his who has first struck his harpoon into the whale; and the boat, like an intelligent courser, seems animated with the common ardour, it cleaves the wave, and leaves behind it a long furrow of foam. The master, on whom the whole business depends, armed with a long sweep, guides it with intelligence. Standing at the bow is the harpooner, watching the moment when the animal presents any part of its body to him. The harpoon is flung: a broad reddish sheet

The news they give us of the state of the world, their successes, and their hopes, is most interesting.

Besides our three-masters of three hundred tons with large sails, and covered with swiftness, our little schooner seems very light. Several persons make the voyage. She is like the graceful halcyon sailing in the sports of the massive albatross, but with equal grace and the agility of the swiftest, enable us to run through the ice better than they can. Wherever there is an opening the *Prince Albert* slips through, and her small size gives her, in that respect, a facility of locomotion not possessed by a vessel of larger dimensions. Besides, did not the Baffins, the Hudsons, and the Davises make their discoveries in still smaller craft? Who would think of complaining amidst the comforts which we enjoy? Moreover, our vessels carry a crew of fifty men, a surgeon. The surgeons are part young men, who have

covers the surface of the water. Hurrah ! well struck ! But attention now, and let us not sleep on our laurels ; for hitherto there has been no conflict but only attack. The harmless wounded creature plunges down the abyss, and urged by pain, pursues with frightful speed his frantic way to regions where he thinks to avoid his enemy. From time to time he rises to the surface to breathe, and spouts out floods of foam and blood ; fresh harpoons compel him to dive again and renew the race. With each wound a fresh enemy is fastened to his flanks ; and it is not unusual to see a whale thus dragging three, four, or five boats, for which that moment is full of danger ; for such is the rapidity with which they fly over the surface of the sea, that the harpoon lines often take fire, and it is necessary to pour water on them continually. At last, exhausted by its efforts, the animal dies, and is towed alongside the ship. On some ships the harpoon is shot from a gun : there are some even so constructed as to kill the

animal immediately by means of a few drops of prussic acid, a contrivance which renders the strife thenceforth ignoble. The poor whale, tracked and hunted in every direction, revenges himself by emigrating; and since the beginning of the fishery, the number has greatly diminished; they move towards the more temperate regions. Like the noble bull harassed by the incessant attacks of the picador, the whale sometimes rushes blindly on its enemies, and with a single stroke of its tail makes the boats fly in pieces, or baffles their rancorous cupidity by snapping the line with a desperate effort, and going and dying in some unknown corner, but at least without falling into the hands of its enemies. Poor animal! is not this the fight between the lion and the gnat? Ignominiously cut to pieces, it fills several tons; the whalebones are taken out of the mouth under clouds of mollymokes and rotches, that are not scared by the presence of the sailors.

In the evening we see the Americans from

near the islands, but our small draught of water is here a safeguard. Two seals have been seen in the distance on the ice. The floes are three or four feet thick. We are making preparations for leaving the ship; the provisions are hoisted on deck, and we are packing up.

14th July.—Fine weather. The sun shows itself a little and melts the crust of ice round us. The blocks separate, and though we are not quite set free, at least they do not press on the sides of the vessel. We cast anchor upon one of the largest of them, and we take in water, raising it with buckets from pools formed here and there. In the evening a target is set up at which the marksmen practise. The state of my eyes has obliged me to change my hours of rest. I could hardly distinguish day from night if it were not for our meals, for we hardly have a glimpse of the sun by day, and by night there is a brightness which penetrates everywhere, and from which we can with difficulty

screen ourselves in order to sleep. One of our pigeons has been bitten by the dogs and will not be in a condition to fly this year.

Mr. Leask has been all these days of opinion that we cannot cross to Melville Bay this year; in that case we should be obliged to try the passage by the south. With every difficulty that presents itself to us my thoughts recur to those we are in search of, and to poor Lady Franklin. What would be her despair should the *Prince Albert* return again this year without being able to accomplish its mission!

15th July.—Fine weather. All the men are washing—taking advantage of the fresh water, which they have not far to go for. The conversation at table turns on the kind of food required in cold climates. I could hardly believe that a man could eat eight pounds of meat; that is the ration given by the Hudson's Bay Company, or twelve pounds of fish, or two pounds of pemmican. Mr. Hepburn says, that the fact must be

near the islands, but our small draught of water is here a safeguard. Two seals have been seen in the distance on the ice. The floes are three or four feet thick. We are making preparations for leaving the ship; the provisions are hoisted on deck, and we are packing up.

14th July.—Fine weather. The sun shows itself a little and melts the crust of ice round us. The blocks separate, and though we are not quite set free, at least they do not press on the sides of the vessel. We cast anchor upon one of the largest of them, and we take in water, raising it with buckets from pools formed here and there. In the evening a target is set up at which the marksmen practise. The state of my eyes has obliged me to change my hours of rest. I could hardly distinguish day from night if it were not for our meals, for we hardly have a glimpse of the sun by day, and by night there is a brightness which penetrates everywhere, and from which we can with difficulty

screen ourselves in order to sleep. One of our pigeons has been bitten by the dogs and will not be in a condition to fly this year.

Mr. Leask has been all these days of opinion that we cannot cross to Melville Bay this year; in that case we should be obliged to try the passage by the south. With every difficulty that presents itself to us my thoughts recur to those we are in search of, and to poor Lady Franklin. What would be her despair should the *Prince Albert* return again this year without being able to accomplish its mission!

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mentioned by Dr. Richardson and Sir John Franklin.

Our dogs are well acclimated on board, and feed on the scraps from our tables, though seal's flesh is their habitual food. They are so accustomed to bad treatment, that they tremble every time they are approached. They are much more like wolves than dogs, with their pointed ears and bushy tails. Their appearance shows very little intelligence, though they are susceptible of attachment, for at Uppernavik I saw some of them go up to their masters with the usual tokens of joy. In the Hudson's Bay territory three charges of powder are given for rations; the women even are good shots, and Mr. Hepburn, whose address Sir John Franklin extols, tells me that he was always less successful than Miss Macaulay at Athabasca. Mr. Smith mentions several instances of the sort. Mr. Hepburn tells me that Sir John Franklin was one day saluted by a volley of ten rifles, fired by the women of

some village or other in the absence of their husbands. Mr. Smith shows me the Esquimaux' goggles; they are a kind of half mask, covering the eyes and fitting on the upper part of the nose. Those of the fashionable Esquimaux are made of wood, handsomely carved, or of morse-tusk ivory. I do not think that snow blindness is caused by the reflection of the sun on the snow, for it is chiefly in spring that this malady is most frequent, and on hazy days (it is true that the reflection is stronger on such days), which makes me think that the true cause consists in moist vapour, combined with the glare of the snow. Sir John Franklin and Mr. Kennedy used to wear green gauze veils against snow blindness in winter, and insects in summer. This malady causes very acute pain. The Esquimaux escape from it only by wearing goggles, and the young men among them, who dispense with them out of bravado, are soon blind.

The Americans are within six miles of us, behind the most northern island, and we see

them very well from the mast-head. If we can be near them, our detention, however long, would be the more tolerable; but it is possible that we may always remain at our present distance apart. So long a march over the ice would perhaps be dangerous, on account not only of the holes into which we might fall, but also of the fogs, which rise continually and in an unexpected manner, and which are so thick that the use of the compass would by no means be a security to be relied on

We have, for the second time to-day, a halo and two parhelia. At eight o'clock a slight breeze from the north opens the ice before us, and we immediately go to work. Ice angles are stretched and fixed by means of a hole bored with a great auger, and we haul ourselves forward, clearing the way before us with great poles pointed with iron. We had fortunately made all ready in the course of the day, by clearing the decks, and piling up everything round the masts. In the middle are all the cables for haulage,

within and without, and for the boats. On the sides of the vessel are ranged in order saws, shears, &c.; in short, it is a general clearance of the decks of the most complete kind. We ship the rudder again, and set sail in an open basin of water of some miles extent.

16th July.—About two o'clock we reach the limit of the open space, and moor upon an iceberg which is aground, some cable lengths behind the most north-western of the northern Baffin Islands. The dogs are immediately turned out on the ice, and the poor brutes jump, howl, roll, and play, thus testifying their delight at being again on their own element. Protected from the cold by their thick fur, they roll and gambol on the snow with more pleasure than they would do upon the greenest sward. While tacking, we perceive the Americans near land hoisting their topsails, in order no doubt to attract our attention. From the highest point of the island no water is visible to the north. Some men land, and bring

back two fine eider ducks, male and female. In form they are like our common ducks. The breast and back of the male are white, the belly raven blue, the upper part of the head blue, the rest and the neck white, with some pretty tints of green. The female's plumage is grey, spotted with white. They are both of a size. Four eggs were found in the nest. It is made of eider down which the female plucks from her own body; the male generally contributes his quota, and thus they are taken with their bellies stripped.

At four o'clock Dr. Kane and Mr. Murdaugh arrive on board in voyager's costume. Ceremony is soon banished with Americans, and especially in such circumstances as ours. "I have seen many things here to surprise me," says the doctor to me; "but what I least expected to find here was a French officer." They have seen twenty-six bears, and captured nine of them; not twenty-six as we were told by the *Advice*, Captain Reid. The doctor asserts that the bear turns round and bites his wound where he can to pluck

out the ball. When pursuing a bear, he picked up a ball with marks of teeth on it. The energy of these animals, he says, is extraordinary; after being wounded they run and throw themselves into the water, where they swim for a very long time. Their stomachs are often found full of seal's flesh. He opened several, the stomachs of which were empty and quite shrunk. They couple in May, and the female goes with young until December. He has flayed one, which exceeded by two inches the largest measured by Parry (eight feet nine inches); it must have weighed sixteen hundred pounds. Their form behind is somewhat like the elephant's. "The government ships," he says, "are too comfortable. The officers remain on board, and do not venture out." The doctor studied a year in Paris.

Mr. Murdaugh knows almost all the officers of the *Saint Louis* and the *Brandywine*; he is cousin to Taylor, so that I am among acquaintances. He repeats the observation I have heard Mr. Leask make, that there is

no land ice; what has been taken for earth is broken ice, and this diminishes the chance of a passage to Melville Bay. This comes no doubt from the predominance of winds from the south-west, but not from the east, from which it would be sheltered by the elevation of the land. He talks to us also of the astonishing effects, not of the mirage, but of refraction even round the observer in winter. A person walking thought to set foot on a hillock, and found, on the contrary, that he stepped into a depression. A leap from a hummock that seemed a few feet high, proved to be a descent of ten feet. One day they saw something that appeared to be an exceedingly tall man, eight feet high at least, says Dr. Kane; they approached, it was a bird. They had distinctly seen the man stretch out his arms and bring them together, as if wrapping a cloak about him; it was simply the bird flapping its wings.

They appear to be very short of hands; the sailors tell us they will desert at the first land. They are moored near an iceberg two

hundred and thirty feet high. None of them had been on the ice before, except Mr. de Haven in Wilkie's expedition; but it appears that it is not the same navigation, they did nothing then but coast along the ice. They are astonished that Snow could publish so big a book about nothing at all; they regard him as a charlatan. The doctor brings me a pair of boots, and a pair of pantaloons of seal's skin. The land seems broken, not by the wind, but by the swell caused by the sea breezes. The Americans are not pleased at Snow's saying that they have the pay respectively of the rank above them, which is untrue. Dr. Kane thinks that justice is not done to the Polar bear by the classification in which he is considered as one of the least intelligent animals.

17th July.—Fine weather. We are favoured with slight puffs of wind from the north, and try to make as much way to the north as we can, sometimes sailing, but more frequently towing. It is an incredible work this navigating between blocks of ice only a foot

above water, but with three feet or more of open water between them. Floes of several hundred feet yield to the pressure made by the vessel, and open to make way for us. Not a moment must be lost in the ice: this is true to the letter; for the floes often close behind us, and unite in such a manner as would render it impossible for a ship to pass which was only a few cable lengths behind us.

At last we see the two Americans ahead of us, but hardly in advance of their former position; and in the evening we should have reached them but for a *tongue*—that is, a piece of ice lying under water beneath one floe, and stretching over the adjacent floe. The ice has been broken with axes, hand-spikes, and heaving with the capstan on the two floes, with hawsers running aft. We break one of them; then the ship is made to heel—that is to say, the whole crew, assembled at one side, rush together to the other as fast as possible at the word of command, so as to break the ice by the motion

of the ship. Fresh hawsers complete the job. The Americans were to-day at the foot of an iceberg placed behind them, and yet three times as high as their masts, which makes at least two hundred and fifty feet, about the height of that to which they were moored.

To make up for the want of exercise, I took it into my head to go *swim* in a boat for an hour, and I am quite fatigued. We saw several sea-calves to-day on the ice.

18th July.—We get into the ice quite close to the Americans, who pay us a visit at nine in the morning. Captain de Haven, a man of about six-and-thirty years of age, to judge from his face, took part in the American expedition to the South Pole. We return with them to their vessels. None of them had navigated in the ice before this voyage; but their rough apprenticeship was soon completed. Go a-head! is their captain's maxim. With stout ships and bold resolution they have triumphed over everything. Such are the daring pioneers of civi-

lisation amidst the vast plains of America or the sands of California—men who do not know danger, and who brave it less perhaps through ignorance than through their courage and self-reliance; and I believe it is of them indeed that it may be fairly said, that the word impossible is not in their dictionary. They attribute their drifting and that of the ice not to the current, but to the wind, which indeed, as I have myself observed, always pushes the ice before it.

We launch one of our pigeons, with a notice in duplicate attached to each leg, and a statement that “authentic traces of Sir John Franklin have been found at Cape Riley,” printed on several of the wing feathers. After wheeling several times round the ship, it comes and rests on board: we give it some food, and, after letting it exercise a little, put it back into its cage. I think we shall have to make it repeat this exercise several days, and then make it set off in a brisk north wind by frightening it with musket shots. I went on board

the Americans in my canoe, which goes very well; it is decidedly a happy invention of Mr. Hepburn. In the evening we haul gradually into the openings which present themselves. The sky blackening to the south, we thought we might be again locked in.

At midnight, a gust from the south-east throws us within about thirty feet of an iceberg, from which we at last get off with the help of the sails.

19th July.—Fine weather. We are in the ice, and hauling through it foot by foot. I go on board the Americans. We are all day in communication through the ice, the distance between us not being more than half a cable's length. The *Rescue* is a good way astern. Dr. Kane is an almost universal traveller. First he was attached to the China delegation; then he ascended the Nile, visited Nubia, traversed the kingdom of Dahomey, on the coast of Africa; subsequently he took part in the war with Mexico, and visited France, Germany, Switzerland,

and Spain. He shows me his collection of observations on the ice.

We almost always let our dogs loose on the ice, and after gambolling about, they return on board without giving us any trouble; but to-day one of them obstinately refused to come, ran away when we tried to catch it, and after many fruitless attempts, we were forced to leave it behind as the breeze got up. We hear his howls at the distance of four miles; and as the fate of the poor brute is but too certain, his plaintive cries sadden our whole evening. He is seen the whole night fixed to one spot, where he will die of hunger, and it is impossible not to pity him; but the Americans astern of us have also tried in vain to entice him on board. Dr. Kane, however, has a bitch more intelligent than the other Esquimaux dogs, but he feeds her himself; and I say it to the shame of the species, without being a calumniator, I am afraid the seat of gratitude in the animals is in the stomach and not in the heart.

Our pigeon has been launched again to-day, and returned once more. Sir James Ross sent off two pigeons; and what tends to prove that the one which was given to us as one of the pair is really what it is supposed to be, is, that, 1st, another pigeon was with it; 2ndly, it had marks of a gun-shot, which may have struck off Sir James Ross's despatch; 3rdly, after having been caught with difficulty by Miss Dunlop's men, and put into the pigeon-house, it removed immediately to the nest and the compartment to which it had been used; 4thly, it seemed to be identified by its plumage. I went with Dr. Kane in pursuit of two seals, but they dived too far off. Seal-hunting is not without danger, on account of the ice being often full of pools or chasms covered with snow. It is well to have a stick, or at least to carry one's gun horizontally. We could not examine the holes which are very curiously made with the teeth of the seals, and always from beneath. They cannot make them from above, and are often caught in that way, the

ice forming very fast. They bask voluptuously in the sun, and the greatest caution is necessary in approaching them. The Esquimaux, for whom it is not a pleasure but a necessity, sometimes pass half a day crawling towards them on their bellies, and remaining motionless when the animal's attention is directed to them.

20th July.—Fine weather. We continue to warp through the ice wherever an opening allows us. We still hear the howlings of our poor dog at more than eight miles distance, and are almost sorry we did not kill him. In this vast solitude, so peopled with icebergs, and so silent, sound is transmitted to still greater distances. I spent part of the day on board the Americans. Captain de Haven tells me that whales have been found in the Pacific having in them harpoons of the Arctic Seas; a manifest proof of their passage. If the whalers wintered they would have much better chances, which I had heard before; "for," says Captain de Haven, "we who were not in search of

whales have seen a great number." For the first time I notice in the clashing of two floes a sound like that of the wind roaring through branches of trees, whether caused by the crashing of the under surfaces which come in collision with each other, or by the air which escapes as the opening closes.

21st July.—I have seen on board the *Rescue* a unicorn's tooth four feet long; Dr. Kane has one which is nine feet long. The animal has two, but one seems to grow at the expense of the other. Dr. Kane tells me that M. de Tocqueville's book is considered so exact that it is used as an educational work in the United States, and given to be read to persons of enquiring habits. I find countrymen on board the Americans, the two cooks and the steward. One of the cooks was a *tirailleur* of Vincennes, and served at the siege of Rome. Decidedly, and though I say it with all respect for those several professions, the world has reason to think that we are a nation of cooks, tailors, and hairdressers. After all I cannot be too prodigal

of praise to the skill of our *artistes*, whose broiled seal and roasted reindeer appear to me delicious. More than three hundred whalers are employed in the southern seas, according to Captain de Haven. We are told of a burlesque theatrical incident which happened during the wintering of the Americans. An actor, who played a woman's part, having taken up a smoothing iron, burst into a roar in the middle of a song; the smoothing iron had actually burned his fingers by its intense cold. Yesterday, Sunday, we had no prayers, because we were incessantly at work. Captain Kennedy tells the men, that if we were engaged in a commercial enterprise he would have stopped the work, but that in a business of charity there must be no delay; and I am sure that what he says he would have done. For the first time we have used the great saw, with a triangle like the beam of a bell.

We are separated for some time from the Americans, and I escort Dr. Kane back to his ship; he is quite grieved at this parting.

At two o'clock the sun is 10° or 15° above the horizon, its warm rays colouring the summits of the western icebergs.

Our crew will doubtless much regret this separation, for since we have been together, we have continually worked in common, day and night helping each other.

22nd July.—I am agreeably surprised on waking to find the Americans again near us, and helping as usual to clear the way for us between two floes; services which we reciprocate. In the environs of Point Wilcox and the Sugar Loaf, there are several bays which seem deep; some points of land appear to be islands. These rocks are covered with a polished ice which seems to attach itself by preference to surfaces which have a northern aspect. In the distance and above all lands I have constantly observed from Upernavik immense plains, which they tell me are glaciers. The warmer south winds disperse the snow; we are surrounded by icebergs bigger than ever. I try to count them from the mast-head, and I could give an odd

number as a proof of my veracity ; but I prefer saying that there are more than two hundred in sight.

23rd July.—Off Devil's Thumb, still in company, we prepare two other pigeons, with the following memorandum on the wing feathers:—"Authentic trace of Sir John Franklin, C. Riley;" and we sew the following despatch to each leg:—

"*Prince Albert, 23rd of July, '51*—Off Devil's Thumb, all well, in company with the Americans. They were drift by pack ice from Wellington Channel down to Cape Walsingham, now returning to the searching ground. The entire squadron wintered at Griffith's Island. Authentic trace of Sir John Franklin's ships found at Cape Riley; his first winter quarters were at Beechey Island; three graves of seamen with three names.—To Lady Franklin, 21, Bedford Place, London.

"WILLIAM KENNEDY, Commander.

"J. BELLOT."

24th July.—The pigeons wheeled round the ship all day, and came for their food; at night one of them was eaten by the dogs. This morning I had a long conversation with Captain de Haven about the South Polar navigation. Captain Wilkes commanded the *Peacock*, *Vincennes*, and the *Porpoise* brig. He communicated his discoveries to Captain James Ross, who asserted, or at least the newspapers asserted, that he had sailed over the lands of Captain Wilkes. The ice of the South Pole is not at all like ours.

This evening the sky is overcast to the south-south-east; the barometer has fallen two degrees; the icebergs crack and thunder on all sides; the sun is hidden; and we tack between them like a traveller arrived at night in a strange town, picking his way between the marble palaces of an Italian city. We have again used the saw—cut through forty-two feet of ice two feet thick in an hour; six men at the ropes, three at the handles, three at the feet. The piece to be cut was sixty-four feet across; the rest is

broken by twenty men jumping on it all together. It splits in a straight line. Total surface about a rectangle of sixty-four feet by twenty.

25th July.—This morning we saw a unicorn or spotted narwhale: two musket shots hit it, but it dived and disappeared under the ice. A little seal was killed by Mr. Kennedy; the dogs fight over the offal, and are covered with blood. It is very hard to approach the seals now, but in spring they are killed without difficulty: Mr. Leask says that seventeen were once taken in five hours. The Americans are scraped by the ice, and the *Rescue* is quite out of water. The sun setting in the east, or rather moving eastward at midnight, is a phenomenon to which I am not accustomed, and it is impossible for me to live regularly on account of my duty and the brightness of the nights. I am quite worn out with the bodily exertion we are obliged to make here quite as much as on board ships of war. Many of our naval lions would look on quietly perhaps, and pre-

serve their decorum; but I know not if it is possible to see men straining all their strength at some work or another and not give them a hand. Captain de Haven tells me how embarrassed he was when he was fitting out, not having northern whalers on the spot, and having to make all the implements for himself; so I will take an exact account of them. Dr. Kane and I grow more and more intimate, and there is no subject of conversation on which I do not derive some useful information from him.

26th July.—The ice is covered with seals; and in spite of the assertions of the Americans, Mr. Kennedy's example ought to determine us to proceed against them. We wish to try our luck at least; but at half-a-mile off, the first we see scamper off into the water, and we have recourse to the method of the Esquimaux; that is to say, we fasten our guns across our backs, and crawl forward on our bellies and elbows, or on our hands and knees. I comprehend the utility of my garments of skin, which are impermeable to

moisture, especially those skin cuffs which the Huski of Uppernavik proposed to me, and the use of which I could not guess. After half-an-hour of this work our faces are bathed in perspiration; fortunately the ice and snow over which we are crawling affords us a beverage, if not very agreeable, at least sufficient to quench our thirst. Besides, a fine seal basks and rolls lazily in the sun, flapping the ice at times with his tail, and turning in our direction. At these moments we must not stir; but when he seems composed, and looks no longer towards us, we advance slowly, trying to smother the crackling sound of the snow. In fine, we are an hour on our bellies; but we forget our fatigue, when suddenly the snow beginning to rustle like withered leaves, the seal sits up on his tail, and, discovering that we are enemies, dives instantly. I get up exhausted with heat and toil, and ready to take the raven's oath, having run nearly four miles, and crawled a mile and a half. Led away by the ardour of the chase, and deceived by

the mirages, one easily mistakes distances; but the way back, and especially empty-handed, makes us judge the distance more accurately; and this may sometimes be dangerous, on account of the fogs that come on all at once. It is good to have a pocket compass with one. A white bear appeared at a distance; but the noise of firearms frightened him away. I too have been mistaken, not for a bear, but for a seal. Fortunately the distance preserved me from any attack.

It is now six years since any direct news has been received from Sir John Franklin.

27th July.—During my watch the floes open, and we warp along nearly two miles; but at four o'clock we come before a barrier, or rather a barricade, of icebergs; and Mr. Leask, after examining the land-floe from aloft, declares that he does not think it possible to pass that way, and that we shall have to try and pass by the pack. We are surrounded on all sides, and our position

may be thus summed up: icebergs a-head and a-stern—icebergs to starboard and to larboard. Our men are not so well disposed to help the Americans as at first, because they do nothing themselves, and have themselves told our sailors that, come what may, unless the ships should get under sail, they will not haul, so afraid are they of having to pass another winter yonder. The officers are greatly annoyed at not being able to reckon upon their crews, and I believe that this contributes to make them wish to return. One of the things complained of by the American sailors is, that they only get ordinary pay, whilst all the other ships have double pay. Mr. Leask is decidedly for giving up the northern passage, and trying that by the south, or rather by the west. Captain de Haven tells me that he is shaken. Had he been alone, he would not have been in the least doubt, for on his own part he sees no cause to despair, since no good reasons are given him, and he is resolved to persist. Mr. Leask consents to prolong the

experiment, and we enter a passage in which we are soon stopped. Our day is spent in sad leave-takings, and in preparations for separating, which to me are painful. Alas! it is indeed a distressing thing to become acquainted only to part, and, like Tantalus, to see all vanish on stretching out the hand. Captain Kennedy remonstrates with me, because, he says, I ought to be thankful for the pleasure I have had, and not murmur at the privation. That is very true; assuredly if I had not had the pleasure of the meeting, I should not regret the absence of my new friends. That argument may do for the head, but what does it avail against the heart? What a capricious thing is this ice! This morning, no appearance of a passage; at two o'clock we are running before the wind; then a fresh barrier stops us. The *Rescue* and the *Advance*, not being able to pass where we had gone through five minutes before them, are nipped and squeezed in heavy ice. The weather becomes foul; we unship the rudder. A bear creeps round

and round a seal stretched out on the ice, narrowing the circle continually; but when it makes a rush, the seal has disappeared.

Several American officers came to divine service on board us this morning, with some of their men. Poor Captain Kennedy was quite affected when he prayed to God for the safety of those from whom we are about to part, perhaps for ever. Is not this one of the good sides of their religion, that every man of character may officiate without having taken holy orders? All testify the highest respect for him. At eleven in the evening we are ourselves completely nipped; and what half an hour ago was a very wide extent of open water, is now a great field of ice. The outer floe is driven against the land floe by the sea breeze; the two meet; the weaker, crushed by the other, seems to fold back on itself. What was horizontal, rears itself erect like a struck serpent, and its fragments, tumbling down like a house of cards, form a long embankment wherever the action took place; then between the two

we see these fragments accumulate around us, and rise, rise, until when?

28th July.—When I take the watch again at four in the morning, it is no longer the *Rescue* but the *Advance* that is entangled: she lies about three cables off from us. Her men have been employed on the ice during the whole watch, from midnight to four, for the purpose, no doubt, of cutting it round them. As for us, we have hoisted in the cutter to leeward, in order not to have to do it amidst loose ice, and that we may have it more under our hands. We are fortunately at a good distance from the icebergs, and the floes are not very heavy.

To-day there is an eclipse of the sun, which we are unable to see in consequence of continual rain and thick fog. Fatigued by last night's watches, I lay down for awhile in my berth, and was soon dreaming of France, dear France! In my dream I ask myself, am I really in France? and the fact is at once put beyond all doubt by my hearing well-known sounds; it is the air so often

defiled by the mud of the streets—it is the “Marseillaise!” Beyond all question I am actually in France, and the sounds that fall on my sleeping ear are interpreted at the will of that organising faculty which creates dreams, when, my door opening, a flood of light recalls me to reality, and my vision is explained by the fact that the organ given by Prince Albert has been set up, and that in compliment to me the “Marseillaise” and the “Parisienne” have been included, along with “God Save the Queen,” in the catalogue of pieces which Mr. Smith has contrived to play with his usual skill, though the instrument is incomplete; for when it was unpacked, and my advice was asked, all I could do for the cause of music was to apply my feeble notions, 1, 3—1, 3, 5, Chev  s method, which did not serve to put the organ in gear.

29th July.—The wind has lulled a little, but we cannot stir. Is it not distracting to find oneself thus locked up, especially when one thinks of the pressing wants of the unfortunate men to whom we are bringing aid?

Why have I not wings? If what we know now had been known in 1849, the searches made since then might perhaps have been carried along a single line instead of being dispersed over a necessarily very wide range. The proverb, that the days follow, but do not resemble each other, is nowhere more applicable than amidst the ice. Yesterday the weather was threatening; this morning it is superb. At ten o'clock, when my watch was over, instead of going to sleep, I woke up Mr. Kennedy, and we set off over the ice in pursuit of a herd of narwhales that are in pools between the floes, and make this desert resound with their breath, which is as loud as that of an organ-pipe. The sun is taking his revenge for yesterday's eclipse, and is gilding the mountains of ice that surround us and glitter like a cuirass: it is like a sea of glaciers, as thick and golden as a ripe field of wheat. There is a very peculiar charm in this lustre, almost without heat, for the temperature is only 35° Fahrenheit. What a pleasure to run thus over this crust

of ice, which cracks under our steps, and may open beneath them! There is more poetry in this than in the burning lava crust of a volcano. What pencil could reproduce the thousand beauties of the sun playing amid the ice? Is it not an impracticable challenge given by Nature to the powers of man? What pen could describe the thousand sensations experienced by the intellect and the heart, especially when they have been dipped in tar? How Pegasus is hampered, especially for a poor wight more used to the speaking-trumpet than to the trumpet of the muses, and how I regret my own impotence every day in this ocean of impressions! Examine this spectacle in detail as carefully as you will, and there is always matter before you for fresh examination.

In the course of the day we go and see how the Americans are getting on. The floes, but lately so even, smooth, and flat, are cracked in all directions, and here and there covered with hummocks; but it is near the two brigs, especially at the place where the

squeeze is most felt, that the hummocks have taken the most singular form, just like the streets of an insurgent town—actual barricades, only the paving-stones are as big as puncheons. The two vessels have been completely lightened. The blocks of ice climbing up their sides, as if to board them, destroy everything round them. The crews were obliged, during the first night, to push these strange assailants back, to avoid being boarded by them. Their rails were broken down in several places, and bolts were twisted. I really know not if the *Prince Albert* would have stood it out, but the Americans are used to this, and they think no more about it. O audacious race of the sons of Japhet !

30th July.—The breeze blows very strongly again this morning from the north-east. The barometer has fallen to $29^{\circ} 50'$, and we are threatened with a fresh trial. After all, it is not for us that it is most terrible, for the ice which threatens us is also our resource in case of danger ; and it rarely happens that

the man who does not despair, does not save himself. But I cannot reflect without sorrow, first, on the impossibility to which we should of course be reduced of doing anything for those whom we are going to succour, and then at the terrible blow this would be to poor Lady Franklin, whose last hope we are. The fies break with a crackling noise against our sides; it is impossible to close an eye. Read over Sir John Franklin's voyages again. What admirable simplicity, and what real superiority is apparent in those unpretending phrases, which say only what those eminent men have seen in a clear manner, yet poetical withal, for they are faithful painters of nature! In reading these voyages, as well as those of Parry, we are possessed with implicit confidence; and, without analysing our feelings, we are instinctively prompted to believe the writers; and yet they never deal in high-sounding empty phrases, but give us facts in every line. They are painters after Humboldt's manner; we feel how substantial and dignified, how full of

instructive matter are their narratives, as we can tell by the sound of a cask struck with a finger whether it is full or empty. At noon the wind lulls, and after having been somewhat disturbed, we get off with nothing worse than a little fright. Our bitch attaches herself particularly to me, and when I pat her the other dogs growl and seem jealous. Like their uncle, the wolf, which they strongly resemble, these dogs are dastardly and vicious, and punish the bitch by worrying her when my back is turned.

31st *July*.—The sky, which was clear in the morning, becomes overcast again in the evening, and the wind rises once more; the barometer is at $29^{\circ} 50'$. Mr. Leask, and all who have any experience of the ice, talk seriously of the imminent probability of our being detained here all the winter. There is a remarkable depression of temperature. There is no opening to the south any more than to the north, and the only chance now remaining for us is the southern passage. Mr. Leask predicted this from the first;

but, if we had been stopped whilst attempting a less usual route than the northern, we should certainly have been blamed in case of failure. I confess that this prospect is anything but agreeable to me, and I should greatly regret to have to pass our winter unprofitably far from the ground of our operations. At eight o'clock a bear approaches us, and we set off in pursuit of him; but the officers of the *Advance* and the *Rescue* have also seen him, and have set off with their dogs. Unfortunately, they are to windward of the animal; it sits upon its hind-legs, snuffs the air, and as soon as it scents its pursuers, it decamps at a gallop, stopping now and then to have another sniff, and then running off again with all its speed. I talk of pursuing it, but they tell me it is perfectly useless; that even on ice as smooth as this is, it is much swifter than our nimblest runners. I am a little incredulous, however, on this subject; but Dr. Kane assures me that he once pursued a bear that was wounded in the head and shoulder, and

though he had thrown off the greater part of his clothes and ran very fast, he was quickly distanced.

1st August.—The same southern breeze. About noon a little snow falls; at eight we go and walk—Mr. Kennedy, Dr. Kane, and I. We are soon recalled by signal, and half-way back we see the doctor running, and a man hurrying from the vessel and making signs to us, pointing to an iceberg. We guess there is a bear there. Very fortunately, we always carry our guns and ammunition with us when we go any distance from the ships. We make a circuit round the berg, and, after discovering the animal, which is to windward of us, we divide into two parties, and make the circuit of the berg in opposite directions, in order to have him between two fires. I soon find myself separated from my partner, jumping from block to block, sometimes falling into the water, but hardly minding it in my extreme excitement. I am within a hundred paces; the animal is sitting on its rump looking at our ships, sniffing the scent

from them, and wagging his head in a curious manner. *Ma foi!* I confess that my heart beats, for I find I am very far in advance, and Mr. Kennedy has my powder-flask; but I make up my mind not to fire but at the shortest range. I advance still; a shot is fired; it is Mr. Kennedy on the other side, who, though much farther off than I, but not seeing us, wishes to drive the bear towards us. The animal turns away, and I let fly my ball at all risks. The two guns salute, and the pursuit begins. Running by leaps like a greyhound, the beast soon increased his distance from us, though we ran at the top of our speed; and we even had the mortification, on coming up on his tracks, to perceive that he had not hurried himself much, as we could judge from the space between the impressions of his hind and fore feet. When we were all together again, the rest declared they had seen the bear jump the moment after I fired; two of them even saw blood on his flank. At any rate he now went off limping; and,

disposed as I was, it needs no great efforts to persuade me that the glory is mine. I am almost inclined to ask the doctor for a certificate affirming the probable chances of the death of the wounded.

Now, then, I am convinced of the speed with which bears can run. This one is very young; the marks of its paws are nine inches long, exclusive of the claws. We find no marks of blood on the snow; but, after observing the course he took, we set off after him in spite of a thick fog, against which we were armed with our pocket compass. As for me, I am too much in the vein not to follow this bear to the North Pole. After two hours' pursuit, seeing no more of the animal, we turn our destructivism against the seals. By way of making an experiment, we go at them singing and shouting: two seals dive when we are still a long way from them, but a big easy-going fellow waits, and lets us come very near him without our taking advantage of the opportunity in time. The musical instinct, and not the

love of noise, must be very strong in these brutes; and the dolphin of the ancients must have been a seal on the coast of England. We give up the pursuit of our bear; but the reverberation of our shots leads us to make experiments on the echoes of the icebergs, which are remarkable for their clearness. The report of our guns, returned from the icebergs at a distance of a mile and more, is repeated a great number of times. Large reflecting surfaces are eminently adapted for the study both of luminous and acoustic phenomena; and, after having played like children with these echoes, and made them repeat to us the burlesque phrases of a schoolboy in the holidays, we admire the emerald-green tints of the sunbeams passing through the fissures of the lofty promontory, and we compare them to the warm and reddish tints on the vine-leaf in September. To return to the echoes: it is evident that they must be produced under special conditions, in proportion to the angle which the surfaces of the bergs make with the atmospheric strata.

What wonder is it that the poor Esquimaux, who have never perhaps had an opportunity of hearing this reproduction of the human voice, and whose notions in this respect are limited to the distant thunder of the falling bergs—what wonder is it, I say, if they have imagined that they perceived in this a token of the presence of spirits? Had not all the superstitions of the olden time their origin in that ignorance of physical phenomena, to which we are now very proud to oppose a relative science, which the future will perhaps regard with equal disdain? At last we return on board, at half-past three in the morning, quite knocked up, having walked twenty miles; nevertheless I cannot close an eye, my laurels, no doubt, hindering me from sleeping.

2nd August.—I dreamed all night of bears, and to day we are to burn a seal's carcase, in order to attract our fugitive, for it is most probably the same we saw on Thursday evening. This morning only I perceive that I have sprained a finger, and somewhat

damaged my ribs in my race amidst the hummocks. In the evening, a little breeze having sprung up between north and north-east, openings appear southward of us, and we try to reach them; but we fall in with an iceberg, and are obliged to keep the ice before us as fenders. It is a very easy operation to clear the floes when an opening is formed; at least relatively, for pieces more than ten mètres square are thus put in motion.

3rd August.—Yesterday evening we were moving southwards; but this morning we had a little wind from the north-west, which soon veered to the south, and after making a little way we are obliged to drop astern to avoid being caught between the closing floes. Snow falls at four o'clock, and everything looks very gloomy for us; for, if we cannot find a passage in the latitude of Sanderson's Hope, we must either winter in the pack or return to Europe. This is a terrible blow to all our projects, and the pride I felt at our exceptional good fortune gives way to the gloomiest forebodings. The young ice, or

boy-ice, is beginning to form very rapidly. It is only three nights since we first observed it, and already it is six or eight lines thick, and offers resistance enough to retard the ship's course in a perceptible manner. Mr. Hepburn tells me this evening that he is sixty-two, and Sir John Franklin sixty-six or sixty-seven. Poor worthy soul! What devotedness, in his relative position of fortune, to run after dangers at his time of life! That, indeed, is what may well be called self-denial.

4th August.—This morning we distinctly perceive what the whalers call the *water-sky*; that is to say, a blackish band, 5° or 6° above the horizon, which indicates water in the parts beneath it. The *ice-sky*, or *blink*, on the contrary, is a brilliant white band of only 2° or 3° , caused, no doubt, by the reflection of the luminous rays from the ice. The Americans are still in sight five or six miles to the north, and I much fear there is a mutiny among them, our renunciation of the northern course having probably

excited the apprehensions of their men. What a life is that of officers who are obliged to be armed against their own men, and to keep all their weapons out of their reach! for they have only guns for the officers, whilst each of our men has his own. We are all suffering more or less from colds, caused unquestionably by our being generally wet-footed; but when one has to work in the ice, with water sometimes up to the knee, there is no way of avoiding it.

5th August.—Another of our pigeons has been eaten by the dogs; it is one of those that were marked. I do not know if the idea of starting them is given up; they are so used to the report of fire-arms that it no longer frightens them, but there has not been sufficient perseverance in driving them from the ship, especially now that the Americans are further off.

We set sail, warp and haul, and do everything in our power to cut our way to the south; but the sea, wherever it is open, is covered with a crust of ice, some lines thick,

which is broken, indeed, by the ship, but quite checks its speed. Mr. Leask declares he has never seen so many icebergs where we now are. I am so fatigued by yesterday's exertions, in which every one had to bear a hand, that I sleep fourteen hours at a stretch, and good Mr. Hepburn would not let me be wakened. In calms, or when making little way, and to help the ship, we steer with a long sweep.

6th August.—We are still in the same place, sometimes clear of ice for some yards around us, sometimes caught between the chops of a vice. I begin to feel the monotony of this unbroken extent of ice, sprinkled with icebergs, like a huge meadow after mowing, when the hay is heaped in cocks, or *barges*, as they say in our country. The analogy is striking when the sun, which now does not rise high, casts its rich colours and great shadows over that moving scene, to which the first navigators gave the name of "field," doubtless for that reason, and others besides. I practise with the *yoyou*,

which I now manage as well as any one on board, and a frisking seal plays round me with an assurance which I should have chastised if he were not exactly like a swimming-dog. I now perceive how fitly it is called the sea-dog. Mr. Hepburn tells me that at Athabasca the horses are fed on little else than fish, which is the staple food of the inhabitants. Dr. Kane tells me that Captain de Haven was at one moment on the point of turning south, but that an opening having appeared in the north, he resumed that course. Dr. Kane would be for the south; Mr. Leask abides by the middle passage, and it is unfortunate that we could not take advantage of a fine sheet of water which we saw a little to the south; but the floes are held fast by the icebergs, and cannot be moved.

7th August.—The same situation. Fine weather. The Americans come again to see us; they, too, are beginning to lose hope. If we are to winter in the pack—which God forbid!—it would be a great comfort and

relief to be in company; but it will be time enough to think of this if the thing happens. The days pass, pass, and already it is evident that in any case we can do little or nothing before winter. Mr. Kennedy and I have thought of a way of turning our winter to good account, if we are not caught in the pack, and if we cannot find a passage across; this is, to go into Hudson's Bay, and cross by Repulse Bay to Boothia Felix. Certainly this would accord much better with poor Lady Franklin's interests and wishes.

Messrs. Kennedy and Smith say, that in hunting the rein-deer they have often seen the animal's blood drunk. This is almost general in Hudson's Bay; and Mr. Smith, who has done it himself, tells me that in the excitement of the chase he found it very good. *Apropos* of bears: Mr. Carter assures me that one which had received nine balls, several of them in the head, and had one of its legs broken besides, charged its assailants with such force and impetuosity, that they

were compelled to run away, and finish him by firing from a distance.

As my imagination must always be building castles in the air when I am not satisfied with the reality, I add to my plan of a Polar expedition a new one, namely, that of making, in company with Dr. Rae, north of the American coast, the magnetic experiments which Sir John Franklin was to have made.

I still think, as from the first, that a screw steamer would be more useful here than any other craft. It should have as high masts as possible, with large light sails to catch the light breezes, which are very elevated. Mr. Hepburn tells me that — and — had a quarrel one day about an Indian woman, and were to fight a duel; but he overheard them, and drew the charges of their pistols at night. Poor — had by the same woman a daughter, whom his family have recently sent for. He thinks that — is not very courageous; he is a

very agreeable man, he says, with those from whom he expects to get anything. Yesterday morning I saw a flock of a score of eider-ducks flying south, but that prognosticates nothing as yet. Mr. Hepburn mentions an incident in their voyage: millions of geese and other birds that filled the air disappeared in the course of one night.

8th August.—Mr. Kennedy and I go on board the Americans, since there is no chance of the ice opening. They are among loose ice, which makes our excursion pretty difficult. We have to jump from piece to piece, and though we take care to feel our way with our gaffs, the ice gives way under my feet while I am in the act of jumping, and then I am swimming in water of 34°—an honour I should never have sought of my own accord, but which I try to bear as handsomely as I can, and I am the first to laugh at my own mishap. As we are near the ships, I run towards them to keep myself from freezing, jumping over everything, and thinking nothing of getting into the

water up to my middle, so I can but shorten my way. At last I manage so well that I tumble a second time into a hole, but have more difficulty in getting out of it than the first time, because Dr. Kane has come out to meet us, and I have two persons to help me instead of one. Each of them hooks me with his gaff, and draws me towards himself; the consequence being that between the two I remain in the water, cutting my fingers against the ice, and swallowing some mouthfuls. My large boots filling with water add considerably to the weight of my clothes; but after all I get out, in spite of the efforts made on my behalf. Stupefaction of Mr. Lowell at seeing me jump into the water a second time. American hospitality has soon repaired my damages.

9th August.—Rain all day. Appearances of openings present themselves, and we work from eight in the morning to three in the afternoon to reach them; having sawed a length of forty yards, we blow up the rest; but in proportion as we remove the parts

which obstruct our passage, the two floes approach each other. This happens very often, and it renders very defective all the means which at a distance from the scene of action are thought so irresistible: it is like Sisyphus, seeing his stone roll down the mountain after he has succeeded with great toil in rolling it up. Partly at my instance, recourse has been had again to the blasting cylinders, which had been declared ineffectual, because, as I suspected, the right way to use them was not known. Cylinders of three or four pounds split the ice in all directions to a distance of twenty or thirty feet—the thickness of the ice being two or three feet. In the first trials, they had bored the ice only as deep as the cylinder, but it must be sunk quite beneath it, and put across the hole by means of a rope-yarn, and then the work goes on rapidly. But, alas! ours is quite useless, and we all go to bed very tired and in bad humour. To fill a tub riddled with holes, or roll up a stone that falls back again, is the only comparison for

the disappointment of people who work eight hours for nothing. In the evening we have a fresh subject of anxiety. The flocks close upon us like the blades of scissors, without our being able to do anything to prevent it; and here we are, waiting, and not knowing whether our situation is to become better or worse. I have somewhere read of a man who was carried off by some cruel jokers, and put upon his trial with all the accustomed formalities for an imaginary crime. Condemned to death by a mock tribunal, he passed through all the agonies of a man whose last hour is come, and when the atrocious jest was ended he had ceased to live. I wonder that this is not the conclusion of the incessant menace suspended over our heads. I cannot find hard words enough to say of these icebergs, for which I panted so long at the period of my feverish admiration for the sublime scenes of the north. The sense of its own impotence reacting on the human mind, makes it regard with rage mingled with terror and scorn—with the

refractory temper of the slave under his master's lash—this ignoble triumph of number and of mere physical force. In all other dangers there is a struggle, ennobled by efforts and combats, rendered more strenuous by the hope of success or the despair of defeat, and inspiring in all its phases. But here, what is to be done? How can we resist? Gunpowder, steam—inventions on which mankind pride themselves—all these are nothing. Never did I so well understand the defial of Ajax, sublime in its exaggeration of human pride. And, after all, this hatred and contempt of brute force is one of the fair sides of our nature: among the most dastardly of men who dares to strike a chained enemy? But Nature no longer feels her heart beat in the slumber of the north; she is like the pitiless machinery that cuts off the arm that is caught between the cogs of the wheels—the unintelligent steam-hammer that crushes with the same impassibility the iron laid on the anvil, or the head that should chance to rest on it. Moral,

nature seems to have abdicated, and nothing remains but a chaos without a purpose, in which everything clashes confusedly and by chance.

10th August.—At last a narrow passage opens before us to-day, and we hasten to wedge ourselves into it. Ice-anchors, carried out by the gangways on each side, help us to clear a way; and, with the help sometimes of blasting-cylinders, sometimes of the saw, we find, after twelve hours' labour, that we have advanced a mile; but a fine sheet of water of several miles' length before us makes us soon forget these fatigues. I never thought that the sight of a few square leagues of mere water could afford so much pleasure. We breathe at last, and can return to our projects; we shall be able to accomplish our mission, the constant object of our prayers. In many places the ice is broken by putting on it a boat and six men, who, laying hold of the sides, rock it to and fro. Our cylinders are decidedly very useful.

The sky has gained a wider horizon.

We remark, at an elevation of 10° to 15° , magnificent orange tints peculiar to the high latitudes, and which Brown has perfectly reproduced in his designs. In the morning a whale appeared near us, and as we were surrounded by ice, several of our sailors concluded that there must be open water at no great distance, an inference which the event confirmed.

11th August.—Have we been in too great haste to sing victory? We spend our whole day in running and examining the edges of the basin which we have got into with so much difficulty, but see no issue through which we may get a little further.

The glaciers were never so distinct as they are to-day, and with the help of a telescope we can admire almost their details. I am no longer astonished at the mistakes I constantly made in the beginning in my calculations of distances, when I read in Scoreby's work on the Polar Regions what he says of Spitzbergen, and which seems also perfectly applicable to the regions in which we now are. It would

not be difficult to induce a person new to the Arctic regions, however expert he might be in judging of distances elsewhere, to attempt to land in a boat upon a coast twenty miles off, and to persuade him that he was within a league of it. This explains in some manner what happened to the Danish captain, Mogens Heinson, who, finding that he did not near the shore, though his ship continued to make way, put the helm about in dismay, declaring that he had been held fast by loadstone rocks hidden under water.

12th August.—Noon, $74^{\circ} 33' N.$ The Americans have been seen; they appear not to have moved from the spot. We continue our sterile navigation of yesterday without much more hope. Some seals, rather bolder than the rest, show themselves; one of them is killed. This success is some relief to our vexation, and, like the beggar in "Gil Blas," we spend part of the day in the sunshine, gun in hand, aiming at every little block of ice that stirs. The glaciers never cease thundering and crashing all day. The sun ought to

set, independently of the effects of refraction, but it appears for more than an hour above the horizon like a vast ball of glowing fire among clouds of purple and gold. The moon, which is at the full since yesterday, rises and makes a sorry contrast with its pale red disk; it looks a very pitiable object. *Ma foi!* in spite of my pettishness of the last few days, I cannot help being reconciled to regions that present such majestic spectacles. The sun thus traversing the horizon is really a very striking scene. It seems as if this luminary, which we admire so much, condescends at his rising and setting to put himself globe to globe with us poor mortals, who have not the gaze of the eagle to admire him in all his meridian glory. These risings and settings of the sun last more than an hour.

The Americans appear to have got free during the night. Water before us! and I leave the deck, once more caressed by the thousand joys of hope, until when?

13th August.—Light winds and thick

weather. We have made some way to the south, thanks to breezes from the north-east and south-west. At eight o'clock the fog obliges us to stop and moor against an iceberg, otherwise we might mistake the lead, and become inextricably entangled in the boy-ice which forms every night. The sun must have set completely yesterday, but only for a few hours. The moon would, no doubt, have hindered us from so much remarking this change to dark nights; but the fog makes the darkness at midnight very perceptible. We have had forty-five days of twenty-four hours, so we have no reason to complain, though we might have had more in a more northern latitude. This is a bad prognostic, for when there is no moon, our navigation by night will be more difficult. I have remarked that our dogs, even when we had twenty-four hours of daylight, slept during the interval corresponding to the night, though the crew were on deck at all hours alike; perhaps it was meal-times that awoke them.

Conversation at table about the sufferings of Sir John and his companions from hunger. Mr. Hepburn says that their constitutions have been irreparably injured. He had a sort of dropsy on his return; he was all bloated, his hair perished, his nails broke, &c. It is impossible to describe their meeting with Sir John Franklin after their separation. Inarticulate sounds, issuing from the nose like grunts, were their only means of conversation. The English have a practical way of looking at things, very different from ours. They call want of judgment the admirable temerity of the man who perseveres in risking his life in a manner almost certain.

14th August.—The same thick weather. We remain all day moored to an iceberg. At night the thermometer falls to 25°, the lowest point it has yet reached. Messrs. Hepburn, Smith, and Kennedy state, that in winter the wolves prowl about the forts, enticing out the unwary dogs, which are instantly seized by other wolves hidden

further off—a fine analogy for Toussenel! Mr. Smith saw four Indians scalped by white bears. These animals always strike at the head with their huge paws. The brown and the grisly bears, on the contrary, hug one to death. Mr. Brooks, the boatswain of the *Rescue*, killed a white bear with an axe, but he says he will not try it again. The Esquimaux would scorn to shoot a bear; it is with a long knife they kill the animal, placing themselves at its side, and aiming behind the shoulder. The white bears climb up almost perpendicular icebergs with great ease.

15th August.—At midnight the fog clears off, and we sail in fine moonlight. A light breeze hardly crosses the pools between the large blocks of ice; a slight surge forms round the icebergs a narrow silvery crown, which we do not pass. The vessel glides noiselessly, like a phantom through the windings of a marble labyrinth. Nothing but the Chinese gong, which summons the watch on deck, disturbs the slumbers of the rotches, which fling their curses at us with

that squalling tone peculiar to sea-birds. They fly off in flocks, frightened at the lugubrious sound of the gong, like owls scared by the big bell of an old cathedral. The scene is not without poetry; one hardly breathes, as if fearing to awake the malevolent genius of the ice, whose prey is escaping from him. The snow smiling in the sun! It is almost a southern scene: it is the Arab in his white burnoos; it is the white satin mantle covering the young virgin's ball-dress. But we are too near the long days that shine with a light that warms the heart; the contrast is too striking between the golden light of the sun and the silver light of the moon. The pale rays are reflected in vain from those masses of ice; the dead white, the leaden grey, chill you to the bones, and you seem to inhale a scent of the shroud and the grave. The fog returns in the morning, and at eight o'clock we fancy we see Brown Islands—that is to say, we have been carried northward these last few days, further north even than we had yet

been. In fact, the only wind which opens the ice for us must be a contrary wind, which also occasions a contrary current. O hell of despair! Here indeed we may exclaim with Dante, "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate!*" The poor Americans must certainly have been caught in the ice the night before last. Our ropes can hardly run through the blocks, and every time we manœuvre bucketfuls of ice fall on deck. The snow falls, and soon covers the deck.

16th August.—Towards night a gaff is picked up, which appears to have belonged to the Americans. At six the sky clears, and we find that we have indeed been carried northward, for before us is the Devil's Thumb, straight and stern like a threatening finger. The crashing of the glaciers is like the thunder in our September storms. Nature makes her artillery heard every time a new son is born to her. The young ice was all broken by yesterday's wind; and while the snow was falling, we could see pancakes formed. The

snow, forming a little circle as big as a cherry, spins round and round incessantly, increasing its diameter till it reaches the length of a yard or two. Our kennel has three new inmates, whose birth we hail with gladness. Next spring they will be eight months old, the age when they usually begin to hunt; and thus the loss of our fugitive will be supplied. These little great events fill a large and important place in the details of an enterprise like ours; and it is with the pride of a master of a house showing his cattle-yard that each of us forms plans for the bringing up of our young Greenlanders. I learned to-day that Captain Trotter was second officer of the Niger expedition; that one, I believe, in which Lander was a subordinate, and which preceded his own on board the *Prince Albert* steamer.

It was on the coast near Sugar Loaf Island, and not near Cape York, that Mr. Leask found the Esquimaux dead of hunger. The governor of Uppernavik once passed a whole winter in alarm, expecting to be attacked

by those starving wretches. In the course of the day we again lose sight of that odious Devil's Thumb, on which I heartily discharge the accumulated wrath of our month's long agony, for it was on the 20th July we first saw it. Again we remark, as we defile before all these capes, that the north-east side is covered with snow, whilst the southern side, warmed by the southern winds, is free from it. Mr. Leask and Dr. Cowie state positively that sharks are often caught in these seas, especially near Frobisher's Straits. Is it indeed the same species as that of the south? They say it is.

17th August.—Very fine weather. The ice along shore is almost all gone, and the icebergs out at sea, which were not aground, have been swept away northward by the wind. Some nation, I forget what—the Arabs, I believe—compare hope to milk, because after some time it turns sour; and so we have found. But, tush! sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; and now that our selfish fears are at rest, our thoughts and our wishes

turn to our American friends. It would be very dangerous for them to winter where they are; for, disheartened as their crews are, they would lose many men by scurvy and by want of moral energy. Besides, if they do not return to the United States this year, the whalers will report that they left them aground at one of Baffin's Islands: last year the latest news represented them as aground at Cape Riley; this would produce a bad effect. *Apropos* of Baffin's Islands: we have as yet seen only the four principal ones, and I believe that the other group marked on the map is that of the islands of Devil's Thumb Bay. I believe there was a fog when Sir J. Ross determined their latitude.—Perhaps, after all, this north wind has set them free, and they will be before us in the Straits. God grant it! Mr. Leask tells me he has seen them five or six miles more landwards than Baffin's Islands: they are very low. Going back to the 14th, I recollect that the whalers gave the Americans many things for which they

refused payment, saying, "What would they think of us at home?" One of these whalers, Mr. Reid of the *Advice*, has a brother with Sir John Franklin; the other commanded the *Tourville*. We skirt along the edge of the pack to try to find an opening, having been obliged to retrace our course this morning, after having run five or six miles westward in a sort of *cul de sac*.

18th August.—We have at last found an opening half a mile, or, in places, a mile wide, but on the whole very irregular in form and direction; it is not a breach in the pack, but a passage between detached pieces. The whalers who go to the west coast always get as far to the north as the ice will allow them, and then follow its outlines and its movements.

I look upon the ultimate results of our cruise somewhat more calmly now that the danger is past:—1. Nothing done this year. 2. Impossibility of doing anything during six or eight months of next year. 3. Not even the consolation of being in company

with the Americans. 4. In fine, nothing but obscure and inglorious dangers in return for many tribulations.

We thus lose the opportunity of seeing the "Crimson Cliffs" of Sir J. Ross; though many of the rocks of the bay between Baffin's Islands and the land, present, I am told, the same appearance. The rocks, thus named on account of the colour of the snow that clothes them, formerly gave occasion to a discussion among the learned, who did not know whether to ascribe to that colour a vegetable or an animal origin. Dr. Kane, who has brought away a specimen in a bottle, says it is vegetable. This snow, when melted, is exactly the colour of red ink; it is likewise found in the Alps.

Dr. Kane tells me that the scurvy appears occasionally among the Esquimaux, or Huskies, or Yacks, as they are still called, in consequence of the little variety in their food. See a passage in Doctor Spencer Wells, on abstinence from spirituous liquors even in high latitudes. Most of our men—

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nay, all of them—would see with extreme regret any circumstances which should force us to return this year, because they would barely have earned their advances, and they have almost all contracted debts for their equipment; besides the season would be lost for them; they could not procure work in winter; almost all the Shetlanders and Orkney men having trades which they exercise in the intervals between their voyages.

19th August.—Noon, lat. $72^{\circ} 50'$ — $60^{\circ} 15'$. Snow since yesterday, which chills us to the marrow, though the thermometer is only at 28° . We run through the pack sometimes west, sometimes south, looking in the fog for a real opening.

Poor Mr. Kennedy and I are very sad, seeing how time slips away, and hardly knowing what to do; for it is perhaps too late to think of Hudson's Bay, and we should have to make nearly three hundred leagues only to reach the entrance of the bay. Mr. Kennedy's profound religious feelings support him; he thinks that, if we do

not succeed, God has other designs, and that everything must be for the best. Our impatience, after all, is perhaps unreasonable; and the vivacity of our desires, irritated anew by the shadow cast over our hopes, makes us fret still more against these obstructions.

At four in the afternoon we see three finners. The whalers on board notice this as an augury of the Western Waters. God grant it! Mr. Leask has said from the first that the direction of the opening in the pack, from north to south, was not a good sign.

20th August.—Still snow; but it is all the same to us now. We have at last found the passage. After having run into the entrance, which was but badly marked, we came upon a chain of flakes which allow us to get to the other side. This last navigation is difficult enough, and requires a sort of knack only to be acquired by practice, for we move through a fog thickened with snow. It is at such times that the ice-master's duty becomes

fatiguing: ours has not closed an eye for thirty-six hours, and will hardly be at liberty till to-morrow. It appears that the masters of the whalers sometimes pass two or three days without rest. Mr. Leask regrets that he has not a little brandy; and I believe that the excitement he has need of can only be given by that remedy, at the expense, it is true, of health subsequently.

The pack extends on each side of us, sometimes pressing us so as hardly to leave a passage, or opening out to a width of two or three miles. As far as the eye can reach from the mast-head—that is to say, nine miles, or three leagues—on every side extends an unbroken sheet of ice, the dazzling whiteness of which contrasts with the slate-blue of the sky. The evenness of this plain is only interrupted by the hummocks or hillocks made by the collisions of the floes, or by some remote pressure, and by a few icebergs, quite stunted in comparison with those we have lost sight of. For the first time this many a day, I am obliged to light a candle

in order to read the thermometer. Hitherto the duration of twilight and dawn, between sunset and sunrise, has given us light enough; but the dark nights are coming on apace. We pass near a track resembling the furrow of a ship that has recently passed, but they tell me that it is the wake of a whale, the oily substance of which thus leaves marks on the surface, and at the same time an odour *sui generis*; and, in fact, a strong smell of *fratchin* is perceptible. I am informed that it is not only at the rutting season, as I should have supposed, that this occurs, but always: the air and the water remain impregnated with it for several hours after these animals have passed.

Mr. Kennedy tells me that some days before the departure, it was known that Captain Collinson had learned, through the Esquimaux, that four white men had gone from the coast to a Russian establishment two hundred miles in the interior, and that he had despatched two officers with orders to verify the fact. We should have liked to

touch at Cape Warrender, one of the salient points north of Lancaster Straits; but we cannot lose time on this, for one of the first conditions is the safety of the ship.

We must go to Griffith's Island, and we can now reach it only with the ship, for the boy-ice would be an insurmountable obstacle for the boats, which it would not bear. Towards noon the ice seems to close round us. At two the look-out cries, "A sail!" What news are we about to receive? for it can only be a ship from the north, and we must be very near the Western Waters: the whalers would not come from the east so far. At last we shall know what we have to do, if we cannot touch at Griffith, or if we do not speak any of the ships of the English squadron.

At three o'clock an iceberg seen, the first for the last ten hours. At three we force the passage; that is to say, the ship, with all sails spread, wedges itself as far as possible between the two floes, and with the aid of blasting-cylinders we do the rest. It is

not a ship the look-out saw, but some hummock. We put up the letters we were already preparing. Poor mother! when shall I be able to write to you? We end by being stopped, and that because a block of ice a few feet across bars the way; and, while we are in the act of removing it, the floes join at the other end of the opening.

21st August.—At last, in the evening, we were able to resume our course. Mr. Leask is afraid he has gone a little too much north, because the floes are becoming thicker (four feet). A whale seen. However, in the morning the ice appears so relaxed and broken that we cheer up again, and a slight swell soon tells us that the open sea is not far off. The sun shows itself a little, and allows us to determine our position. In the afternoon Old Ocean is full in view; our boats are lowered to fight against the calm, our second enemy; and our sailors, who share our gladness, give their songs of glee to the lazy winds. The few miles we have to make are soon passed, thanks to their

augmented efforts; and the little schooner, dear creature, rears herself up in the swell, recognising her own element, as the dog shakes himself when he comes out of the water upon the land. Never did the cry of "Land in sight!" give me so much pleasure as the announcement of water at this moment. Some bottles of brandy have been shipped as medicine, and for the first time some is served out to our men, whose gaiety it naturally increases. We are surrounded by sea-birds of all kinds, and kill some of them. The face of the sky is of a remarkable orange tint, which shows through the humid gauze of the fog. Possession Bay being a rendezvous at which almost all ships look in, we make for it, to see if there is any notice.

22nd August.—The pack, where we passed through it, was nearly twenty miles wide. After having been tantalised by the vicinity of the sea, we at last take our ease. We throw overboard several bladders, inclosing notes which make known our position; and

men are sent to the mast-heads to see if there is not a vessel in sight.

23rd August.—Man is destined never to be content, but always to wish for something. We ought, perhaps, to think ourselves happy in having escaped from the ice, and already we are impatient, because the breeze that bore us rapidly along this morning is become contrary. "The rise of the barometer," says Mr. Leask, "indicates west winds, and its fall east winds." We still meet with some bergs. According to Nelson's celebrated signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," we have done, and are doing, everything in our power: God, no doubt, will do the rest! The bladders are coated with black paint or tar. It appears that in the Shetlands the fishermen use them as floats for their nets; but Mr. Smith says they rot very quickly.

24th August.—As soon as the boy-ice is formed, if it snows upon it, one night is enough to convert it into an ice that stops you, but is not strong enough to bear.

At eight we see land, and at four in the afternoon we are at the entrance of Pond's Bay, distance fifteen miles. The whole land is covered with snow. This bay is a good fishing-ground, and is generally frequented by whalers. In the evening we are becalmed, and the current carries us to the shore. At eleven in the evening we hear a shout at some distance, and to our great surprise we see a skiff come towards us, which had been hidden from us by the swell and the darkness. We answer the shout, and presently one skiff, then two, three, four, are alongside. We lower a boat to enable them to climb on deck, for otherwise they could not get out of their frail skiffs, which in nowise secure them against submersion or immersion; they are wider than those of the eastern coast by two feet, though not so deep. Our first question is, of course, "Have you seen ships?" They reply in the affirmative, and through the medium of Mr. Smith we learn that last evening they saw two. One of these men sketches with a piece of chalk two three-

masters, which he does with his head down, seemingly very well pleased with his work. He executes it conscientiously, too ; for having made little strokes to indicate the yards, he rubs out those he had put to the mizen-masts, thus showing that they are barques. Being asked if they are whalers, he says they are not. As this is an important point, we return to the charge, and question him upon it, but in a different form, for the natives of these regions are very sensitive in that respect. He is asked if the vessels in question had caught many whales, and he replies in the negative, with an air of annoyance. The inhabitants did not go on board on account of the wind.

So, in spite of our watchfulness, we have missed these two ships. What can they be? Penny's are two brigs. There are other three-masters in the squadron besides the *Assistance* and the *Resolute*. But, if there are important news to be given, one of the steamers would have been sent, unless Captain Austin is sending back the sick and Captain

Ommaney; but he would not send back the two large ships. Admitting that the Esquimaux are mistaken, or that we do not understand them, they cannot be whalers, for the Esquimaux would have seen them pass up the coast in going; and no vessel can have come from the north by the east this year. Whalers, Mr. Leask tells me, are never in this latitude at this season.

If they are vessels belonging to the squadron, there must be despatches at Possession Bay. Not being able to extract anything more from the Esquimaux, we examine at our leisure these unconscious subjects of Great Britain. They are more squat in figure than those of Uppernavik, not exceeding four feet ten or five feet in height. Their eyes do not seem to me to be *bridés*; complexion not so yellow as at Uppernavik — more reddish; round face, plump cheeks, low forehead, thick flat hair, black as a raven, tied or cut on the forepart of the head, and falling on the shoulders on each side; little or no beard; feet and hands

remarkably small. I ask one of them to let me cut off a lock of his hair, to which he readily assents upon receiving a few gun-flints. They are very well covered with clothes, but have no skins for a change, their skiffs containing nothing but their lances or harpoons. At the sight of a mirror and a doll, they set up such a hearty stupid laugh that that it infects all on deck, *Kouna! Kouna! Kablounak!* (Wife, wife, whiteman's) they cry.

When, with Washington's vocabulary in hand, we read to them the phrases which speak of two ships that have disappeared, they reply that they knew that already.

This news, and the hope of reward, were certainly the occasion of the fabulous tale devised by them, and propagated by Parker in 1849, and of that of the *Prince Albert* in 1850. Who that has seen these people could ever believe that they could have massacred a hundred and thirty Europeans? They are delighted with some empty tin boxes, of which we make them a present. A lance, pointed with a norse tusk, tempts me; but in

spite of my offers I cannot obtain it. I am at a loss to guess why its owner sets such a high value on it, when Mr. Smith interprets to me that it is the shaft he does not wish to part with; it is of wood, and he does not know where he could get another. As for the ivory, he does not set much store by it. I remark, in fact, that the handles of all their fishing utensils have the appearance of fragments of ships floated over the ice; and it is only in that way, indeed, they get wood. The carcasses of their canoes are generally of whalebone. Poor, poor creatures, whose wants are so restricted, and who have yet so much difficulty in satisfying them!

A glance at the deck has satisfied them that we are not whalers; they remark this to us, and seem to say to themselves, "What the deuce brings them here? Since it is not to catch whales, or unicorns, or seals, what motive can have driven from home people who seem to have everything they want in order to live?"

Some tin vessels we give them put a climax to their glee, and make us excellent friends of theirs, to whom they testify their satisfaction as well as the swell allows them, for the motion of the ship evidently disagrees with them, though they must be used to the same sort of rocking in their skiffs. Their language is composed of a series of guttural sounds, which make it very rough ; and they do not seem to comprehend the negative or affirmative signs made with the head, which are understood by all savages. The word itself, *yes* or *no*, *aap* or *nama*, alone speaks to their understandings. One of them, seeing Mr. Kennedy take snuff, asked for some ; and when I made signs to him that it would make him sneeze, he crams his nostrils, and comprehends that he must blow his nose, which he does with his fingers in the most conscientious manner. While I was making notes on a scrap of paper, one of them, taking me, perhaps, for a doctor, makes signs to me that he wishes to have it ; and the others approach to enjoy the same

favour. I believe it is very blameable, perhaps even criminal in a certain point of view, to foster or create superstitious or false notions in the minds of these credulous beings; but it is often impossible to resist their desires, which are so easily satisfied. Some chemical matches excite their great astonishment. I give each of them a bit of sugar. After tasting, and, no doubt, recognising it, they all say *kouna* and *pyraminy*, giving me to understand that they will keep it for their wives and children, who are asleep yonder; so, at least, we understand their mimic gesture in laying their heads on their hands, a gesture common to all peoples. There would be something very mean in all these petty and facile triumphs of the vanity of our civilisation, if they were practised with the least serious intention; but one is allured by their artless simplicity, and cannot help enjoying their astonishment, without trying to give them an idea of our superiority, which, moreover, they do not recognise, except in the advantage we enjoy of pos-

sessing iron and wood. Their fishing has been bad this year, they say. There are deer on land, which they kill, especially when they cross the water at known seasons. I have not observed that they lick articles exchanged like those of Hudson's Bay. One of them had marks of leprosy well characterised by the milky whiteness of his breast. We leave with them a notice on parchment.

25th August.—We are still becalmed, but a little too far off, no doubt, for our friends of yesterday to repeat their visit. I find they have left me no very agreeable souvenir of that one, against which, however, I had been fairly warned. I reflect on our news, and know not what to infer from it: if the ships were Sir John's!

I think the Esquimaux have made a mistake, and that they are the two brigs of Captain Penny, who does not know where to find the provisions of the *North Star*, and who, besides, is under most pressing instructions to return home this year.

Our dogs are completely civilised; they

barked yesterday at the costume which must nevertheless be familiar to them. The natives here appear to be aware of the existence of those of the other coast. Is it by means of the ships or by tradition?

26th August.—We are detained by the calm near Cape Burney, between Pond and Possession Bays. Why do we not live in the time when every ship will have a steam-engine, without needing coal, &c.? How we should bless the least propeller that would give us a speed of only one knot!

For the last three days Captain Kennedy and I have given directions for waking us up as soon as we are near Possession Bay. Disenchantment hinders us from admiring those magnificent glaciers, those valleys filled with snow up to the tops of the white peaks, and through which, when they are at a lower level, wind brooks of melted snow. At four in the afternoon our attention is awakened by the sound of oars, as on Sunday, and with our telescopes we perceive three skiffs coming towards us. We continue our course and

make two knots, having no interest in communicating with them ; but they gain rapidly upon us. Mr. Leask says he has seen them go at a speed of seven knots with the *pagaie*.

Their obstinate pursuit make us conjecture that they may have something to deliver to us ; we lie to, and soon recognise our friends of Sunday. Though it was daylight, they had not been seen ; and it is surprising to observe the force and speed with which sound is propagated ; for when they were seen, they appeared upon the horizon of the quarter-deck above the helm ; that is to say, at the height of fifteen feet, and for a long while previously they had been heard. They bring on board some unicorn teeth, one of which I buy for two saws ; it is more than seven English feet long. Kranz says in his History of Greenland, that these horns used to sell for twelve hundred pounds sterling. I also barter iron hoops, knives, and handkerchiefs, for a bow and arrows, though some difficulties were made at first ; but

these ultimately gave way when I offered the hoops. The deer, they say, are common. Our questions respecting the ships elicit the same answers as before; and they add, that a certain number of moons ago, they saw two vessels pass which were ice-locked. Do they mean the Americans? The man who sketched the vessels, being questioned respecting the outline of the coast, draws it with a precision which we cannot but admire, on comparing it with the map. Captain Parry also, in his second voyage, had occasion to remark this faculty in them, and particularly in an Esquimau woman named Igloolik. He makes Navy Board Inlet communicate with Pond Bay, and says that the narwhals make the circuit. He sketches their encampments, and represents the narwhals by the sound of their blowing. They have in their skiffs a bag made of skin, which they fill with air by blowing into it; they close it with an ivory stopper, and it serves them as a floating anchor when they are overtaken by bad weather. They burn moss steeped

in oil. Their breeches come down a little below the knee.

After stuffing them with biscuit, we treat them to some tunes on the organ: one of them, intoxicated with delight, utters the most frantic howls, jumps, rolls, wriggles, and makes the most hideous contortions; grinds his teeth, and falls back exhausted by excess of pleasure. The violin, which they had, no doubt, heard before on board some whaler, astonishes and delights them less. A gun being put into their hands, they discharge it several times without fear, and with an accuracy of aim which shows that their eyes are quickened by the necessity of not throwing away their arrows. The poor creatures are voracious, like the dogs of the eastern side; when anything is given them to eat, they snatch it up without the least sign of thankfulness.

They propose to come with us to Navy Inlet; but at night the wind rises, and we send them away full-handed, rather than make them run the risk of abandoning their

families. The breeze brings a thick fog, as is always the case in these latitudes. We must give up our intention of going to Possession Bay, in spite of the possible importance of touching there. I have since thought that the two vessels may be the *Resolute* and *Assistance*, sent by Captain Austin for provisions, he not knowing that there are any at Navy Inlet; yet, if they had passed in sight of land they would have seen the signal-mark.

Our conversation naturally turns upon the amount of happiness which the Esquimaux may possibly enjoy. Some say they are the happier for not knowing our wants, whilst others express pity for their lot; but, if happiness is thus reduced to the fact of having few wants, and being able to supply them, what is this but to deny civilisation, the development of the human mind, and the very cause, in short, for which we are here? for it is evident that our mental powers are only exerted at the instigation of want; and to restrict the range of our in-

quiries to that of our physical wants would very soon diminish all chance of progress; and it is only after the satisfaction of our physical appetites that we can think of our moral hunger and thirst: this is the transition from the savage to the civilised era. The poor Huskis make me wander far; but I could not, without emotion, see good Captain Kennedy praying to God to let the rays of his goodness fall on these poor heathens, who knew not what we were doing when we prayed for them, and came and sang at the hatchway during the evening hymn. When they are caught between two seas, they hold the paddle horizontally above their heads, so that the water may not touch it; for their long boats are very difficult to manage, and they are in great danger the moment they lose their coolness and presence of mind.

Leprosy of the fish-eating races: frightful teeth. They slept in a sail on the deck, and when they got up they diffused a fetid odour. I gave them some engravings for their *kounas*.

Though they are not quite ichthyophagists, but only half so, they must have many cutaneous diseases, especially in consequence of their dirty habits. One of them shows us the marks of his own teeth on his arm. We ask him if they had suffered much during the winter? The loss of a beloved son plunged him into deep grief, of which that mutilation bore testimony. The anguish of the father's heart, written in bloody characters upon his arm, completely changed the disposition of our minds; and that poor savage whom a moment before I looked on as a puppet, a thing little more amusing than a learned dog, at once became magnified in my eyes, and I was touched with the most profound respect at the aspect of a mourning father. I cannot help treating him with perfect seriousness. Doubtless, they do not unite a memory for words with that mechanical faculty of imitation which they possess in an eminent degree; for, after frequent intercourse with the whalers, they hardly know the words yes and no, though they

repeat with surprising exactness the words uttered before them. I ponder all the evening over this redemption of character by paternal love. Surprising effect of that concentration upon a fixed point, related by Richardson, of the man who suckled a child: love of Igloodik for her husband. We should have been very glad to take them with us, but they have their families. Great discussion as to the good that may be done them.

27th August.—Cloudy weather, and the sea very high, as high as that we had in coming: the waves we have measured are fifteen feet above the level of the horizon. We must give up the idea of going to Possession Bay. It appears that even in calm weather there is a great surf on the shore, and we continue our course for Navy Board, where we shall take in provisions. We fall in suddenly with a current of floating ice, which obliges us to slacken sail; we must keep good watch, especially at night, to avoid striking upon icebergs or large hummocks.

The sun now sets about nine o'clock. Poor Esquimaux! who will devote himself to the task of civilising you? The Moravian brethren have missionaries; but lower down, along nearly the whole extent of coast, the poor wretches are confined to a narrow strip, blockaded as they are by hunger and cold on both sides. What a noble enterprise is Sir John Franklin's! Men of that character surely possess a great sympathetic power to make devotedness spring up around them wherever they go! How unaffected is his book! How simply he says, "We were dying of hunger!" and what images do those simple words call up! Parry and Franklin in one kind of writing, Arago and Humboldt in another, exhibit the same characteristic—that of grandeur and truth. My North Polar projects continue to occupy me; moreover, I intend to propose to Captain Kennedy to examine next year (letting the *Prince Albert* depart) the coast between Coppermine River and Boothia Felix, and to ascend the Coppermine or the Mackenzie, the mouth of which

we will reach on the steamboat, or to go away by Behring's Straits.

28th August.—Heavy swell and calm; the atmosphere clearer. It is very necessary to make no mistake as to the configuration of the inlets, or rather their general aspect, for I have several times been led into error by icebergs, which leave large valleys between them, and behind which peaks rise up. Owing to the great height all along the coast, the eye is often deceived as to distances, and under-estimates them. The fore-castle presents a petition for an extra ration of brandy, although they are not entitled to it; but they allege as a pretext that the provisions are not of such good quality as respectable English sailors have a right to expect. This petition closes, in the usual way, by assurances of the deepest respect.

Mr. Kennedy asks my advice, and I think that they may be satisfied without danger: to refuse would be to expose ourselves to ill-will on their part, although I am convinced that they have only obeyed a prejudice; for

there is amongst them more fear than liking for spirituous liquors.

29th August.—After losing sight of the peaks of Byam Martin and the headland of Cape Hay, a land breeze and thick fog set in, which drive us against enormous pieces of ice; we bring-to in order to enter Navy-Board Inlet. We have lost five valuable hours, and at last once more relinquish the plan proposed; we are making way. Oh! steam, steam! In the afternoon, calm.

I decidedly think that if two ships have passed here, they must be the *Assistance* and the *Resolute*, commanded by Captain Omanney; the steamers have been left behind. What will they think at home of our not writing? It will be supposed that we have again fallen in with Americans. According to Mr. Leask, only three French whalers ever appear to have been here—the *Made-moiselle*, the *Ville de Dieppe*, and the *Tourville*.

30th August.—The Esquimaux strengthen their paddles with ivory of some value, that the wood may not be injured; and all the

gold in the world would not be of as much value to them as a few pounds of iron or steel: it is the story of the cock and the pearl over again—"A grain of millet would suit me much better!"

In the morning a very heavy westerly gale begins to blow, and we are soon reduced to the lower reefs, the forestay-sail, and the stay-sails.

The sea is very heavy, yet the waves do not exceed fifteen feet, which surprises me; and I think that, unless verified, one is apt to exaggerate their height.

Our schooner bounds and dives, alternately passing over and under the waves, which frequently sweep our deck, and springing from one to the other like a child over furrows. Our compass varies in a remarkable manner in the tacking, showing a difference of three points each time it tacks to starboard. Unfortunately, the ship has not been tried on the different points of the compass. Attention is now given to this subject in the English navy, and a special office

appointed. As usual, the current is in the same direction as the wind, and throws us back beyond the point where we were.

Towards midnight the weather clears, and we see a few stars or planets for the first time. I tried the other day to ascertain the height of the peaks of Byam Martin, in hope of discovering the lowest limit of perpetual snow; but the result is too uncertain. The waves dash about large pieces of ice, which are very dangerous, and would shiver us like glass if we came in contact with them. We have recognised the Cunningham Hills and Croker's Bay, of which the environs are indented by inlets—yawning openings whose depth is unknown, leading no one knows whither, perhaps isolating that portion of land, and making Greenland into another world division. For ever we are meeting with peaks and icicles, or large white table surfaces, over which rivulets of melted snow meander gracefully. We have little by little reduced the scale of our ambitious desires; and now, more modest still, we limit them

to the strict necessity of finding a harbour of refuge for the winter. Will all be in vain? A year ago, the *Prince Albert* stood where we do now, bearing to England the remains found at Cape Riley. How true it is that all previsions, all calculations, are false, when applied to what can or cannot be done!

Sir Edward Parry was right in deploring the necessity under which the Admiralty labours of giving instructions which should be reduced to this: "Such are our instructions—act for the best." But of what use are lamentations? Perhaps we were following a wrong and perilous track, from which these delays are removing us. Is not the resignation of the most humble hope better than the hopeless struggles of haughty despair?

31st August.—Calm. Alas! what has become of our grand plans of action? To reach Port Leopold before it is blocked up by the ice will be as much as we can do. Man proposes, and God disposes. The land

northward of Lancaster Sound and westward of Croker's Bay, is of remarkable appearance; that of lofty table lands, of which the summits are levelled with great uniformity. The sun's reflections on these snow-covered masses are so strange, when mingled with the clouds, that we all expressed the same opinion, that it is not wonderful Sir James Ross should have been deceived in 1818, for the clouds connect both shores, and it looks as if a chain of mountains closed the strait at a distance of twenty miles from us.

1st September.—In the night another gale of wind springs up, but this time it comes from the east, and is much worse than the former one; and, as the atmosphere is very thick, we run from one side of the sound to the other. In the day-time a wave washes over our bulwarks. We meet with loose ice every time we near land.

2nd September.—Same weather: east wind. Towards four o'clock in the evening, instead of tacking through the sound, we keep her head straight. At eight o'clock, in the

neighbourhood of Cape Pellfort, ice is seen, which Mr. Leask declares to be the pack; and we put about rather soon, perhaps; but with this eight-knot breeze, and a heavy sea, it would not be prudent to venture amongst it: as to get out of it again, with the wind against us, would be neither easy nor certain. At last, at two o'clock, in 74° and 88° , we meet with the pack again, which is, however, what I had expected from the reports of Captain Forsyth and Sir James Ross. It was then agreed to tack about, double the cape, and enter the inlet. For my own part—and in this Mr. Kennedy agrees with me—I should have desired to push westward as much as possible, in order to winter even at Port Winter; but to do that we must have kept close along the pack until we found an opening. Steam! steam! that we had you to help us! We are forced to ship our starboard boat. The sea is heavier than ever, and sweeps the deck every five minutes.

3rd September.—Towards eight o'clock the

weather clears a little ; we are off the north coast, in the neighbourhood of Cape York, but west of it, and we keep along the coast. Worthy Mr. Kennedy, who is desirous of doing all that can be done, wishes to reconnoitre the state of the ice, to see if we can go to Brentford Bay, up again to Leopold, then to Griffith Island, and, if we cannot get in there, return to Leopold. But that is not taking into sufficient consideration the advanced state of the season, of the wind, and of our helplessness in case of calm, &c.; so that it might happen, as it did last year, that having found Port Leopold open when leaving it by the north, we should find it closed on returning by the east. But all the written advice of competent men specially calls attention to this point, to put the ship in safety ; and my advice would be, if Port Leopold is open, to enter it ; if not, then either Port Bowen or Port Nail ; but the most essential would have been to become acquainted with the despatches which may, and probably are, to be found at Leopold ;

therefore I should have preferred putting in there first, the wind being favourable. At half-past one we take the direction of Leopold; weather squally. At five o'clock we meet with ice going from the west-north-west to the east-south-east; thick fog. It has been settled that we shall tack about, so as to double Cape Clarence, and try the north again. The weather is very bad. Mr. Leask points out, and with reason, that the season is very far advanced, that it is extraordinarily mild, and that that is a chance the more for the temperature falling suddenly very low directly these heavy gales cease, and then the ice would at once form all round us. Unicorn whales show themselves quite close to us. I console myself for all our vexations by making more plans for the future than ever. I will write books that shall be portions for my sisters; after that I shall endeavour to form part of a French expedition on a small screw-steamer, &c. At midnight I see land, close to Batty's Bay, I imagine, and we put about.

4th September.—The change of tack brings us near Cape Clarence. The atmosphere is clearer, the breeze more manageable; and when Mr. Leask announces that Port Leopold seems free, our joy need not be described. Perhaps those poor absent ones, so long expected, so long sought for, are there; perhaps, at least, we may have news of them. This thought enlivens us all, and every face is cheerful. Alas! our joy does not last long. From the south one can see that the port is full of ice, heaped up probably by the last easterly winds; it is even impossible to land there, Mr. Leask says. The sea is heavy; but at last a whaler is brought, and Mr. Kennedy and myself make for land. A great distance from land there is a barrier of loose ice, far more difficult to surmount than a solid body, because, once landed, we might then at least have been able to haul the boat over. But the surge is exceedingly strong; the lumps of ice knock against one another like pebbles; and, after making vain attempts, we are

compelled to give it up. We have been alongside of this ice for three hours, from half-past eight to half-past eleven. The ship comes to fetch us. The house and lighthouse left by Sir James Ross are easily distinguishable from the shore, and we go on deck again, our hearts oppressed by one disappointment the more. We continue southward alongside of the ice in the direction of Fury Beach. A belt of small pieces of ice as big as a head precedes a stronger barrier; they are closely packed together, and are only waiting for a sharp frost to form a compact mass. They follow the motions and undulations of the surge, so as to give to this belt the appearance of a coat of mail.

The land about Leopold resembles that of Croker's Bay: with jagged peaks, and broken away in the excavations, it offers to the snow a facility for designing the most graceful arabesques. We waited to try and land where the ice least projected; but it is loose up to the foot of the rocks, to which there is no shore, or, if there is, it also is covered

with ice. If we can, we shall go to Brentford Bay or Creswell Bay, for anything is better for the success of the expedition than to go eastward. As we advance—the coast inclining to the westward—these rocks, less warmed by the wind, are covered with snow: one might fancy them high walls of snow, if a black spot here and there on their perpendicular surfaces did not tell us there was earth beneath.

After descending the coast four or five miles south of Batty's Bay, the ice advances more and more to eastward; weather cold and misty. We then steer a second time for Port Bowen, to our great vexation, although we took in our full quantity of water on leaving the *pack*. We have consumed everything we had on deck; there are still some barrels of provisions, but they are deeply buried in the hold; and, any way, we must get near land. Lieutenant Robinson's report contains a list of numerous provisions at Fury Beach, which would have been very useful to us; for I foresee that

they will be, next year, an unanswerable pretext for returning there.

5th September.—At daybreak we are in sight of land; we can perceive a little hillock north-west of the compass. In spite of what Mr. Leask says, I believe it to be Port Bowen, in Stony Island, which looks like a spot on the north point of the bay. Supposing that we shall stand for the anchoring-place, I officially propose to Mr. Kennedy to go in a boat to Port Leopold, to see for the document we expect to find there; but he explains his plan to me, which is, to wait until the east wind ceases, and then, being sure of a harbour of refuge in case of misfortune, once more to try and get in with the ship. This starting-point is, indeed, essential to every expedition in boats towards Boothia. The coast, as far as we can see, is free from ice in a southerly direction, and contrasts with the west coast, for it does not show the least trace even of snow, the easterly winds of the last few days only having caused it to set into the west. We

both go ahead of the ship in a boat. Sir Edward Parry truly said, that there is nothing so dreary, bare, and desolate as the aspect of this land, the produce of I know not what formation, but which consists in a crumbling soil, covered over with flat schistose stones, which cut our boots like glass. We carefully examine the coast through our glasses, which are very convenient in a boat. Three cairns strike our eyes at once; one on the island, another on the north hill, a third on the monument, and afterwards a fourth one on a mountain to the left as we enter. We go over the whole island in hopes of finding some document left by Parry in 1824 and 1825, but with no success. An oven or forge, some remnants of nails, earthenware, ropes, and a piece of linen rag, are the only traces we meet with: the nails are rusty, but the linen is in perfect preservation. The ship re-enters the bay to take in water; and, after sending away the boat, we climb up North Hill with the greatest difficulty, amidst

stones which crumble beneath our feet, and up a steep ascent, for which the legs of mountaineers are needed. From this elevation of five hundred feet (by comparison with the mountain to the left) we command the environs, which are as naked as the approaches to the bay; we can see the high rocks of the western side, surrounded by a white line of ice; unmistakeable traces prove that the American hare is very plentiful here. We likewise search the cairn on this hill, but without better success; about ten yards from it lie some stones which may cover over cylinders, but we have neither spade nor mattock, and are unable to make sure that there is nothing there, the earth being too hard. We descended more rapidly than we had ascended, but with great detriment to our boots, which form too valuable a part of an Arctic voyager's costume not to be objects of anxiety to us. We then went to the spot marked "Observatory," indicated by the grave of a sailor who was drowned there in 1825. A slight ridge of stones

points out the circular outline of the grave ; at its side we noticed a few marks, and two paths in the direction of the meridian, doubtless intended to serve as indications for future travellers.

Our hearts throbbed as we landed, for we fancied that we recognised human footsteps, but their extraordinary size and a large impression in the shape of a bed, told us a little further on that a bear had been there. Some bones of a whale, and broken bottles and glasses, mark the passage of Europeans. On our return, a piece of rope a dozen yards long, with the government stamp upon it, was picked up on the coast. Whilst we were at the Observatory, the captain, who was on the island, threw down some stones, which fell at the most four or five yards ; but the echo increased the sound of their fall so much that we at first thought there had been a considerable breaking away of earth in the bay. A crow and some doves allowed us to come very close to them, being evidently little used to the company

of man, generally so dreaded by birds of their species.

I have never been more touched than I was this morning by the fervour of Mr. Kennedy's prayer, and the piety and faith with which he entreated the great God of Jacob to inspire our resolutions and direct our understandings; and I see that there is no end to the strength which so ardent a faith bestows! What limit can there be to the daring of a man who is not only persuaded, but convinced, that whatever he does is at the suggestion and by the permission of God? I ask Mr. Kennedy for a boat in which to visit Port Neil, for I think that, rather than consume the provisions of Port Leopold, destined for Sir John Franklin should he come there, Captain Austin will have preferred taking those which he believes to be deposited at Port Bowen or Port Neil. If there is no letter here it is hardly likely that there is one at Port Neil, for these two ports would naturally be visited at the same time; but in any case, and as it will be no

loss of time to us, it is better to obtain satisfactory information on this point.

6th September.—At four o'clock this morning the thermometer stood at 28° ; but the temperature now seems mild to us, either because we are getting used to the cold, or because the caloric action of the sun's rays is really greater here than in the south. After following the coast, and admiring the singular patterns formed by its rocky projections, we reach the entrance of Port Neil, which I only recognise by the chart in my hand, for although distant half a mile from the entrance, we can see nothing but a slight water line. It is only on entering further into the bay that we discover the port, the opening of which is but of four cables' length; it is sheltered by a headland which completely conceals it, perfectly screened from all winds, and is only eight cables' length at its greatest width. It was there Sir Edward Parry retired to recruit after the loss of the *Fury*; but it is precisely because the water there does not feel the

influence of the wind that the bay ice forms more quickly, and dissolves less rapidly than in Port Bowen. A cairn placed on a hillock, to the north, suggests to us the presence of the cylinders we are looking for, and we adjourn there, armed with crowbars and spades; but after digging to the depth of three feet, we come upon the rock; we see nothing to indicate the spot where any writings are likely to be found; perhaps there are none; we have no certain grounds to go on, not having on board the voyage which describes the depositing of cylinders.

A man named John Page died there, but on the 29th of August, 1825, and as the ships sailed on the 31st, there was not time doubtless to erect a tomb to him. At the foot of this hill we find, as in Parry's time, traces of the Esquimaux, that is, stones marking the circle of their tent, and those of their fireplace; these places have probably not been visited since that time, and it would be interesting to know at what period the emigration of the Esquimaux southward

commenced, for the remains on Melville Island also indicate that they were formerly to be met with further north than they are now. We remark that the earth grows sensibly colder. During our excursion, one of our men remained behind by the boat, to cook our frugal breakfast; and on directing our footsteps towards the smoke which served us as a compass, we perceived that it blew along the ground until it reached the angle of the bay, where it met with the breeze, and then rose perpendicularly into the air. We saw some geese, some fat burgomasters, and some pretty black bodied, coral legged dovekeys. The latter especialy seem to people the bays along the coast.

When on the northern hill, we fancied for a moment that we saw the smoke of a steam vessel between Leopold Island and Cape Clarence; but seeing it always in the same place, advancing neither to windward nor leeward, and at last rapidly driven south-east by the north-east winds, we concluded it to be a cloud. After beating about in the

gutta percha, which goes pretty well, we joined the ship at about one o'clock. On land at Port Bowen, we found partridges' dung. Port Neil was only discovered in 1824.

I set off again almost immediately to recommence the fatiguing ascent of North Hill with the necessary instruments, but dug, alas! with no better success than at the monument and at the tomb. In the evening some of the crew picked up at the spot marked on the chart Observatory, but not at the tomb, a label nailed to a board, bearing the word "Observatory;" at its foot was a cylinder containing another sheet of copper, on which were the words "*Hecla*" and "*Fury*." We had persisted in not seeing the monument where it was, and I ought to have carried out my first idea; I thought the tomb was not the place where the Observatory had been, on account of the difference of statements which had struck me in the chart.

A few mosses grow between the stones,

amongst others, the species which Dr. Rae used as a combustible ; I also picked up some shells rolling in a stream formed by melted snow. I should have wished to try at once either to enter Port Leopold, or to land a boat at Water Point, or in the little bay west of Cape Clarence, to get news at any rate ; in a few days this will be no longer possible. If we winter here, we shall have to cross the entire Sound on the ice, with the boats, which will unavoidably encumber us, and we shall not know where to find the ship again, Port Leopold frequently not opening until very late. But if the other side is to be followed, I should wish to set out from Brentford Bay, go across to the north-west as far as Melville Bank Island, then back to Cape Walker, touching at Griffith Island, and thence to Port Leopold, or down the land to the west, whilst Mr. Kennedy explores the coast south of Cape Bird. It would be a disgrace for an expedition like ours not to press forward, when we think of what Parry and Ross did, who had neither

provisions at Fury Beach nor a steam vessel at Port Leopold. We leave a letter at Port Neil.

7th September.—I would bet anything that it is mostly on account of the solemnity of the Sunday that we have not started to-day. Dear Mr. Kennedy! how kind and conscientious he is! he has made me no end of excuses, because I appeared offended by something he said, but for which I certainly bore him no malice, although at the moment I answered him sharply. I am the man of his heart, he says, and he really wins my heart by his simple straightforwardness. Poor man! he does not belong to our time, and his perfectly primitive education has made him too good to lead the men of our day! Yesterday's cylinder was under a heap of stones, indicated by the bone of a whale; that is the custom among the Indians, and in Hudson's Bay. With us the way is to make a cairn or a cross, and the document is buried at some depth, either in a north and south direction, or along a line of stones, and the Esquimaux can never dig it out,

especially when several frosts have passed over it; we have everywhere found the earth frozen as hard as flint at a depth of three or four inches. A fox's head has been found on shore.

8th September.—We get under sail with a fresh breeze, running two to three knots an hour. Mr. Kennedy talked of going to Fury Beach in a boat, the ship driving in that direction; but I pointed out to him that the thermometer has fallen during the last few days; all day yesterday it stood at 26° , to-day it stands at 24° . To expose ourselves to miss Port Leopold is imprudent; Fury Beach being only a secondary consideration, we cannot take the ship there; to go there in a boat, and from thence to Leopold, would perhaps be dangerous, as it is necessary to keep out at sea, on account of the large ice, exposed to the east winds, or if the west winds blow, exposed to the calm which, combined with the low temperature, soon causes the young ice to form. In every case it would be more prudent to make the

attempt by land. We shall not lose the sun till after the 10th of October. After all, this scheme is abandoned. Certainly we could have gone to Cape Riley; the boy-ice, driven to the farther end of the bay by yesterday's wind, and last night covered with snow, forms a white sheet which will harden rapidly, and will soon close the harbour completely.

A bear is seen swimming across the mouth of the bay; a boat goes after him, carefully cutting off his retreat to the shore; and, after an obstinate chase, in the course of which he received five bullets, and several times endeavoured to escape by diving under water, we have the satisfaction of hoisting him on board. We cannot weigh him, but he is a splendid animal, almost as large as an ox; here are his dimensions:—from the snout to the forepart of the head, one foot seven inches (length of the muzzle); from the snout to the tail, eight feet six inches; length of the tall, seven inches; circumference of the middle of the body, six feet four

inches; hind paws, eight inches round and one foot two inches long; front paws, ten inches round, and eleven inches long. He has two enormous tusks, one on each side, in both jaws; these tusks project two inches and a half from the gum. Our dogs are enjoying a real treat, but their gluttony makes us fearful of the consequences for them. Our bear had nothing but water in his stomach; but he is very fat, and his quarters are estimated to weigh each two hundred pounds. It is the rutting season of these animals. The females bring forth in April, and always retire to land at that period, when a great many are killed in Hudson's Bay. We were speaking of the contempt which the so-called savages of the last-named country feel for civilised men. Mr. Kennedy told me that an officer of the company having in jest, but with a serious countenance, asked an Indian chief to give him his daughter in marriage, the latter, who treated him with great deference in his trading capacity, shrugged his shoulders,

saying—"My daughter to you? you do not even know how to hunt!" Another time, when Mr. Kennedy had been very successful out hunting, an Indian asked him who had killed all those bucks. "I did!"—"Ah!" said the Indian, turning to one of his companions, "that one really is a man!"

9th September.—Wind still in the north-west. Fresh breeze running five knots an hour. At four o'clock we come upon very thick ice, which we suppose to have been broken away from the mainland by the north-west winds; but when, a few minutes later, we see land a considerable distance off, it is evident that this must be the ice from Barrow's Straits, which has been brought here since our passage by the current running from west to east, and the easterly winds. The hours seem very long whilst we tack. The thermometer has fallen a little, which may, I trust, portend the continuation of the west winds. The ship makes a road for itself through the ice, occasionally running against an iceberg, and

breaking some. At last we are in clear water, and shall at least get near the harbour, even if we cannot get into it; moreover, I have been reading our books over again, and I see that Parry cut a channel for himself in order to get to his winter quarters. At four o'clock, Mr. Kennedy tells me that it seems to him that the harbour is closed, although the approaches are free; after all, he added, "Like Cortez, I have burned my ships, and there is too much ice behind for us to dream of returning." He makes for land in a boat, with rockets, lanterns, &c. At half-past seven we are scarcely half a mile from land; a black whale swims fearlessly and majestically by between us and the land, as if she knew we had no harpoon to throw at her. This kind of whale is often caught at a distance from the ice. At eight o'clock, worn out by the preceding sleepless night, I throw myself on my bed partially undressed, begging Mr. Hepburn and the doctor to call me if anything new occurs. At a quarter past eight, the doctor tells

me, all hands are called on deck; I run up hastily; Mr. Leask tells me to go up into the yards and report the state of the ice. The wind has veered from north-west and north-north-west to north. The ice, which at five o'clock left a free passage, and at six reached the south point of Cape Seppings, now reaches to the land south of that point. I do not see the boat. On my descent, Mr. Leask asks my advice as to what is to be done. Mr. Hepburn and myself are both struck by the same thought, in which Mr. Grate, the boatswain, and all our crew, excepting Mr. Smith and the doctor, agree, which is, to fall back two miles further south, where the ice leaves an opening, and then keep along the outer edge. We are now about half a mile from shore; the ice lies about a quarter of a mile distant on the other side, and its tendency is to approach the land, against which it would press the ship: it is that which forces us to leave the place we are now in. If the utmost danger were that of being in the

pack, it would not much matter; but one of the great causes of my anxiety is to know if the boat has reached the spot where the provisions are, and when it will be able to join us. The critical moment has now arrived, and may God help us! I no longer think of success; all my prayers are for the safety of our companions. Dear parents! dear friends! may the thought of you sustain and preserve me from temptations to which I may yield! for, if the occasion offers, I shall go as far as possible; and if I am mistaken—if I lose the confidence I have inspired—adieu to life! In spite of my remarks, the sailors are consulted after the officers, and about nine o'clock Mr. Leask asks every one to sign a declaration of opinion. I am opposed to giving the men brandy, notwithstanding the night's fatigue.

If the danger of the boat had been more imminent, I should have advised risking the ship; for Lady Franklin told Mr. Kennedy and myself not to hesitate in such

a case; but I do not think the situation desperate: therefore, as we were sure to lose the ship fruitlessly, it was better not to risk it.

10th September.—Not having gone to bed, I take the midnight watch, lighting a signal-fire every half hour. From half-past ten to midnight several rockets are let off, to which Messrs. Hepburn and Leask see replies on shore. We think we recognise Port Leopold through the darkness of the night, which set in at nine o'clock; and we see the ice advancing very near to the south. We congratulate ourselves on this happy deliverance; but what is our dismay when, at half-past seven o'clock, we perceive that we are far to the south of our imaginary position. Instead of advancing, we have gone back step by step before the ice, driven by the north wind, and also, no doubt, by a northern current; for the whale yesterday was going up the coast towards the north; and they say that these animals always swim against the flood. Mr. Leask calls me, and,

with tears in his eyes, shows me that the coast to the north is encompassed by a thick pack, preceded by banks of thick ice, which again gain continually towards the south. Five or six miles from us—to the north-east, it is true—there is a bay, which Mr. Leask takes to be Batty Bay, but which I rather make out to be Elwin's, on account of the distance. There is a little inlet bending round a bank, which projects southward of the bay; caught in the ice, which will sweep us southward, we can be of no help to the companions who are separated from us. We are obliged to let ourselves be carried by the ice to the bottom of the inlet. Mr. Leask asks me what is to be done. My opinion is, that the best thing is to try to return into this bay, for the reasons which I have just stated. I go below to inform the doctor, Mr. Hepburn, and Mr. Smith, whose brother is in the boat, and to beg them to examine into the state of things for themselves. The moment I come aloft again, Mr. Leask again calls me. The opening I saw leading into

Elwin Bay has narrowed, just like that of Port Leopold yesterday evening; it stretches far to the south, and approaches the land more and more. The wind is due north; the chance on which I reckoned is therefore taken from us. "What is to be done?" says Mr. Leask, once more; "what is your opinion?" My opinion agrees with his. If we are surrounded with ice, which presents no opening but to the south—the east appearing to be closed—the same reasons as above urge me to make with all speed for Batty Bay, though that course takes us forty miles further from our poor friends. "Go below and inform the crew," says Mr. Leask. I call the men up into the rigging, and all, including even poor Mr. Smith, whose brotherly affection makes him more tenacious than the rest, think as we do. What a trial! To have determined perhaps the life or death of five men; but that in a fatal manner! Accordingly, I purpose to attempt an expedition by land or by boat to look for them. My hope is this: they will have been able

to reach Port Leopold, where there are plenty of provisions and clothes; and there Mr. Kennedy will immediately have thought of wintering. The direction of their rocket being almost north, it was difficult to judge their distance from us. We often talked together of Fury Beach; the captain's thoughts will have turned in that direction; his men will have seen the movements of the ship; or, if not, they will have guessed them from the wind and the state of the ice, which did not allow us to remain to the east. Captain Kennedy will have thought that we would not go again to Port Bowen. Mr. Leask proposed that we should make for Batty Bay, the only safe harbour known on this coast; but I represented to him that Cresswell Bay and Brentford Bay offer sufficient shelter; and I am resolved to do anything, even to enter the pack, rather than go and winter on the eastern coast, where it would be impossible for us to do anything for our dear companions.

At half-past eight Batty Bay is fortu-

nately clear of ice, and we moor in it; the wind blowing very hard from the north. The thermometer has not been lower than 23° all night; a happy thing for them, for they have no tent or provisions in the boat. I intend to ask Mr. Leask for a boat and five men. I know not what will become of me; I have not slept for forty hours. These are, perhaps, the last lines I shall write, and my head is spent with weariness.

At half-past twelve, Captain Leask having left me entire freedom of action, after consulting with officers, I resolved on a land expedition, to consist of four men and myself. The reasons for preferring this plan are that—first, it is blowing a gale from the north, and a boat could not arrive. Secondly, the whale-boat, the only one we have to take, is mahogany-built, clumsy and heavy; we could hardly work it; and could not carry it over the ice when we had fallen in with it south of Elwin Bay. In the advanced state of the season the boat may be caught in the boy-ice, and thus disabled

from doing anything whatever. If our friends are on the ice, as the pack is already before the port, two hours after our mooring they will drift south, and will be seen from on board.

But we consider it probable that they have reached the provisions at Port Leopold, and that the essential thing is to let them know where we are.

I calculate that in thrice twenty-four hours we can be at Port Leopold.

A flag is to be hoisted on one of the peaks north of the bay. The doctor wishes to accompany me, but I am obliged to refuse him, considering that his cares may be more precious on board in case they return by sea, for then they would be worn out and dying of hunger; whilst, if they return by land, we should have found them at Port Leopold.

I make our men take each twelve pounds of pemmican, reckoning a pound a-day^s, in case we should meet them on the way. God bless our efforts! At two o'clock we have reason to think ourselves very fortunate in

having reached Batty Bay, for the entrance of it is already barred by very thick ice-blocks. I should have liked very much to set off to-day, but the men are exhausted by the fatigues of the last twenty-four hours.

It is settled that the schooner shall carry a light at the mast-head during the night.

I had thought at first taking my portable canoe, but I think that the currents of water we may meet with, being icy, would cut the boat, and render its use impossible; and it is a weight with which we cannot encumber ourselves, without a chance of its being useful.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST LAND EXPEDITION.

14th September.—I RETURNED yesterday evening with my three men, more dead than alive; worn out alike by bodily fatigue and disappointment.

I had thought that the fewest possible hands should be withdrawn from the vessel, and consented to a reduction of one man. At two on the morning of Thursday the 11th we finished our preparations. J. Smith, Magnus Mecurrus, and W. Millar, three men accustomed to the hardships of the Hudson Bay voyages, were my companions in the expedition. At three o'clock, after a survey from the mast-head, we set out on a gale of wind from the north, the thermometer being at 21° . A party of four men accompanied us for six or seven miles. The snow was much thicker than I had expected; we sank into it more than six

inches. This did not promise us a very rapid march; but, with the ardour that animated us, I trusted that we should be able to reach our destination. I was very sorry not to be able to take our dogs and the sledge; but they would have been perfectly useless, since we had no snow-shoes: only one pair, which belongs to me, remained on board; Captain Kennedy gave the other to Dr. Kane. At half-past nine, having been walking three hours and a half, we halted at a small lake, to eat a little. I was afraid, too, lest the fog should become too thick; and then the wind had veered to the south, and I feared lest the men who had come south should lose their track; and they had, moreover, but a small quantity of pemmican with them. At ten o'clock we separated, and I sent word to Captain Leask not to expect us under a fortnight; and even not to be too uneasy, my intention being to winter at Port Leopold if we found too great impediments to our return, or if any of my party, or if Captain Kennedy's, were too ill.

After passing the high hills which line

the bay to the north, we had arrived at almost level lands, but covered with snow, except a few crests of hills, which were covered with ice in consequence of the radiation from the stones, but over which we marched, to rest ourselves, though that was rather dangerous. As often as we could, we approached the coast in order to be able to examine the sea, which was almost everywhere covered with what seemed through my telescope to be very thick ice. At half-past five we calculated that we had marched eighteen miles since morning; and some perpendicular rocks, about seven miles to the north, seemed to us to be the northern coast of Elwin Bay. A halt became necessary, though I had proposed to make our first halt at that bay. The snow had begun to come down heavily at noon, the breeze springing up at the same time from the south, and we were covered with it. Besides, I thought it imprudent to tire the men too much the first day; and then the snow was becoming thicker and thicker as we advanced northward. A ravine, some miles south of Elwin

Bay, appeared to me good camping-ground; but its two walls were perpendicular, and the rapidity with which the ground is cut at right angles often puts us in peril. The wind was blowing violently, and the snow, coming in whirling gusts, blinded us. The cold was too intense to sleep in the open air; and the snow being very soft, it took us nearly three hours to build a snow-house. My men—persons of sterling metal and experience, and of unquestionable courage—declared to me that it was impossible to go further, and that to persist would be a useless risk of all our lives. For my part, whether from ignorance or otherwise, I did not think that our position was so bad, though I was a little shaken by the opinion of Mr. Smith, whose tender regard for his brother I well knew. I postponed coming to a decision until next morning, when their fatigue should have passed away; and we made a little tea by means of a kettle heated with spirits of wine. This warm drink revived us much more than the pemmican, to which I alone added a little biscuit, the men

having slipped a few pieces into the provision bag, in spite of my prohibition, because they thought that, not being accustomed to an exclusively meat diet, it might disagree with me. Many a time in this short trip I had reason to be inwardly grateful for such delicate attentions, which are always the more touching when they are offered by persons outwardly rough; and the first night, when I was half asleep, I saw them, one after another, come and wrap me up, and make sure that my feet were not frozen. A buffalo-hide stretched on the snow, another over our wet clothes, and our boots for pillows, enabled us to enjoy the soundest sleep.

On Friday morning, after we were refreshed by several hours' rest, I wished to resume our journey; but, upon examining the environs of our snow-house, I found that the snow which had fallen in the night lay several inches deep over the tracks of our mocassins; a cold north wind was raising clouds of snow—for the least on these heights causes whirlwinds; and, in spite of our resolutions, I saw that it was impossible for us

to contend with the elements; and, with despair in our hearts, we were forced to retrace our yesterday's route. Our leather boots were so frozen and shrivelled, that we could wear nothing but mocassins or Esquimaux boots. We sank sometimes a foot or a foot and a half in the snow; the perspiration that streamed down our faces was immediately congealed, and after marching fourteen hours we found that we had got over five miles. I saw plainly that the predictions of the evening before were not vain. The quantity of spirits of wine we had brought with us was very small, because I expected to find some at Port Leopold; and having never tried our chafing-dish with snow, we had no idea of the time or quantity of combustible requisite. Being desirous to reach before nightfall another lake, the water of which would not have been so hard to heat, I had to let one of our men leave behind him fifteen pounds of pemmican, which we could pack up afterwards. We were able to build a second snow-house in less time than before, the snow being thicker. Our

clothes were soaked with perspiration and melted snow; and, when we stretched ourselves out on our buffalo hides, the pressure of our bodies made the water run out of them in all directions. As on the preceding night, we warmed ourselves with a few drops of tea, which did us a great deal of good, for the want of water was what had distressed us most; and next morning we had reason to thank God that it had not been colder: certainly, had the weather been more severe, we should have been frozen. At night we were obliged to put our wet stockings on our bosoms to dry them.

On Saturday morning, seeing how necessary it was to reach the ship before night, I resolved to deceive the poor fellows as to the hour, and made them start after a shorter rest than they could have wished, no doubt; for one of the effects of cold is a drowsiness that paralyses all energy. Shivering and chattering our teeth, we pack up; and I am obliged to allow another fifteen pounds of pemmican to be left behind, besides a buffalo-hide and several other articles of our

slender baggage. At three o'clock we reached the heights near the ship, and our disappointment was increased when our inquiries were answered negatively by the men who came to meet us. I had flattered myself that perhaps the south wind had opened a passage between Cape Seppings and Whaler Point, and that Captain Kennedy, whose courage and boldness I well knew, might have tried to push on to us. Mr. Leask had not reckoned on my succeeding when he consented to my wishes; but who could have anticipated such difficulties? Who can believe, without having experienced it, how fatiguing it is to march, even without baggage, over ground that slips away from your feet; how impossible it is for a man to surmount the obstacles created by wind and snow in the face, excessive cold on one part of the body, perspiration on the other, and a fog which hinders you from seeing the way you are going? for you cannot have the compass constantly in hand, and you can hardly distinguish the footprints of the man you are following. I had given orders that each of us should take his turn to march at the head

of the file, in order that those who followed might escape the fatigue of pressing down the snow ; but its accumulation often rendered that precaution useless. Though burdened with the compass, a telescope, writing materials, and all the requisites for my personal use, except provisions—for I insisted on fully sharing the fatigues of our party—I bore the trial extremely well, and the men were every moment saying, that a man habituated to the climate could not have done better ; but had I doubted my invincible determination to do my duty—my zeal on behalf of poor Mr. Kennedy—all that can be accomplished by the resolution of a man of spirit—the sentiments of Mr. Smith and the others, and their aptitude to endure all that can be physically endured ; had I doubted all this, I must yield to evidence, and now admit that, if circumstances had allowed us to go only ten miles further north, we should never have returned : all the men on board who had been in the Hudson Bay service, or had any acquaintance with these climates, agree in saying the same thing.

I left in our two snow-houses a paper indi-

eating the presence of the ship at Batty Bay, though I hope our friends will not take that route. As no European has yet visited these places, we did not know the difficulties of the journey; but I hope that Mr. Kennedy will have seen them at once. I now congratulate myself very much on not having accepted the disinterested offers of the doctor, and on having left the boat-swain on board. Immediately after my arrival, it was arranged with Captain Leask that the schooner should sail next day. I then tried to recruit myself by a few hours' rest, for I know not if my head will hold out. I have been so upset these last few days, that I feel as if there was a curtain or a crape thrown over my ideas.

This morning the captain wakes me, and with Mr. Hepburn, the doctor, Messrs. Smith, Anderson, and four of the crew, we go in a boat to examine the state of the ice outside the bay. After going four miles in the boat, and about eight miles over a sort of beach formed by last year's ice, we arrive at a spot where the cliffs are less steep, and

we are able to climb up to a point, whence we discover the coast to the north. Far beyond Elwin Bay, five miles off, a pack of very thick ice forms a sort of crescent, the southern point of which is some distance from Batty Bay, on the coast, and seems to us to meet the shore northward, near Elwin Bay. The thermometer is at 20° ; everything indicates bad weather and snow: along our route we find young ice formed in all the interstices in which the breeze cannot make itself felt. When we return, I see that the captain had taken the same view of things as ourselves: the crew are mustered, or, at least, those of them who had not personally reconnoitred the state of the ice, and it is acknowledged that we cannot possibly get out. Even could we have done so, the inevitable consequence would have been to get the ship locked in the pack, and lose the only chance of ever rejoining our poor friends. I have always advised the captain to take the crew into his counsels; not so much in order to cover his own responsibility, as to see if any one man could suggest

anything better than what was proposed. Poor Mr. Leask is more acutely grieved than I could have supposed, and I cannot forget his words and entreaties at the time when Captain Kennedy left the ship.

I cannot conceal the fact from myself, that whatever we may do now, or might have done three days ago, God has decreed their fate: if they did not reach Point Whaler on Wednesday or Thursday morning, they have perished of hunger and cold. If, on the contrary, as I still hope, God has spared them, they have reached Port Leopold, where they have shelter, provisions, and clothes. Our efforts can now have but one object—to come up with them as soon as possible, and relieve ourselves from our anxiety on their account, and them from that which their ignorance of our position must cause them. It is impossible to go to them at present; but, as soon as the ice is firm, I will set off with sledges and snowshoes, and we shall know the truth at last.

I proposed to the men that we should continue to have prayers and service as usual,

in order that, when Captain Kennedy returns, he may not think we forgot his wholesome counsels as soon as his back was turned. They all agree to this with the utmost alacrity; and should we be doomed never to see our absent friends again, this would be at least a homage paid to the captain's memory, and would keep it fresher among us. But our prayers were more than once interrupted by sobs. Oh, my poor friend! why did you not hearken more to my advice? I see to-day, in Sir James Ross's Voyage, that he found the ice in this place much thicker than anywhere else in Baffin's Bay. We will employ ourselves next week in making snow-shoes; but I have had to give up the thought of repeating our attempt by land; the snow-drifts caused by the least breeze, the squalls common at this season, the uncertainty of the weather, the state of the ground between Elwin Bay and Port Leopold, and the decided opinion of all on board, constituting so many insuperable obstacles.

This country is certainly the one that

gives the hardest buffets to human pride. If the frost came a little sooner, our project might, no doubt, be executed next month. The sun will not leave us before the 10th of October, and at that period we shall have a full moon. It was agreed to, at my instance, that in case the crust of ice should form thick enough to hinder the boat from landing, but not enough to let us cross it, provisions and a tent should be left on the beach, as likewise in the very improbable event of the ship being driven from its anchors. Mr. Leask's opinion was already formed before the sending off the boat, which proves, as Parry and others remark, in how great a degree practical knowledge is necessary here above all other places.

If, the ship being out of Batty Bay, the boat had been unable to touch at Port Leopold, and that bay was closed, what should we have done then? Run the risk of landing by crossing the pack? That is not to be thought of. Gone to Port Bowen? But all this would hinder us more than ever from being of any use to them. Happily, the

state of the ice has saved us from that frightful alternative in which we should have been placed by our ardent desires on the one hand, and our sad but true appreciation of the state of things on the other.

19th September.—Since Sunday afternoon we have had, without a moment's interruption, a violent gale of wind (in the bay at least), which we certainly could not have weathered if we had been able to get out, and which would have forced us to take shelter in Port Bowen—the very point we should sedulously avoid, as well as the whole east coast. Though riding at two anchors, with the chains paid out, and bare poles, the schooner laboured severely in those terrible squalls. The thermometer every night down to 16° and 15° —the barometer at 29.30. On Wednesday evening, in spite of the strength of the gale, large white flakes like spots of oil contrasted with the surrounding water, the sea not breaking these—certain indications of a general freezing at hand; and, in fact, the wind having lulled, this morning the whole roadstead was covered with ice

eighteen lines thick. It consists of flakes of a remarkably oval form, indurated together like fish-scales. They are each about five or six feet long, by three or four wide, and seem to consist of an assemblage of smaller flakes of the same form, which join together in the comparatively brief interval of rest between two waves. This white crust is not yet strong enough not to feel the effects of the slightest variation of wind or tide, and the various movements it undergoes make the parts weaker than those first exposed to the disturbing force slip under or over the stronger ones, and thus increase the thickness in that place. This is the reason why, when the whole ice is solidified, instead of having a perfectly smooth surface, as one might expect, and as is seen in ponds and small rivers, the ice forms an uneven, rugged, and undulating surface. In perfectly sheltered places, where the wind is not felt, it remains quite smooth. The oval form, of which I spoke just now, is doubtless due to the fact that the wind always blows in the same direction, and also to the impulse

of the tide ; for hitherto all the ice-blocks we have seen in exposed places are perfectly round, turning entirely upon themselves ; whereas here there is a movement of oscillation, and not of rotation. The water-casks on deck are full of a solid mass, and it is necessary to take out a certain quantity lest the expansion of the water should burst them. I am having snow-shoes made. Smith shapes the wood, whilst others are cutting parchment into thin strips to form the net.

The incessant snowdrifts which cut our faces on deck even in the bay, and the low temperature, make Mr. Leask and all the rest congratulate us every moment on our being here, and declare how uneasy they would be if we were absent. Oh ! if we had had a steamer, what a difference !

During my absence a cairn of stones on the northern shore of the bay, and another at the spot marked as that where observations were taken on the southern shore, were examined, but nothing was found in them. The bay likewise was explored in all directions, to see if a spring of fresh water could anywhere be

found, but without success. It was in spring that the bay was surveyed, and the streams of water marked on the chart are, no doubt, those caused by the melting of the snow. This is a serious inconvenience, and will increase our labour by obliging us to consume more fuel. There must, however, be at the bottom of the bay some river which could not be reached in consequence of the ice barring up the creeks. It was not possible to make the search with sufficient care.

Several of the men have at times let slip an oath, but I had only to pronounce the name of Captain Kennedy to recal them to their duty. As I told them the other day, I cannot influence them by my own virtues as much as our poor friend. I am no better than they, but by keeping watch over each other we shall all mend. The bond of prayer in common is not a mere formality, but its official character must withdraw us from the temptations one is often under to forget it. I have given orders that the gong should be rung in a particular manner to call to prayer, and the regularity of these meetings,

like one family, will contribute not a little to beget a pious habit of mind in us all. The mode adopted from the first, and which I continue, is exclusive of anything sectarian: the reading of a psalm and a chapter of the Bible, and of a prayer, taken by turns from the books of each of us, composes our morning and evening worship. I carefully avoid, and that too in accordance with my conviction, considering our poor absentees in any other position than that of persons who have to suffer much, but whom we shall soon see again. I sometimes think it is very fortunate that our ship is a teetotaller, otherwise suspicions of drunkenness would, no doubt, have hung over us.

21st and 22nd September.—Our hopes have been vain; and during the last three days violent squalls have destroyed the ice which constantly forms during the intervals of calm. The thermometer falling to 12° , we long to see the cold increase, in order that a thick bank may form as soon as possible. Part of the crew is entirely occupied with our snow-shoe—sa work which, unfortunately, cannot

go on very fast; the others are preparing the woollen tent which is to cover the ship, or winter garments, boots, &c.; for most of them are but badly provided: they allege that they had expected to find everything on board, and that they had been promised as much. Mr. Leask says, he spoke several times to Lady Franklin about the boots furnished last year by the Admiralty, and she gave orders to take some, which Captain Kennedy, no doubt, forgot. The woollen tent for winter serves a double purpose; the pipes of all the chimneys pass through it, and should it take fire, which may very possibly happen, it will be more easily extinguished than if it were made of any other material.

23rd September.—The bay is covered with fresh ice, two or three inches thick, which persists in spite of the breeze; and we think that the ship will remain henceforth in its present position. Her head points almost to the bottom of the bay, which is what we wished; the breeze, as Parry remarks, blowing almost always parallel to these bays or inlets. For my part, I should rather have

had her head seaward, in order to be in the better position to get out in spring, in case we have to cut a passage. This, however, is not quite so essential for us, if the ship is to remain until the return from the exploring voyages, because we look for the time when a general break-up of the ice takes place in the bay, which was not the case with the vessels going out for purposes of discovery, their object being to get away as soon as possible. I am to-day the object of an attention which touches me greatly. Recollecting that it was my father's birthday, and having mentioned the fact quite casually, the doctor had a little collation prepared while I was on deck, after dinner; and Messrs. Leask and Hepburn expressed their good wishes and their friendship for me on this occasion in a manner that gives me the greatest pleasure. In exception to our general rule, a glass of grog is drunk by us and by the crew to the health of my family.

24th September.—We have observed some gleams of light, which our Hudson Bay men ascribe to the *aurora borealis*. During the

night, a little before twilight, an animal was seen passing, supposed to be a wolf or a fox. Large tracks of a bear have also been seen on the north side of the bay. We also saw bear-tracks on Sunday morning, the 14th; but they cannot be the same, for they would have been covered by the snow. We have knocked the head out of a water-cask, and placed it forward, not far from the boilers; the pieces broken out of the casks on deck are put into it. The temperature of the crew's berths keeps its contents in a more nearly liquid state; and, besides, we empty a kettle of boiling water into it from time to time. We fare sumptuously on our Port Bowen bear, and the fried flesh is by no means bad; the greatest care must be taken, however, not to leave the least particle of fat attached to it. Every time our cook at all neglects this indispensable precaution, we are immediately made aware of the fact by a disagreeable acrid taste. The crew persist in refusing to touch it, because one of them, who was wrecked in the *Thomas* in 1836 or 1838, asserts that some of his shipmates died

after having eaten bear's flesh ; their deaths being, no doubt, attributable to the frightful hardships the poor fellows had undergone. But, when prejudices have once rooted themselves in a sailor's head, I know no place from which it is so hard to extirpate them. In wild countries it is often quite as difficult to hinder them from gathering unknown and dangerous fruits and shell-fish. Parry says, in his Voyage to the North Pole, that his men had severe colics after eating the meat of the white bear ; but it was an indigestion due rather to the quantity than to the quality of what they devoured. The poor seals of the bay cut holes at intervals, which the ice stops up soon after, but which they immediately open again. It appears to me, from what I observed of their proceedings through the telescope, that, after having broken the ice with their heads, they get above the surface, and turn rapidly upon themselves, which would account for the regularity of the holes we have seen this summer : in this manner they smooth down the edges with their backs.

We cannot insist on the crew's eating bear's flesh, as our men have a right to their regular rations; but in winter it might be given as an increase of ration. Richardson recommends the use of this flesh as extremely nourishing.

25th September.—Snow abundant and in gusts. The hills which surround us are crowned with a sort of fog caused by the whirlwinds of snow, thick flakes of which blow upon our deck and blind us. In the course of the day, two bears make their appearance on the south coast of the bay, but out of our reach: they tried to cross; but the ice not being strong enough, they went further south, and we were unable to pursue them for the same reason. I cannot reflect without a shudder that we should have been forced to abandon the boat, even had we not been at Port Leopold; that is to say, in a spot where our poor absent ones have been able to find shelter and food; nothing would then have been left us but to take counsel of our despair, and perish all together. I now try to console myself

for our failure by thinking how powerless we should have been to render them any effectual assistance, if we had succeeded in our venturesome enterprise, having no means of bringing them on board again : my inexperience must be my excuse for the boldness of what I attempted, as well as our ardent desire to rejoin them. During the last few days, our great fear has been that the icebergs driven out of the bay would carry us along with them; for these inert masses have a force which no anchor nor chains can withstand. One great consideration in determining on an anchorage place for the winter is, to choose a creek against the headlands of which the ice-fields of the bay may dash themselves. I have as yet been unable to go on shore to make observations, and I see how necessary was the precaution of a tent on the shore, in case of our return from the expedition to Port Leopold.

26th September.—A poor kittiwake and another kind of gull fall close to the ship, seemingly exhausted by the cold; but a sudden gust carried them off. We have not

seen any birds for some days, and these are probably the last we shall meet with. The ice settles in more positively during a few hours' calm, and at last we have all round us a fine smooth sheet of it, extending to the entrance of the bay. We turn out our dogs, who are very thankful for a treat, rendered still greater by their close imprisonment on board. As soon as they are free, they set off to explore along the shore, and return in the evening breathless, hungry, but frisky with delight: they share with us the luxury of bear's flesh, to which they are very partial; but, notwithstanding their habitual voracity, the immense quarters of meat hanging up aft of the ship do not seem comparable to the pleasure of a race on the ice. These are events in our winter life. I have been deaf for the last three weeks, but am not uneasy at it, having gone through the far more terrible trial of temporary blindness. I am able to read, and am indifferent to the rest: I trust to the warm weather for setting all right.

27th September.—A gale of wind from the

north, for the first time, of such violence as to throw the ship to one side, in spite of the shelter of the lofty shores before us, the gale taking her athwart ships, and breaking the ice to leewards, although five or six inches thick. At about ten o'clock two bears endeavour to cross the ice on the south side of the bay; but they are too close to the entrance, where the ice is weakest, and they do not appear disposed to plunge into the water at a temperature of 16° . It is remarkable that all the seven bears that we have either seen or found the traces of, were all going northwards from Port Bowen. I think the reason must be, that in Prince Regent Strait, the north being most open, and the last to be closed by the ice, they are able to find the water free, and have therefore better chances for meeting with their food. In the afternoon another bear, probably one of those seen in the morning, deliberately walks up to the ship, of which he probably scents the emanations; hidden behind the bulwark, we let him approach until within thirty or forty *mètres*, already

congratulating ourselves on this piece of good fortune for us and our dogs. There never was a finer opportunity; but one shot went off before the signal determined on, and, like a platoon of ill-disciplined soldiers, we all fired mechanically, and without success. Surprised by such a reception, the bear, whom we already called our bear, marched off—not very fast, I must do him the justice to acknowledge—turning round and stopping occasionally to see what it could be. Our clumsiness was so apparent that we could only laugh: a chase was impracticable.

28th September.—The wind blowing hard again during the night, the sides of the poor ship groan in a way to alarm the uninitiated. Although not in accordance with the ideas in which I have been brought up, I now consider it a duty to set the crew the example of observing Sunday as a day of rest, since their religion orders them to do so; moreover, I see nothing in it but what is perfectly natural, and I have determined specially to devote that day to religious studies.

29th September.—We try our sledge; our dogs draw satisfactorily, and, as the ice is perfectly smooth, the sledge runs easily; but for traversing the snow we shall be compelled to have recourse to another kind, called “flat;” this rests on two vertical frames, one on each side, which sink into the snow. To-day we began to make use of this means of conveyance for fetching snow to convert into water. This morning at five o’clock the thermometer stood at 4° , and in the doctor’s cabin, one of the pegs which traverse the deck is crowned by a crust of ice, although not two *mètres* from the stove. I woke up several times in the night with my nose frost-bitten. The Esquimaux have sledges fifty feet long when they travel in large bodies, under shelter of which they construct their huts whenever they halt. The ice being pretty solid now, with the exception of a hole here and there, the doctor and I go to the northern headland of the bay to see if our prayers will soon be heard; but as yet there is no land-floe and no more ice than there was a fortnight ago.

Only the sea is covered with boy-ice between the pack and the shore. Every wind that blows makes us think of the mental sufferings of our friends, who are doubtless very uneasy on our account, and who moreover do not know whether they will themselves be free before next spring.

May God have mercy on them, and make us the instruments of their deliverance !

Our preparations are still actively carried on. I think it is our duty not to start except with every possible means for being of use to them, and bringing them away with us if we should find them ill or knocked up. I shall take the doctor with us on that chance. I should have wished to take snowshoes for them, but the work gets on too slowly, as I have but two or three men who understand the business. I shall insist upon having four pair made, and take mocassins only for them. I am anxious to have everything ready before starting ; for if we fail in this undertaking, I should fear that our men would be discouraged, and I should be compelled to postpone a third attempt to some

distant period. We must not go like a parcel of thoughtless children, or as if we had only to ask what had become of them, but we must be able to bring them back. Command invests one with a terrible moral responsibility!

30th September.—How much I regret that we have no tribe in our neighbourhood! The natives might have been very useful to us, and they would have benefited by their intercourse with us. The lower part of our sledge is strengthened with ivory, to prevent the wearing away of the wood. An interesting article in the "Nautical Magazine" for March 1851, draws my attention to the subject of which it treats: "On the relative superiority of metals with regard to their utility." When Wallis discovered Tahiti, he offered to the savages several gold, silver, and copper coins, as well as some iron nails. Their order of appreciation was the exact reverse of that usual among Europeans. The Indians saw copper and iron for the first time; and although the glittering of the precious metals

might have suggested their capabilities as ornaments, the usefulness of the iron nails struck them still more forcibly. Was this feeling of their utility intuitive to the Indians, or did the pointed shape of the nails suggest the possibility of their being converted into offensive weapons—the warlike implements of all primitive nations having that pointed form? But then, why choose the round pieces of copper next to the iron nails? The experiment could only have been made a decisive one by offering the various metals in the same shape. There was an ethnographical question, moreover, attached to this interesting problem. Had not Mongolian or Malay tradition transmitted to these Indians the fact of the utility of iron? The author has doubtless forgotten that, in some places where Cook touched at, the natives showed the most perfect indifference to iron and copper, whether in the shape of nails or anything else. In his last voyage, in Queen Charlotte Straits and the strait which bears his name, the preference given to copper is explained by the settlement of the Russians

in America, and the possible communications from the other side of the Rocky Mountains with the Indians of Hudson's Bay. The progress of the human mind is slow; and the history of the discovery of most of the materials indispensable to our civilised wants, proves that chance, or rather Providence, and not our own instinct, puts us on their track. Enlightened by experience and the memory of the past, man no longer waits passively, but seeks and studies, obedient to the divine law of progress. It is impossible not to reflect on the question of the relative happiness enjoyed by savages, compared with the so-called misfortunes produced by their intercourse with Europeans. Are not their subjection to our commands the importation of our faults grafted on their own? Are not all these evils the forerunners of future emancipation? What is commoner than the proverb, "Rome was not built in a day?" And shall we wonder if the human race marches slowly on through difficulties to universal perfection!

1st October.—In the day a heavy gale;

Captain Leask made an excursion into the bay with the sledge, and found a buck's head frozen in the mud. We continue our preparations for wintering, placing our boats on the ice, so as to clear our deck as much as possible. The doctor begins a regular distribution of lime-juice, as a preservative from scurvy. In order the better to calculate the chances of our expedition, I make a table of the rising and setting of the sun: it is terrible to see how rapidly our days are shortening. Why did I not go in the boat? Or why, for a wonder, did not Mr. Kennedy let me accompany him? Their anxiety cannot be equal to ours!

2nd October.—We pull down the partitions of our saloon, so as to ventilate it as much as possible, and bring the stove-pipes into the centre; and as it is impossible to remain on deck, except under penalty of freezing, we examine the extent of our domains. The hills at the further end of the bay are covered with mosses, and a small shrub which the inhabitants of Hudson's Bay call a willow, but the branches

of which do not rise above the ground, and spread out in a fan-shape, a foot at most above the principal stem. Numerous traces on the snow indicate the presence of either a hare or a fox; and while discussing the point, two white hares start up at our feet. The captain fancied that there was a small lake in the neighbourhood, and we had come with the intention of laying down some fishing-lines, and examining the possibility of deriving thence any fresh water for the ship; we were not, therefore, equipped as sportsmen, and that is our only excuse, for one ought never to be without powder and shot. Only two of us have guns; so that a third hare escapes us. After scouring the environs without success, and making sure that there is no lake, we return to the shores of the bay, where we start a small covey of partridges: our sportsmen kill nine. These partridges, which Mr. Smith recognises as a species of ptarmigan, are quite white, with the exception of a few feathers spotted like those of our European partridges; the legs are similar to the European ones, except

that they are covered with a kind of down even to the ends of the claws. The whole plumage has a very lovely roseate tint. These birds are, like the hares, very difficult to hit on account of their colour, which renders them invisible on snow-covered ground. In the evening Mr. Leask tells me that it is his intention to return with us to Port Leopold, of which I am very glad.

3rd October.—We set off in the sledge as we did yesterday; and whilst Mr. Leask tries his fortune anew, I go up to the further end of the bay to see if I can find any fresh-water spring. At the end of six or seven miles I at last reach a rivulet, of which I break the ice with a shot from my gun; I find fresh water, as I had hoped: unfortunately we can make no use of it; for, before our arrival, the water, which is shallow, has entirely frozen over, and the ice bears the traces of the undulations of the ground for more than a mile, which renders all means of transport impracticable. This is owing to the action of the tide, which destroyed the ice daily, and broke it into small pieces,

which remained fixed at the bottom as irregularly as the stones which form the bed of the river in this place. At the foot of all the steep hills on the south shore are found masses, some ten to fifteen feet thick, the formation of which may be explained thus : —the snow naturally rolls down these hills, and accumulates at the foot, where, melted by the action of the solar rays, it turns to ice as soon as the first frosts set in ; the sea which bathes the coast slowly saps the base of these masses of frozen snow, which in course of time fall down, and remain in the shape of perpendicular walls. I suppose the reason why the same thing does not occur on the hills exposed to the north is, that the cold not taking the same effect on the hardened as on the melted snow, the snow is carried off by the waves in its natural state ; besides, the wind blows more frequently from the north than from the south.

In the evening we return, having been about twenty miles, and very glad of our sledge, which carries us along the smooth ice at the rate of four miles an hour, having

three dogs for three men. The sledges are made in the following manner:—some boards are nailed across two frames, which are bent forward so as not to strike against the inequalities of the ice; at the back are fixed two pieces like the handle of a plough, which are used to direct the sledge, the person driving pulling them towards him with more or less force, according to the direction he wishes to take. It is somewhat fatiguing to drive a sledge when the dogs are not well trained, for one has to run first to the right and then to the left to get them into the right track, or walk before them to lead them. When they are trained, the driver can sit in the front part of the sledge; the dogs, harnessed by their chests, pull straight, and a touch with the whip suffices to point out to them the road they are to follow. The words of command imported into Hudson's Bay by the Canadians are almost all French. We had taken with us a grappling-iron to fix the sledge with during our absence, but our driver assured us the precaution was useless; for, like true Esquimaux

dogs, our steeds never stirred during the seven or eight hours that we were away, and we found them lying on the ice, in the same place where we had left them. When the Esquimaux in are waiting for a seal, they leave their dogs behind, and accustom them to this immoveableness. It sometimes happens that the starving dogs take advantage of their master's absence to eat up the harness and the skins which cover the sledge; but nothing of the kind is to be feared from ours, who are gorged with bear-flesh, and almost too fat to run.

4th October. — This morning, at seven o'clock, the thermometer fell to Zero: a pole, placed between the two masts, is fastened down as a support for the winter tent; ropes passing over the mast, from one side to the other, form a kind of frame for this roofing. Our vinegar-bottles fly, and the vinegar itself is condensed in the form of rosy snow, with all the scent and acidity of the liquid itself. I think it is Parry who says that, when the cold is intense, this snow loses its flavour, and in the middle of it is found a ball which

contains all the virtues of vinegar. When we smoke on deck, the vapour becomes condensed in the pipes (long, reed-like ones), and is converted into ice if the inspiration is discontinued. The sort of cabin built upon deck, over one of the hatchways, and the absence of all the maritime utensils that used to encumber it, give our ship quite the aspect of a house—I had almost said, of a floating one.

5th October.—Divine service as usual. Our men go out walking in the afternoon; I cannot oppose this, although such is the English custom: our men have little spare time, except on that day, just at present, for we have, fortunately, enough for them to do. I follow a different course in my own conduct.

6th October.—Wherever there is the head of a nail in our rooms, whether great or small, there a coating of ice exists; in some places the ceiling and wall are likewise covered with it, on account of their radiation. In better times I had thought of setting up a paper when this season should arrive, which would have been a source of instruction and

amusement for the crew; but I have not courage for it just now; my heart is too heavy with vexations and troubles.

7th October.—At a short distance from the ship we found the traces of six Esquimaux huts, at the foot of a ravine; a quantity of whales' bones, amongst which Captain Leask discovered six jaw-bones, would indicate this to have been a place put into to enjoy quietly a piece of good luck; for, although the bones are those of suckers, or young whales, they are too large for the Esquimaux to have killed them; they must have been dead fish thrown on shore by the sea: their colour and state of preservation lead one to think that they have been there since a period anterior to the discovery of the bay in 1824. Mr. Hepburn also found a stave of a cask bearing no mark, but probably left by Sir Edward Parry's or Sir James Ross's parties.

8th October.—I have hitherto endeavoured to keep the cold at bay as much as possible, but I see that I have overrated my powers of endurance—at least my feet and hands

covered with chilblains, my half-frozen ears, and pains all about my body, prove to me that our physical endurance does not exceed very narrow limits; I have therefore had to give in to the plan adopted by my more experienced companions, who did not want, as I did, to harden and accustom themselves. Now I wear woollen all over, or else the body very quickly gets cold when not in violent exercises. I went with the doctor to a distance of eight miles from the ship, along the coast, to inspect the state of the ice. The eastern shore, covered with snow, is very distinct, and the sound appears frozen from shore to shore. Unfortunately the ice does not resemble that of the bay, yet the numerous scars of struggles between the winds and the tides form so many furrows crossing each other in every direction on the shores; whilst, at sea, lofty hummocks indicate a thicker ice—no doubt that of the pack which breaks all the weaker ice of the season. This dovetailing of one floe in another is sometimes very regular, like the neatest carpenter's work; the pression of the outer

pieces against those in the bay has occasioned in the latter long cracks and crevices, extending in a straight line for a mile or two. All along the coast there is a sort of wall formed by the land-floe, which at low-water gets dashed to pieces wherever it comes in contact with the shore. However, although the ice is very slippery, and an inch or two of snow would suit us better, I would willingly risk the attempt, if our snow-shoes were ready. Here and there we found a few pools, on one of which we shot an eider-duck, no doubt some poor half-frozen laggard. On returning, we were surprised to see the tracks of a bear on the snow, perfectly distinct, but in relief, instead of being hollow. A glance round us explained this appearance: when a heavy body presses upon recently-fallen snow, that snow becomes compacter and more quickly solid than that which surrounds it; and when the wind blows it carries off the lighter snow, leaving the heavier in its place. These tracks were at the foot of a hill jutting out into the sea, and from which the faintest breeze blows about the light snow.

9th October.—The wooden frames for our snow-shoes are now all made, and we can employ three men in making nets; so that I think we shall be able to start for Port Leopold in a week's time: this prospect makes me more cheerful. I went with the doctor to the summit of the land north of the bay, in order to have a more complete view of the state of the ice; we found it satisfactory. The ice on the coast and in the inlet is not of the same colour as that of the western coast where we are; it is evidently covered with snow, and looks like the pack from Baffin's Bay. When I return on board, Mr. Leask agrees with me on that point. As the wind has blown more frequently from the west and from the north, I think that the ice of Barrow Strait, only partially able to break through the young ice on the west coast, has come round the other side. If this is so, the ice which now blocks up Port Bowen and Port Neil is much thicker than the ice on this side, and we shall be free sooner; the fresh water in the bay will also help to break through our too-solid barriers. The soil of

the table land is not nearly so equal as it had appeared to us when we made our land attempt; and we are better able to judge to-day, because the whirlwind of snow is not so violent as it was then: it seems never to cease entirely, which causes a dazzling and a refraction which no one can imagine before suffering from it. We stumble at every moment; when, thinking we are setting our foot down on flat ground, we sink into a hole; a heap of stones, barely three feet high, looks to us, at a distance of not a hundred *mètres*, to be a column ten feet high. This refraction of the white light, joined to the species of gauze with which the whirlwind surrounds all objects, renders impossible any just estimation of form or distance. After tea Mr. Hepburn and Mr. Smith were talking about the Indians, and their resentment of injuries: they do not, however, make any mystery of their projects of vengeance. Mr. Hepburn told us that a Mr. Prudence, in charge of the fort at Saskatchewan, hearing a gun go off, went out to see what had happened, and found the dead body of an Indian, the

murderer having escaped; another Indian came up and accused the white man of his friend's murder; he denied it; but the Indian, unwilling to give up his belief, quietly said, "There are only two of us alive here; it is not I, therefore it is you. I shall kill you." He came several times to the fort to trade with Mr. Prudence, and talked with him in a friendly way, but always ending with, "When I meet you outside the fort I shall kill you." To seize the Indian, imprison him, &c., was the surest means of having the fort burned down, and all the whites massacred; on the other hand, to live with this perpetual threat hanging over him was intolerable. Inquiries were made, and it was found that the murderer was a half-breed, who had not long left the country. The Indian then apologised, and gave up his plans of revenge. A strong sense of justice seems peculiar to them. Mr. Hepburn was telling me that an Indian having killed the parents of a white man, the latter penetrated into the midst of the tribe, and in presence of his companions, who

were all aware of the crime, blew his brains out, not one of them interfering. In their eyes, retaliation is justice: an eye for an eye, or rather a skin for a skin.

10th October.—A little way from the ship there is a hole, which we keep constantly open in order to supply ourselves with water for washing and soaking the salt meat in. I had noticed a quantity of small yellowish things all round its edges, and supposed them to be grains of barley; this morning I discovered them to be small crustacea, most of them as large as a grain of wheat, but the largest of the size of a haricot-bean: they are a kind of shrimp which abounds in the northern seas. I counted five hundred in a very short space of time, and I think there were no fewer than twelve or fifteen thousand in the meat-net. I had always fancied that these little creatures never rose to the surface. Parry tells us that his men, having once put a goose in soak for their Christmas dinner, were very much surprised to find nothing left of it but the bones. We turn their voracity to account by giving them the

head of our bear to pick. An accident happened this morning to our snow-shoes; they had thoughtlessly been put into a hole in the ice in order to warp the wood; of course they got frozen in, and while breaking the ice to recover them, a pair was broken. This delay, coupled with the encouraging state of the ice along the coast—less uneven on this side than on the other, owing to its different nature—causes us to modify our first plan, which would lead us too far away; and, as Captain Leask has given up the idea of coming with us, I have determined that we will set off with the pair of snow-shoes I had, and another pair which will be finished to-morrow. I fear, moreover, that Mr. Kennedy may suppose that we have returned to Port Bowen, and attempt to cross the inlet, if we leave him time enough. We shall start on Monday or Tuesday, if the weather will at all allow of it: we must risk much on account of that possibility.

11th October.—Our dogs will not be in good marching order: one is lame, another has young ones, and the youngest, which is

now in heat, is likely to be troublesome in company with the two others. The thermometer has stood all day between 5° and 9° of Fahrenheit, but the weather is splendid, and I hurry our preparations as much as possible. The crew has agreed to work all day to-morrow, although a Sunday, in order to accelerate our movements, and it is now certain that we shall leave on Monday. The thought of starting gives me fresh hope; I have not felt so happy for a month past.

12th October.—At last, by dint of incessant urging and driving, I have succeeded in getting all ready for to-morrow: all our mocassins are not made, but we can finish them at Port Leopold. The sledge is packed, and to-morrow, at four o'clock, I think we shall be able to start. A night-tent, in default of a snow-house, a small quantity of charcoal for firing, and a much larger quantity of spirits of wine than on the previous occasion, are the chief of what we take for our encampment. At Elwin Bay I shall leave provisions for nine persons and the four dogs during a two-days' march, and

take with me a change of clothes and some shoes for our friends. If the ice is good, I shall endeavour to encamp to-morrow on the north shore of Elwin Bay. On the second day, if I do not feel certain of reaching Port Leopold, and a creek offers as a shelter for the night, I should stop a little earlier, in order not to expose our tent to the chance of being blown away. I have also taken three rockets, with which to announce our arrival on the second evening, if we are not too far off. The party consists of Dr. Cowie, two men, and myself. I fear that the doctor's presence will be more needed there than here, Mr. Kennedy being a great sufferer from rheumatism; and this time I forestalled Dr. Cowie's wishes by choosing him as one of us. The other two are, Mr. Magnus, one of the men of the first attempt, and Mr. Smith. Two pair of snow-shoes will do to clear a path with, if the snow is very thick. Altogether, this expedition is perhaps more dangerous than the first one; but, if I do not deceive myself as to the dangers, it is because my duty is to foresee

them. I trust in the help of God; if he has ordained otherwise, may His holy will be done! I start full of hope, after reading over and kissing once more some letters which remind me of home and home affections. Adieu!—until when? I write to Lady Franklin.

13th October.—We are already back again, after a most unfortunate accident, which I have not yet got over, for it destroys hopes long and dearly cherished. This morning, at three o'clock, we prepared to start, and at five o'clock we reached the first headland of the bay; the thermometer, at 2°, promised us a tolerably easy journey; the atmosphere was clear, and the ice, along the shore at any rate, everywhere smooth or easy to traverse. Our dogs were so little hindered by the weight of the sledge, that we had to trot to keep up with them; for to hold them back is impossible. At sunrise, a little after seven o'clock, we arrived at the limit of our excursion of the 8th. Two miles further on, a large piece of water reaching to the shore made me uneasy as

to the rest of the journey; for it is impossible to judge of the state of a path on the ice, even at a short distance, unless one has been over it. However, as we were at the foot of a ravine where the earth is constantly covered with snow, we endeavoured to pass over it; and, finding there the somewhat recent traces of two bears, we crossed easily by following these traces, which lay over the most solid part of this frozen crust. My hopes revived when, after clearing this first obstacle, we found the ice sufficiently favourable to allow of our keeping up the same speed. Then I reflected, that if the winds, which always blow through these ravines with great violence, break the ice at the foot of the coast, yet that these ravines form a kind of shore always covered with snow, and along which it is possible to pass at this time of the year. Everywhere else the cliff is perpendicular, and has no shore available in summer. The man who acted as our scout could not keep in front of the dogs, however fast he ran; and, whenever he did gain upon them, they galloped on so

as to outstrip him. After our first stoppage, I had formed the plan of leaving the sledge and a man at Elwin Bay, if it appeared difficult to go beyond, and making the rest of the journey as unencumbered as possible, in order to make sure of reaching Port Leopold on the second day. At ten o'clock, as I was standing with one of the men about a hundred *mètres* from the sledge, I fancied I saw it turn over, and then Mr. Smith disappear in the ice. I thought they had fallen into a hole, and ran to their assistance, so fully persuaded that this was the case, that Mr. Smith, who was on his feet, had to call out to me that the ice was breaking under me, and I had only time to spring back. This ice, only two inches thick, was covered with melted snow so as effectually to conceal all danger. Seeing our baggage and provisions entirely wet, I instantly determined to return to the ship to dry them; but another misfortune was impending: the floe on which we stood had broken away, and the rising tide was drifting it out to sea, whilst we were saving our property. Fortunately,

we had had the prudence to keep close to the shore, and Mr. Smith, being wet, remained a few minutes in the water, and was able to cut away some ropes as well as the harness of our poor dogs. My knapsack being at the upper part of the sledge, we were able to give some dry clothes to Mr. Smith, who was half frozen; and a few other bags were thrown on shore, but all wet, and excessively heavy as soon as the sea-water in which they were soaked froze. The doctor, whom I had requested not to give brandy to the men before starting, had, no doubt, misunderstood me, for every one was afraid to tell me that there was a small phial of it among the things saved: a few drops soon revived our companion; and, although I am opposed to a regular consumption of spirits, I shall in future take care that there be a sufficient quantity in case of need. The chief part of our baggage, four buffalo-robcs, the tent, our portable kitchen, the doctor's instrument case, the only one on board the Prince Albert, and our sledge, were all drifting out to sea. There was no time to be

lost. Our things, having frozen, were of an enormous weight; and, as it was important for us to be on board by night, not knowing what the movements of the ice might be, I set the example, and left all my property there; and at eleven o'clock we began sadly to retrace the road which we had come along only a few hours before full of hope and confident of success. Our dogs, who had set off at full speed the moment they were free, were waiting for us three or four miles off; but having grown distrustful, they would not follow us on the ice, and escaped. We thought, and rightly as it proved, that their instinct, especially that of the mother-bitch, would bring them on board again. At five o'clock we found ourselves once more among our friends, who were, doubtless, very far from expecting so prompt a return; but thankful to heaven that our misfortune had not been greater, and that all had returned. That is a blessing for which we have indeed reason to be thankful in these dreary regions, where a few hours suffice to bring about all sorts of perils. I immediately proposed the

following plan to Captain Leask, who approves of it:—to go in a boat to the spot of our disaster, and save as much as possible of what was left behind, and renew our attempt eight or ten days hence. From the 21st to the 25th, we shall still have seven hours of daylight; and, with God's help, we may succeed. In the midst of all these crosses, I cannot help a certain satisfaction in feeling that I am improving in powers of observation and coolness; I smile at my presumption, and yet I think I can say that of myself with justice. I hope we shall be able to set off the day after to-morrow to save our goods.

14th October.—Thermometer, seven o'clock, 3°; twelve o'clock, 4°; six o'clock, 3°; ten o'clock, 6°. We shall not be able to start to-morrow, as I wished to do. Two men have been sent to bring back the buffalo-robe which we left a month ago. They were to follow the coast, and go up to the ravine near which we encamped at that time; not having returned before dark, we are very uneasy, fearing they may have fallen into the soft

snow, which lies sometimes from ten to fifteen feet deep in these valleys full of crevices. However, at nine o'clock they arrived very weary, bringing back the robe, which makes up the four now remaining to us, and the few pounds of pemmican which we had been compelled to leave. Having found great difficulty in penetrating inland, they tried to return by the shore; but the snow is now too deep and too yielding for travelling, without snow-shoes, to be possible; they were forced to give up the idea, and return by the road they had gone in the morning. The snow has covered over the hut that we had constructed, and made a perfectly compact and solid mass of it. They found the ice broken, even in places where we passed yesterday. Indeed, I had gone out to meet them this evening, and made the same observation; we are indebted to the full moon for a bright light, and also for strong tides which break the ice-floes, and render their position very unstable. On reading over what I said yesterday about the experience I am gaining, I may also add, that I must

harden myself also to the most vexatious disappointments.

15th October.—I want to go and fetch our sledge, or at least all that we could save out of it, by means of a boat, for there is no other way; but I want a good many men, and they are all in want of something, without which they cannot start. With God's help, I promise myself that I will not return from a third attempt without having reached Port Leopold.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The following is the telegram respecting the American Arctic Expedition which was received by the United States Government on the 9th inst.:

St. John's, Newfoundland, May 9, 1873.—The English sailing ship *Walrus* has just arrived, and reports that the steamer *Tigress* picked up on the ice at Grady Harbour, Labrador, on the 30th of April last, fifteen of the crew and five of the Esquimaux of the steamer *Polaris*, of the Arctic Expedition. Captain Hall died last summer. The *Tigress* is hourly expected at St. John's.—F. N. MALLOY, United States Consul.

Additional particulars are given by the *New York Herald* of the 10th inst. It says:

The country will hear with feelings of the most painful interest the melancholy tidings published in to-day's *Herald* of the misadventure of the *Polaris*, the failure of the last great Arctic expedition and the loss of its heroic commander, Captain C. F. Hall, along with probably a portion of his crew. It is almost two years since the *Polaris* left the port of New York on her voyage of discovery to the North Pole, and "never," in the words of her commander, "was an Arctic expedition more completely fitted out." The *Polaris* was prepared for her great work with an unparalleled degree of care and foresight. She wanted for nothing. All that art and science could provide was furnished, and she set sail under a greater variety of auspicious circumstances than perhaps ever blessed the start of any similar enterprise. Sad to say, she may never return, and the work she undertook to do must be tried over again. From the *Herald* correspondent at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, we have received the following despatches concerning the sorrowful ending to the brave mission of Captain C. F. Hall:

By JAMES HANNAY, Author of "Singleton Fontenoy," 3 vols.

"A capital naval story, with stirring adventures and well-drawn characters. It is much the best book Mr. Hannay has yet written."—*Literary Gazette*.

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"Bay Roberts, via St. John's, N.F., May 9, 1873.

"The steamer Walrus arrived from the seal fishery at the port of St. John's this morning, bringing news that the steamer Tigress had come into Bay Roberts, eighteen miles from here, having on board nineteen survivors of Hall's Arctic expedition. The *Herald* correspondent, who was one of the first to learn the important intelligence, immediately started to Bay Roberts to learn the full particulars. The Tigress was at anchor, and the rescued men were assembled on deck. They furnished the *Herald* correspondent with the deeply thrilling narrative of the adventures of the expedition, the death of Captain Hall and the final escape of the survivors, who were taken off from an iceberg by the Tigress on the 30th of April last, in latitude 53.30, after having spent 196 days on the floe. The following are the names of the rescued:—H. O. Tyson, assistant navigator; Frederick Meyer, meteorologist; John Heron, steward; W. O. Kruger, seaman; Fred. Jamka, seaman; Wm. Nindemann, seaman; Fred. Antnig, seaman; Gustavus T. Linguist, seaman; Peter Johnston, seaman; William Jackson, cook; Esquimaux Joe, interpreter; Hannah and child, Esquimaux; Hans Christian, of Kane's expedition; Hans Christian's wife and four children, youngest only eight months old. This party, which had been landed from the *Polaris*, were driven from her by a gale which burst her moorings on the 15th October, 1872, in latitude 72.35. When they last saw the *Polaris* she was under steam and canvas, making for a harbour on the east side of Northumberland Island. She had no boats left of the six which she brought with her from the port of New York. Two were lost in a northern expedition, two were landed on the ice with Captain Tyson's party, one was burnt as firewood to make water for the crew, and the other is on board the Tigress. The *Polaris* was in command of Captain Buddington, who had thirteen of a crew along with him, and a plentiful stock of provisions. She was making a good deal of water, but, as Captain Tyson informed the *Herald* correspondent, she was not more leaky than when he was on board all the previous fall and winter. Her bow was somewhat damaged, and it is the opinion of the survivors they will be unable to get clear until July, and even then, if the ship is unseaworthy, they would have to make new boats to effect an escape. On the 8th of October, 1871, in latitude 81.38, longitude 61.44, Captain Hall died of apoplexy, and was buried on shore, where they erected a wooden cross to mark his grave. He had recently returned from a northern sledge expedition, in which he had attained the latitude of 82.16. He seemed in his usual health, and had called the crew into the cabin to encourage them with hopes of future rewards and stimulate them to renewed exertion when he was suddenly struck down and expired, to the great grief of those around, to whom he had endeared himself by his kindness and devotion. In September, 1871, the *Polaris* entered winter quarters, and left August 12, 1872. The ice was very heavy, and set in a southern direction. She was forced south, and so continued drifting till Captain Tyson and party were driven from her. The sledge party crossed Kane's Polar Sea, which they pronounced to be a strait about fifteen miles wide. There was an appearance of open water to the north. The rescued party suffered very much during their dreary drift from hunger and cold. For the last two months they ate raw seal and polar bear as they could get it. When met by the Tigress they showed evident signs of their great sufferings, but during the nine days they have been on board they have improved vastly, and are now in fair health. The party is in charge of the United States Consul, and will arrive in St. John's on Monday next."

The following statement was furnished to the *New York Herald's* correspondent by Captain Tyson:

"On the 24th of August, 1871, we left Tessinsack, and went through Smith's Sound. We succeeded in getting as far north as latitude 82.16, when we returned and wintered at Polaris Bay, latitude 81.83, longitude 61.44. We were frozen up until the 5th of September. On the 10th of October, Captain Hall started on a sledge journey north, and returned on the 24th, when he was taken sick, and died on the 8th of November. He was buried on the 11th. The attack that carried him off was said to be apoplexy. We passed the winter at Polaris Bay. On the 8th of June, 1872, we attempted to reach the north with two boats. We hauled our other boat on shore, and returned overland on the 8th of July. We started for home on the 12th of August, and on the 15th were beset with ice in latitude 80.02. We drifted from there down to latitude 77.35, when we encountered a heavy south-west gale, the ship being under heavy pressure. On the night of the 15th we commenced landing provisions, &c., on the ice, the vessel being reported leaking very badly at times. We continued landing provisions for two or three hours, when the pressure ceased. I went on board the vessel, and asked the sailing master if the vessel was making any more water than usual. He reported that she was not. I then went to the pumps, and ascertained that she was not making any more than she was doing all summer. I went on the ice again, and shortly after it began to crack, and in a few minutes afterwards broke in many pieces. The vessel broke from her fastenings, and was soon lost to sight in the darkness and storm. On the broken ice were most of our provisions to sustain the party through the winter, and seeing nothing of the vessel, we attempted to reach the shore, in hopes of finding natives to assist us in living through the winter. Getting about half-way to the shore with our heavily-laden boats, our progress became hard by the drifting ice, and I was compelled to haul on the ice again. At this time I succeeded in saving fourteen cans of pemmican, eleven and a half bags of bread, ten dozen one and two pound cans of meat and soup, fourteen hams, one small bag of chocolate, weighing twenty pounds; some musk ox skins, a few blankets, a number of rifles, and abundant ammunition. In the morning, knowing that I had not provisions enough, and other articles of food, clothing, compasses, &c., on the abatement of the gale I endeavoured to shoot as many seals as possible, both for food, light, and fuel, but could only get three, owing to bad weather having set in. I supposed the wind to be about south-west. On its clearing up I found myself within about eight miles of what I supposed to be the east coast, and about thirty or forty miles below the ship. The ice being weak I could not transport boat and provisions to land until it grew stronger. While here I discovered my other boat, bread, &c., and saved all. The ice grew firm. I made another attempt to reach the shore, carrying everything in the boats and dragging them on their keel. The ice being exceedingly rough we stove both

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boats. We succeeded on the 1st of November in getting about half way to shore. Night came on us, and very stormy weather. In the morning the ice was broken, and we were drifting southward very fast. We saw no more land for many days, bad weather continuing all through the month of November. We built snow houses and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. We were ten white men, two Esquimaux, two women, and five children in all. We succeeded in killing a few seals, which furnished us with light and fuel with which to warm our scanty allowance of food through the darkness of the Arctic winter. In the latter part of February we lived principally upon birds, and in March commenced to catch seals. Through that month we supported ourselves on bears' and seals' flesh, wasting neither skin nor entrails. We collected enough food in this way to last us until the middle of May, had we not been driven to sea by a strong westerly gale in the latter part of March, our floe piece being then reduced from five miles in circumference to about twenty yards in diameter. We left the piece on the 1st of April, and abandoned nearly all of our meat, a large amount of ammunition, clothing, skins, and other articles, taking a portion of the meat in the boat, which we were obliged to throw overboard on account of the boats being so deeply laden. I regained the outer edge of the pack of ice on the 3rd of April, and succeeded in getting a little farther in on the pack. On the 4th a heavy north-east gale set in, a heavy sea running under the ice, which broke it in small pieces so that we had to live on small pans, as we could not put the boat out, neither could we find seals for food, and we were reduced almost to starvation. On the 21st of April we sighted a Polar bear. Every person was ordered to lie down and imitate the seal, while the two Esquimaux secreted themselves behind a piece of ice, enticing the bear near enough to us to kill him. A few days after this we got our boat in the water and worked our way west and south-west, and continued to work every opportunity to the westward, in hopes of reaching the Labrador coast and getting temporary relief. We were picked up by the steamship Tigress, Captain Bartlett, on the 30th of April, in latitude 53.35 North, longitude 55 West, or near Wolf Island, and about forty miles from land. The *Polaris* is now with the boats, having lost two in trying to get north in the space of 1872. The Tigress fell in with the party in a dense fog, and providentially struck the very floe on which they were, otherwise they must have perished. They all seem tolerably well. Captain Tyson complained of swelled legs and feet, but nothing serious is the matter with him. When they left the *Polaris* all on board were in good health. In reference to the way in which the *Polaris* got away from the party which was rescued from off the iceberg, Captain Tyson states that he felt little anxiety at first, thinking she would soon come to their relief. "I set my colours," he said, "as she steamed down along the shore, but the vessel was soon lost to sight in the band of the land, and behind what I took to be Northumberland Island. The piece of ice I was on commenced drifting southward as the wind hauled to the north-east, opening a little bay to the north-east of Northumberland Island. I saw the vessel in the harbour there; her sails were furled, no smoke was issuing from her smokestack that I could see. I

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then attempted to bring my boats across the floe in an easterly direction, hoping to find water, and reach the shore. I succeeded in dragging one boat across, took the water, and attempted to reach the shore some distance below the vessel. We were then drifting very fast, and the gale was blowing fresh, with great violence, from the north-east, and snowing very fast and drifting. I was driven back on the ice again, and compelled to haul my boat out. Night closed on me, and carried us to the south-west. In the morning we were about thirty miles south-west of where the ship went in harbour. A heavy sea was running, which broke up my floe piece, separating us from six bags of bread and one boat. I saw a vessel under steam and canvas rounding a point to the north-west. Thinking she would come to our relief I gave myself no extra anxiety, but soon we were doomed to disappointment, and, from that time until the *Tigress* rescued us, we never got a glimpse of the *Polaris*."

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